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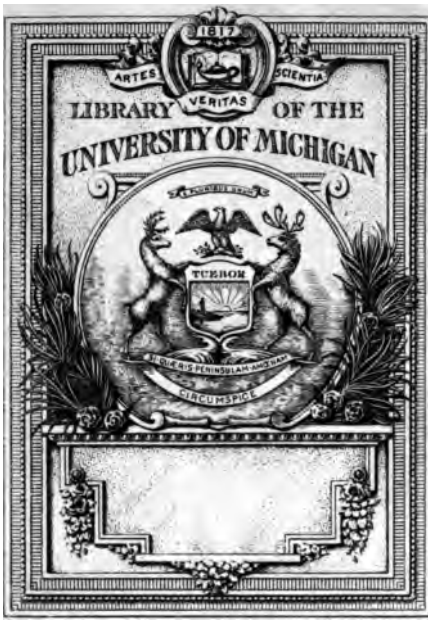

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THE

ISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

EXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. XI.

LONDON:

J. JOHNSON; J. NICHOLS AND SON; R. BALDWIN; ... RIVINGTON; W. OTRIDGE AND SON; W. J. AND J. ...SON; A. STRAHAN; R. FAULDER; G. AND W. NICHOL; ...YNE; G. ROBINSON; W. LOWNDES; WILKIE AND ROBINSON; ...CHARD AND LETTERMAN; J. WALKER; CUTHELL AND MAR-...VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE; R. LEA; DARTON AND HAR-...; J. NUNN; LACKINGTON AND CO.; CLARKE AND SON; G. ...SLEY; C. LAW; J. WHITE; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ...; CADELL AND DAVIES; LANE AND NEWMAN; H. D. SY-...S; J. BARKER; WYNNE AND CO.; POTE AND CO.; J. ...TER; W. MILLER; J. AND A. ARCH; S. BAGSTER; T. ...Y; R. PHENEY; R. FLOYER; J. MURRAY; R. HIGHLEY; ...K, PARRY, AND KINGSBURY; J. HARDING, R. H. EVANS; ...WMAN; J. BOOKER; J. ASPERNE; J. HARRIS; WILLIAMS ... SMITH; H. EBERS; AND W. CREECH, EDINBURGH.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. XI.

No.		
311.	LETTER on Fortune-stealers . . .	HUGHES
	Remarks on them—on Widows .	ADDISON
312.	On Sorrow—Power of bearing Calamities—Letter on the Prayers of Clergymen before Sermon	STEELE
313.	Comparative Advantages of public and private Education	BUDGELL
314.	Letters from a Lover and Answer—from John Trott on his Courtship—Qualification of a Poet—Encoring in the Theatres—Female Education . .	STEELE
315.	Criticism on Paradise Lost . . .	ADDISON
316.	Letters on Idleness—From a Lover .	UNKNOWN
317.	On waste of time—Journal of a Citizen	ADDISON
318.	Amours of Escalus, an old Beau	STEELE
319.	Letters from Dorinda, complaining of the Spectator's Partiality—From a Man of Fashion	BUDGELL
320.	Court of Inquisition on Maids and Bachelors—Letter from an Idler .	STEELE
321.	Criticism on Paradise Lost . . .	ADDISON
322.	Letter from Octavia, complaining of the Ingratitude of her Husband	STEELE
323.	Clarinda's Journal of a week . .	ADDISON
324.	Account of the Mohock Club—Letter From a Countryman to his Mistress	STEELE

No.
325. On Looking-glasses—Passage from Milton . . . . . BUDGELL
326. Letter on Fortune-hunters—Hints to a Lover—Causes of longing in Women STEELE
327. Criticism on Paradise Lost . . . ADDISON
328. Letter from a Husband likely to be ruin-by his Wife's Accomplishments ———
328*. Correspondence of Gabriel Bullock and Mrs. M. Clark . . . . . STEELE
329. Visit with Sir Roger de Coverley to Westminster Abbey . . . . ADDISON
330. Letters on the Education of Youth STEELE
331. Dissertation on Beards . . . . BUDGELL
332. Account of the Sweaters—Letter from three thrifty Ladies . . . . . STEELE
333. Criticism on Paradise Lost . . . ADDISON
334. On Dancing . . . . . STEELE
Letter on the same Subject . . WEAVER
335. Sir Roger de Coverley at the Theatre ADDISON
336. On the unaccommodationg Disposition of old men—Impertinence of shopping . . . . . STEELE
337. Letter on Education . . . . . BUDGELL
338. Letter complaining of a merry Prologue to a deep Tragedy . . . STEELE
339. Criticism on Paradise Lost . . . ADDISON
340. Character of Prince Eugene . . STEELE
341. Letter in Defence of merry Epilogues BUDGELL
342. Story of Hortensius and Sylvana . STEELE
343. Transmigration of Souls—Letter from a Monkey . . . . . ADDISON
344. Epicure Mammon's Letter on Eating —on Women taking Snuff . STEELE

No.
345. Criticism on Paradise Lost . . . . ADDISON
346. On true Liberality . . . . . STEELE
347. Of the Mohocks—Manifesto of the Emperor . . . . . BUDGELL
348. Letter on Detraction . . . . . STEELE
349. Consolation and Intrepidity in Death ADDISON
350. Cruelty of a French Captain—Reflections on Courage without Humanity . . . . . STEELE
351. Criticism on Paradise Lost . . . ADDISON
352. On early Wickedness—Extract from Tillotson's Sermons . . . . STEELE
353. Letter on Education . . . . . BUDGELL
354. Character of a Devotee—Impudent Behaviour of People in the Streets STEELE
355. Use to be made of Enemies . . ADDISON
356. Contemplation of the Character of our Saviour . . . . . STEELE
357. Criticism on Paradise Lost . . . ADDISON
358. Proper Ingredients of Festivity and Mirth . . . . . STEELE
359. History of Will Honeycomb's Amours BUDGELL
360. On Propriety in genteel Dress . . STEELE
361. Letter on Cat-calls—History of them ADDISON
362. Letters in Commendation of Brook and Hellier's Wine—from a Scholar in Love STEELE
363. Criticism on Paradise Lost . . . ADDISON
364. Letter on Travelling . EARL OF HARDWICKE
From a new-married Couple—From a Prude . . . . . STEELE
365. Dangerous Influence of the Month of May . . . . . BUDGELL

No.
366. Inconsistencies in Love—Thoughts—Translation of a Lapland Love-song on a Chambermaid's Perquisites . STEELE
367. Various Advantages of the Spectators—Paper—Printing . . . . . ADDISON
368. Account of the Death of Madame de Villacerfe . . . . . STEELE
369. Criticism on Paradise Lost . . . ADDISON
370. On the Stage—Dancing recommended STEELE
371. Humorous Way of sorting Companies—for Mirth—for useful Purposes ADDISON
372. Letters in Commendation of Powell, the Puppet-showman—Club of the Parish Clerks—Lawyer's Club . STEELE
373. On Modesty and assurance . . . BUDGELL
374. On the proper Use of Time, Fragments from Cæsar . . . . . STEELE
375. History of Amanda . . . . . HUGHES
376. Letters, on a Partnership between a Goose and a Watchman; from a Schoolmistress on Dancing . . . STEELE
377. Bill of Mortality of Lovers . . . ADDISON
378. The Messiah, a sacred Eclogue . POPE
379. Duty of communicating knowledge—Objections answered—Rosicrucius's Sepulchre . . . . . BUDGELL
380. Letters, requesting Advice in a Case of Love—On Improper Behaviour at Church—Coquettish Milk-maid—Virtue of an Orange Girl—St. Bride's Charity-School . . . . . STEELE

THE SPECTATOR.

N° 311. TUESDAY, FEB. 26, 1711-12.

Nec Veneris pharetris macer est, aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent, veniunt à dote sagittæ.

JUV. Sat. vi. 137.

He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour:
Who wou'd not do as much for such a dower?

DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM amazed that, among all the variety of characters with which you have enriched your speculations, you have never given us a picture of those audacious young fellows among us who commonly go by the name of the fortune-stealers. You must know, sir, I am one who live in a continual apprehension of this sort of people, that lie in wait, day and night, for our children, and may be considered as a kind of kidnappers within the law. I am the father of a young heiress, whom I begin to look upon as marriageable, and who has looked upon herself as such for above these six years. She is now in the eighteenth year of her age. The fortune-hunters have already cast their eyes upon

her, and take care to plant themselves in her view whenever she appears in any public assembly. I have myself caught a young jackanapes, with a pair of silver-fringed gloves, in the very fact. You must know, sir, I have kept her as a prisoner of state ever since she was in her teens. Her chamber windows are cross-barred; she is not permitted to go out of the house but with her keeper, who is a staid relation of my own; I have likewise forbid her the use of pen and ink, for this twelve-month last past, and do not suffer a band-box to be carried into her room before it has been searched. Notwithstanding these precautions, I am at my wit's end, for fear of any sudden surprise. There were, two or three nights ago, some fiddles heard in the street, which I am afraid portend me no good; not to mention a tall Irishman, that has been seen walking before my house more than once this winter. My kinswoman likewise informs me, that the girl has talked to her twice or thrice of a gentleman in a fair wig, and that she loves to go to church more than ever she did in her life. She gave me the slip about a week ago, upon which my whole house was in alarm. I immediately dispatched a hue and cry after her to the 'Change, to her mantua-maker, and to the young ladies that visit her; but after above an hour's search she returned of herself, having been taking a walk, as she told me, by Rosamond's pond. I have hereupon turned off her woman, doubled her guards, and given new instructions to my relation, who, to give her her due, keeps a watchful eye over all her motions. This, sir, keeps me in a perpetual anxiety, and makes me very often watch when my daughter sleeps, as I am afraid she is even with me in her turn. Now, sir, what I would desire of you is, to represent to this fluttering tribe of young fellows, who are for making their fortunes

by these indirect means, that stealing a man's daughter for the sake of her portion is but a kind of a tolerated robbery; and that they make but a poor amends to the father, whom they plunder after this manner, by going to bed with his child. Dear sir, be speedy in your thoughts on this subject, that, if possible, they may appear before the disbanding of the army.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,

TIM. WATCHWELL.'

Themistocles, the great Athenian General, being asked whether he would rather chuse to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate, replied, that he should prefer a man without an estate to an estate without a man. The worst of it is, our modern fortune-hunters are those who turn their heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of Coke and Littleton, he provides himself with a ladder of ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premises.

The same art of scaling has likewise been practised with good success by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and industry superfluous, and cut short the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a less motive than idleness to this kind of mercenary pursuit. A fop, who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much justice as he does himself. When an heiress sees a man throwing particular graces into his ogle, or talking loud within her hearing, she ought to look to herself; but if withal she observes a pair of red

heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dress, she cannot take too much care of her person. These are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with these qualifications is so well known, that I am credibly informed there are several female undertakers about the 'Change, who, upon the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furnish him with a proper dress from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We must, however, distinguish between fortune-hunters and fortune-stealers. The first are those assiduous gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chase, without ever coming to the quarry. Suffenus has combed and powdered at the ladies for thirty years together; and taken his stand in a side box, until he has grown wrinkled under their eyes. He is now laying the same snares for the present generation of beauties, which he practised on their mothers. Cottilus, after having made his applications to more than you meet with in Mr. Cowley's ballad of mistresses, was at last smitten with a city lady of 20,000*l.* sterling; but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear. Nor must I here omit my worthy friend Mr. Honeycomb, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a childless rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horse, and made up to the widow. When he is rallied upon his ill success, Will, with his usual gaiety, tells us, that he always found her pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune-hunters. There is scarce a young fellow in the

town of six foot high that has not passed in review before one or other of these wealthy relicts. Hudibras's Cupid, who

> ' ——took his stand
> Upon a widow's * jointure land,'

is daily employed in throwing darts, and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are such a subtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct; or if they make a false step in it, they are answerable for it to nobody but themselves. The young innocent creatures who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are those whose safety I would principally consult in this speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my opinion, be as punishable as a rape. Where there is no judgment there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before she is come to years of discretion should not be as criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten years old, I am at a loss to comprehend. L.

* The name of the widow here alluded to was Tomson. See Grey's edit. of Hudibras, vol. i. part i. canto iii. p. 212 and 213.

N° 312. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27. 1711-12.

Quod huic officium, quæ laus, quod decus erit tanti, quod adipisci cum dolore corporis velit, qui dolorem summum malum sibi persuaserit? Quam porrò quis ignominiam, quam turpitudinem non pertulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, si id summum malum esse decreverit?

TULL.

What duty, what praise, or what honour will he think worth enduring bodily pain for, who has persuaded himself that pain is the chief evil? Nay, to what ignominy, to what baseness, will he not stoop, to avoid pain, if he has determined it to be the chief evil?

It is a very melancholy reflexion, that men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know sorrow and pain, to be in their right senses. Prosperous people (for happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond sense of their present condition, and thoughtless of the mutability of fortune. Fortune is a term which we must use in such discourses as these, for what is wrought by the unseen hand of the Disposer of all things. But methinks the disposition of a mind which is truly great, is that which makes misfortunes and sorrows little when they befal ourselves, great and lamentable when they befal other men. The most unpardonable malefactor in the world going to his death, and bearing it with composure, would win the pity of those who should behold him; and this not because his calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it. We suffer for him who is less sensible of his own misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the weight

of his distresses. On the other hand, without any touch of envy, a temperate and well-governed mind looks down on such as are exalted with success, with a certain shame for the imbecility of human nature, that can so far forget how liable it is to calamity, as to grow giddy with only the suspence of sorrow which is the portion of all men. He therefore who turns his face from the unhappy man, who will not look again when his eye is cast upon modest sorrow, who shuns affliction like a contagion, does but pamper himself up for a sacrifice, and contract in himself a greater aptitude to misery by attempting to escape it. A gentleman, where I happened to be last night, fell into a discourse which I thought shewed a good discerning in him. He took notice, that whenever men have looked into their heart for the idea of true excellence in human nature, they have found it to consist in suffering after a right manner, and with a good grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing sorrows, struggling with adversities, undergoing all kinds of hardships, and having, in the service of mankind, a kind of appetite to difficulties and dangers. The gentleman went on to observe, that it is from this secret sense of the high merit which there is in patience under calamities, that the writers of romances, when they attempt to furnish out characters of the highest excellence, ransack nature for things terrible; they raise a new creation of monsters, dragons, and giants; where the danger ends, the hero ceases: when he has won an empire, or gained his mistress, the rest of his story is not worth relating. My friend carried his discourse so far as to say, that it was for higher beings than men to join happiness and greatness in the same idea; but that in our condition we have no conception of superlative excellence, or heroism, but as it is surrounded with a shade of distress.

It is certainly the proper education we should give ourselves, to be prepared for the ill events and accidents we are to meet with in a life sentenced to be a scene of sorrow: but instead of this expectation, we soften ourselves with prospects of constant delight, and destroy in our minds the seeds of fortitude and virtue, which should support us in hours of anguish. The constant pursuit of pleasure has in it something insolent and improper for our being. There is a pretty sober liveliness in the ode of Horace to Delius, where he tells him, loud mirth, or immoderate sorrow, inequality of behaviour either in prosperity or adversity, are alike ungraceful in man that is born to die. Moderation in both circumstances is peculiar to generous minds. Men of that sort ever taste the gratifications of health, and all other advantages of life, as if they were liable to part with them, and, when bereft of them, resign them with a greatness of mind which shews they know their value and duration. The contempt of pleasure is a certain preparatory for the contempt of pain. Without this the mind is, as it were, taken suddenly by an unforeseen event; but he that has always, during health and prosperity, been abstinent in his satisfactions, enjoys, in the worst of difficulties, the reflexion, that his anguish is not aggravated with the comparison of past pleasures which upbraid his present condition. Tully tells us a story after Pompey, which gives us a good taste of the pleasant manner the men of wit and philosophy had in old times, of alleviating the distresses of life by the force of reason and philosophy. Pompey, when he came to Rhodes, had a curiosity to visit the famous philosopher Possidonius; but finding him in his sick bed, he bewailed the misfortune that he should not hear a discourse from him: 'But you may,' answered Possidonius; and immediately entered into

a point of stoical philosophy, which says, pain is not an evil. During the discourse, upon every puncture he felt from his distemper, he smiled and cried out, 'Pain, Pain, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an evil.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

"HAVING seen in several of your papers a concern for the honour of the clergy, and their doing every thing as becomes their character, and particularly performing the public service with a due zeal and devotion; I am the more encouraged to lay before them, by your means, several expressions used by some of them in their prayers before sermon, which I am not well satisfied in. As their giving some titles and epithets to great men, which are indeed due to them in their several ranks and stations, but not properly used, I think, in our prayers. Is it not contradiction to say, illustrious, right reverend, and right honourable poor sinners? These distinctions are suited only to our state here, and have no place in heaven: we see they are omitted in the liturgy; which, I think, the clergy should take for their pattern in their own forms of devotion*. There is

* In the original publication of this paper in folio, there was the following passage, left out when the papers were printed in volumes in 1712.

[Another expression which I take to be improper, is this, 'the whole race of mankind,' when they pray for all men; for race signifies lineage or descent; and if the race of mankind may be used for the present generation, (though, I think, not very fitly) the whole race takes in all from the beginning to the end of the world. I don't remember to have met with that expression, in their sense, any where but in the old version of Psalm xiv. which those men I suppose, have but little esteem for. And some, when they have prayed for all schools and nurseries of good learning and true religion, especially the

another expression which I would not ment
that I have heard it several times before a
congregation, to bring in the last petitio
prayer in these words, "O let not the Lord l
and I will speak but this once;" as if ther
difference between Abraham's interceding
dom, for which he had no warrant, as we
and our asking those things which we are
to pray for; they would therefore have mu
reason to fear his anger if they did not ma
petitions to him. There is another prett
When a young man has a mind to let us kn
gave him his scarf, he speaks a parenthes
Almighty. "Bless, as I am in duty bound
the right honourable the countess;" is no
much as to say, "Bless her, for thou know
her chaplain?"

Your humble servant,

T.

two universities, add these words, 'Grant that from
all other places dedicated to thy worship and ser
come forth such persons, &c.' But what do they m
other places? It seems to me, that this is either a
as being the same with all schools and nurseries l
pressed, or else it runs too far; for there are several
dicated to the divine service, which cannot properly b
here.] *Spectator*

N° 313. THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1711-12.

Exigite ut mores teneros seu pollice ducat,
Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit——
JUV. Sat. vii. 237.

Bid him besides his daily pains employ,
To form the tender manners of the boy,
And work him, like a waxen babe, with art,
To perfect symmetry in ev'ry part.
CH. DRYDEN.

I SHALL give the following letter no other recommendation than by telling my readers that it comes from the same hand with that of last Thursday.

* * * *

'SIR,

'I SEND you, according to my promise, some farther thoughts on the education of youth, in which I intended to discuss that famous question, "Whether the education at a public school, or under a private tutor, is to be preferred?"

'As some of the greatest men in most ages have been of very different opinions in this matter, I shall give a short account of what I think may be best urged on both sides, and afterwards leave every person to determine for himself.

'It is certain from Suetonius, that the Romans thought the education of their children a business properly belonging to the parents themselves; and Plutarch, in the Life of Marcus Cato, tells us, that as soon as his son was capable of learning, Cato would suffer no body to teach him but himself, though he had a servant named Chilo, who was an excellent grammarian, and who taught a great many other youths.

'On the contrary, the Greeks seemed more inclined to public schools and seminaries.

'A private education promises, in the first place, virtue and good breeding; a public school, manly assurance, and an early knowledge in the ways of the world.

'Mr. Locke, in his celebrated treatise of education, confesses, that there are inconveniences to be feared on both sides: "If," says he, "I keep my son at home, he is in danger of becoming my young master; if I send him abroad, it is scarce possible to keep him from the reigning contagion of rudeness and vice. He will perhaps be more innocent at home, but more ignorant of the world, and more sheepish when he comes abroad." However, this learned author asserts, that virtue is much more difficult to be obtained than knowledge of the world, and that vice is a more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous fault than sheepishness, he is altogether for a private education; and the more so, because he does not see why a youth, with right management, might not attain the same assurance in his father's house, as at a public school. To this end he advises parents to accustom their sons to whatever strange faces come to the house: to take them with them when they visit their neighbours, and to engage them in conversation with men of parts and breeding.

'It may be objected to this method, that conversation is not the only thing necessary; but that unless it be a conversation with such as are in some measure their equals in parts and years, there can be no room for emulation, contention, and several of the most lively passions of the mind which, without being sometimes moved, by these means, may possibly contract a dulness and insensibility.

'One of the greatest writers our nation ever produced observes, that a boy who forms parties, and makes himself popular in a school or a college, would act the same part with equal ease in a senate or a privy-council; and Mr. Osborne, speaking like a man versed in the ways of the world, affirms, that the well laying and carrying on of a design to rob an orchard, trains up a youth insensibly to caution, secrecy, and circumspection, and fits him for matters of greater importance.

'In short, a private education seems the most natural method for the forming of a virtuous man; a public education for making a man of business. The first would furnish out a good subject for Plato's republic, the latter a member for a community overrun with artifice and corruption.

'It must, however, be confessed, that a person at the head of a public school has sometimes so many boys under his direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due proportion of his care to each of them. This is, however, in reality, the fault of the age, in which we often see twenty parents, who, though each expects his son should be made a scholar, are not contented all together to make it worth while for any man of a liberal education to take upon him the care of their instruction.

'In our great schools, indeed, this fault has been of late years rectified, so that we have at present not only ingenious men for the chief masters, but such as have proper ushers and assistants under them. I must nevertheless own, that for want of the same encouragement in the country, we have many a promising genius spoiled and abused in those little seminaries.

'I am the more inclined to this opinion, having myself experienced the usage of two rural masters, each of them very unfit for the trust they took upon

them to discharge. The first imposed mucl upon me than my parts, though none of the w could endure; and used me barbarously for n forming impossibilities. The latter was o another temper; and a boy who would ru his errands, wash his coffee-pot, or ring th might have as little conversation with any classics as he thought fit. I have known a this place excused his exercise for assisti cook-maid; and remember a neighbouring man's son was among us five years, most of time he employed in airing and watering our n grey pad. I scorned to compound for my fa doing any of these elegant offices, and was ingly the best scholar, and the worst used boy in the school.

'I shall conclude this discourse with an ad mentioned by Quintilian, as accompanying a way of education, which I have not yet taker of; namely, that we very often contract such ships at school, as are a service to us all the fol parts of our lives.

'I shall give you, under this head, a stor well known to several persons, and which y depend upon as real truth.

'Every one, who is acquainted with Westn school, knows that there is a curtain which be drawn across the room, to separate the school from the lower. A youth happened, b mischance, to tear the above-mentioned c The severity of the master*, was too well for the criminal to expect any pardon for fault; so that the boy, who was of a meek t was terrified to death at the thoughts of his a ance, when his friend who sat next to hi him be of good cheer, for that he would take t

* Busby.

elf. He kept his word accordingly. As
they were grown up to be men, the civil
ke out, in which our two friends took the
: sides; one of them followed the parlia-
e other the royal party.
their tempers were different, the youth who
the curtain endeavoured to raise himself on
list, and the other, who had borne the blame
n the military. The first succeeded so well
was in a short time made a judge under the
r. The other was engaged in the unhappy
e of Penruddock and Groves in the West.
se, sir, I need not acquaint you with the
that undertaking. Every one knows that
l party was routed, and all the heads of
ong whom was the curtain champion, im-
at Exeter. It happened to be his friend's
at time to go the western circuit. The
the rebels, as they were then called, was
rt, and nothing now remained but to pass
on them; when the judge hearing the
his old friend, and observing his face more
ly, which he had not seen for many years,
m, if he was not formerly a Westminster-
By the answer, he was soon convinced
as his former generous friend; and without
y thing more at that time, made the best of
o London, where, employing all his power
rest with the protector, he saved his friend
fate of his unhappy associates.
gentleman whose life was thus preserved by
itude of his school-fellow, was afterwards
r of a son, whom he lived to see promoted
urch, and who still deservedly fills one of
st stations in it*.' X.

*ntleman here alluded to was colonel Wake, father
ke, bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards archbishop of

N° 314. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1711-12.

Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.
HOR. 1 Od. xxiii. 11.

Attend thy mother's heels no more,
Now grown mature for man, and ripe for joy.
CREECH.

'MR. SPECTATOR, Feb. 7, 1711-12.

'I AM a young man about eighteen years of age, and have been in love with a young woman of the same age about this half year. I go to see her six days in the week, but never could have the happiness of being with her alone. If any of her friends are at home, she will see me in their company; but if they be not in the way, she flies to her chamber. I can discover no signs of her aversion: but either a fear of falling into the toils of matrimony, or a childish timidity, deprives us of an interview apart, and drives us upon the difficulty of languishing out our lives in fruitless expectation. Now, Mr. Spectator, if you think us ripe for economy, persuade the dear creature, that to pine away into barrenness and deformity under a mother's shade, is not so honourable, nor does she appear so amiable, as she would in full bloom.

[There is a great deal left out before he concludes.

MR. SPECTATOR,
Your humble servant,
BOB HARMLESS.'

Canterbury. As Penruddock in the course of the trial takes occasion to say, 'he sees judge Nicholas on the bench,' it is most likely that he was the judge of the assize, who tried this cavalier.

If this gentleman be really no more than eighteen, I must do him the justice to say, he is the most knowing infant I have yet met with. He does not, I fear, yet understand, that all he thinks of is another woman; therefore, until he has given a farther account of himself, the young lady is hereby directed to keep close to her mother.

THE SPECTATOR.

I cannot comply with the request in Mr. Trot's letter; but let it go just as it came to my hands for being so familiar with the old gentleman, as rough as he is to him. Since Mr. Trot has an ambition to make him his father-in-law, he ought to treat him with more respect; besides, his style to me might have been more distant than he has thought fit to afford me: moreover, his mistress shall continue in her confinement, until he has found out which word in his letter is not rightly* spelt.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I SHALL ever own myself your obliged humble servant, for the advice you gave me concerning my dancing; which, unluckily, came too late: for as I said, I would not leave off capering until I had your opinion of the matter. I was at our famous assembly the day before I received your papers, and there was observed by an old gentleman, who was informed I had a respect for his daughter. He told me I was an insignificant little fellow, and said, that for the future he would take care of his child; so that he did not doubt but to cross my amorous inclinations. The lady is confined to her chamber, and for my part, I am ready to

* In the original publication in folio, it is printed 'wrightly,' the mis-spelt word, probably, in Mr. Trot's letter.

hang myself with the thoughts that I have dam myself out of favour with her father. I hope you will pardon the trouble I give; but shall take it for a mighty favour, if you will give me a little more of your advice to put me in a right way to cheat the old dragon and obtain my mistress. I am once more,

SIR,

York, Feb. 23, 1711-12. Your obliged humble servant,

JOHN TROT.

'Let me desire you to make what alterations you please, and insert this as soon as possible. Pardon mistakes by haste.'

I NEVER do pardon mistakes by haste.

THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR, Feb. 27, 1711-12.

'PRAY be so kind as to let me know what you esteem to be the chief qualification of a good poet, especially of one who writes plays; and you will very much oblige, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

N. B.'

To be a very well-bred man.

THE SPECTATOR.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOU are to know that I am naturally brave, and love fighting as well as any man in England. This gallant temper of mine makes me extremely delighted with battles on the stage. I give you this trouble to complain to you, that Nicolini refused to gratify me in that part of the opera for which I have most taste. I observe it is become a custom, that whenever any gentlemen are particu-

larly pleased with a song, at their crying out "Encore," or "*Altro Volto*," the performer is so obliging as to sing it over again. I was at the opera the last time Hydaspes was performed. At that part of it where the hero engages with the lion, the graceful manner with which he put that terrible monster to death gave me so great a pleasure, and at the same time so just a sense of that gentleman's intrepidity and conduct, that I could not forbear desiring a repetition of it, by crying out "*Altro Volto*," in a very audible voice; and my friends flatter me that I pronounced those words with a tolerable good accent, considering that was but the third opera I had ever seen in my life. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there was so little regard had to me, that the lion was carried off, and went to bed, without being killed any more that night. Now, sir, pray consider that I did not understand a word of what Mr. Nicolini said to this cruel creature; besides, I have no ear for music; so that, during the long dispute between them, the whole entertainment I had was from my eyes. Why then have not I as much right to have a graceful action repeated as another has a pleasing sound, since he only hears, as I only see, and we neither of us know that there is any reasonable thing a-doing? Pray sir, settle the business of this claim in the audience, and let us know when we may cry "*Altro Volto*" *Anglicé*, "Again, Again," for the future. I am an Englishman, and expect some reason or other to be given me, and perhaps an ordinary one may serve; but I expect your answer.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
TOBY RENTFREE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, Nov. 29.

'You must give me leave, amongst the rest of your female correspondents, to address you about an affair which has already given you many a speculation; and which, I know, I need not tell you has had a very happy influence over the adult part of our sex; but as many of us are either too old to learn, or too obstinate in the pursuit of the vanities which have been bred up with us from our infancy, and all of us quitting the stage whilst you are prompting us to act our part well; you ought, methinks, rather to turn your instructions for the benefit of that part of our sex who are yet in their native innocence, and ignorant of the vices and that variety of unhappiness that reign amongst us.

'I must tell you, Mr. Spectator that it is as much a part of your office to oversee the education of the female part of the nation, as well as of the male; and to convince the world you are not partial, pray proceed to detect the mal-administration of governesses as successfully as you have exposed that of pedagogues; and rescue our sex from the prejudice and tyranny of education as well as that of your own, who, without your seasonable interposition, are like to improve upon the vices that are now in vogue.

'I who know the dignity of your post as Spectator, and the authority a skilful eye ought to bear in the female world, could not forbear consulting you, and beg your advice in so critical a point, as is that of the education of young gentlewomen. Having already provided myself with a very convenient house in a good air, I am not without hope but that you will promote this generous design. I must farther tell you, sir, that all who shall be committed to my conduct, besides the usual accomplish-

nts of the needle, dancing, and the French tongue, all not fail to be your constant readers. It is therefore my humble petition, that you will entertain the town on this important subject, and so far oblige a languager, as to raise a curiosity and inquiry in my behalf, by publishing the following advertisement.

I am, SIR,

Your constant admirer,

M. W.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Boarding-School for young Gentlewomen, which was formerly kept on Mile-End-Green, being laid down, there is now one set up almost opposite to it, at the two Golden Balls, and much more convenient in every respect; where, besides the common instructions given to young gentlewomen, they will be taught the whole art of pastry and preserving, with whatever may render them accomplished. Those who please to make trial of the vigilance and ability of the persons concerned, may inquire at the two Golden Balls on Mile-End-Green, near Stepney, where they will receive further satisfaction.

This is to give notice, that the Spectator has taken upon him to be visitant of all boarding-schools where young women are educated; and designs to proceed in the said office after the same manner that visitants of colleges do in the two famous universities of this land.

All lovers who write to the Spectator, are desired to forbear one expression which is in most of the letters to him, either out of laziness or want of invention, and is true of not above two thousand women in the whole world: viz. 'She has in her all that is valuable in woman.' T.

N° 315. SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1711-12.

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit———

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 191.

Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god.

ROSCOMMON.

HORACE advises a poet to consider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. Milton seems to have known perfectly well wherein his strength lay, and has therefore chosen a subject entirely conformable to those talents of which he was master. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the sublime, his subject is the noblest that could have entered into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing has a place in it. The whole system of the intellectual world; the chaos, and the creation; heaven, earth, and hell; enter into the constitution of his poem.

Having in the first and second books represented the infernal world with all its horrors, the thread of his fable naturally leads him into the opposite regions of bliss and glory.

If Milton's majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those parts of his poem where the divine persons are introduced as speakers. One may, I think, observe, that the author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling, whilst he describes the sentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his imagination its full play, but chooses to confine himself to such thoughts as are drawn from the books of the most orthodox divines, and to such expressions as may be met with in scripture. The beauties, therefore,

which we are to look for in these speeches, are not of a poetical nature, nor so proper to fill the mind with sentiments of grandeur, as with thoughts of devotion. The passions which they are designed to raise, are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third book, consists in that shortness and perspicuity of style, in which the poet has couched the greatest mysteries of Christianity, and drawn together, in a regular scheme, the whole dispensation of Providence with respect to man. He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of predestination, free-will and grace, as also the great points of incarnation and redemption, (which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man) with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than I ever met with in any other writer. As these points are dry in themselves to the generality of readers, the concise and clear manner in which he has treated them is very much to be admired, as is likewise that particular art which he has made use of in the interspersing of all those graces of poetry which the subject was capable of receiving.

The survey of the whole creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a prospect worthy of Omniscience, and as much above that in which Virgil has drawn his Jupiter, as the Christian idea of the Supreme Being is more rational and sublime than that of the Heathens. The particular objects on which he is described to have cast his eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively manner:

> 'Now had th' Almighty Father from above
> (From the pure empyrean where he sits
> High thron'd above all height) bent down his eye,
> His own works and their works at once to view.
> About him all the sanctities of heaven
> Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd

Beatitude past utt'rance. On his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son. On earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;
Uninterrupted love, unrival'd love,
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the gulph between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night,
In the dun air sublime; and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament;
Uncertain which, in ocean, or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.'

Satan's approach to the confines of the creat is finely imaged in the beginning of the speech wh immediately follows. The effects of this speech the blessed spirits, and in the divine person whom it was addressed, cannot but fill the minc the reader with a secret pleasure and complacen

'Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill
All heav'n, and in the blessed spirit elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone,
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace.'

I need not point out the beauty of that circu stance, wherein the whole host of angels are rep sented as standing mute; nor shew how proper occasion was to produce such a silence in heav The close of this divine colloquy, with the hymn angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully b tiful and poetical, that I should not forbear ins

he whole passage, if the bounds of my paper would give me leave:

> 'No sooner had th' Almigty ceas'd, but all
> The multitude of angels with a shout!
> (Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
> As from blest voices) utt'ring joy, heav'n rung
> With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
> Th' eternal regions, &c. &c.'———

Satan's walk upon the outside of the universe, which at a distance appeared to him of a globular form, but upon his nearer approach looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble; as his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation, between that mass of matter which was wrought into a world, and that shapeless unformed heap of materials which lay in chaos and confusion, strikes the imagination with something astonishingly great and wild. I have before spoken of the Limbo of Vanity, which [illegible] places upon this outermost surface of the universe, and shall here explain myself more at large on [illegible] and other parts of the poem, which are of the same shadowy nature.

Aristotle observes, that the fable of an epic poem should abound in circumstances that are both credible and astonishing; or, as the French critics choose to phrase it, the fable should be filled with the probable and the marvellous. This rule is as fine and just as any in Aristotle's whole Art of Poetry.

If the fable is only probable, it differs nothing from a true history; if it is only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great secret, therefore, of heroic poetry is to relate such circumstances as may produce in the reader at the same time both belief and astonishment. This is brought to pass in a well chosen fable, by the account of such things as have really happened, or at least of such things as have

happened according to the received opinions of mankind. Milton's fable is a master-piece of this nature; as the war in heaven, the condition of the fallen angels, the state of innocence, the temptation of the serpent, and the fall of man, though they are very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible, but actual points of faith.

The next method of reconciling miracles with credibility, is by a happy invention of the poet; as in particular, when he introduces agents of a superior nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary course of things. Ulysses's ship being turned into a rock, and Æneas's fleet into a shoal of water nymphs, though they are very surprising accidents, are nevertheless probable when we are told, that they were the gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the poems both of Homer and Virgil with such circumstances as are wonderful but not impossible, and so frequently produce in the reader the most pleasing passion that can rise in the mind of man, which is admiration. If there be any instance in the Æneid liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third book, where Æneas is represented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. To qualify this wonderful circumstance, Polydorus tells a story from the root of the myrtle, that the barbarous inhabitants of the country having pierced him with spears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumstance seems to have the marvellous without the probable, because it is represented as proceeding from natural causes, without the interposition of any god, or other supernatural power capable of producing it. The spears and arrows grow of themselves without so much as

modern help of enchantment. If we look into ıe fiction of Milton's fable, though we find it full f surprising incidents, they are generally suited to ur notions of the things and persons described, and empered with a due measure of probability. I must ınly make an exception to the Limbo of Vanity, vith his episode of Sin and Death, and some of the nary persons in his chaos. These passages are nishing, but not credible; the reader cannot so ar impose upon himself as to see a possibility in n; they are the description of dreams and sha- ows not of things or persons. I know that many critics look upon the stories of Circe, Polypheme, the Sirens, nay the whole Odyssey and Iliad, to be allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are fables, which, considering the opinions of mankind prevailed in the age of the poet, might possibly have been according to the letter. The persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the circumstances in which they are represented might possibly have been truths and realities. This appearance of probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of poetry, that Aristotle observes the ancient tragic writers made use of the names of such great men as had actually lived in the world, though the tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the subject more credible. In a word, besides the hidden meaning of an epic allegory, the plain literal sense ought to appear probable. The story should be such as an ordinary reader may acquiesce in, whatever natural, moral, or political truth may be discovered in it by men of greater penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the surface, or outmost wall of the universe, discovers at

last a wide gap in it, which led into the creation and is described as the opening through which th angels pass to and fro into the lower world, up their errands to mankind. His sitting upon brink of this passage, and taking a survey of whole face of nature, that appeared to him new an fresh in all its beauties, with the simile illustratin this circumstance, fills the mind of the reader wit as surprising and glorious an idea as any that arise in the whole poem. He looks down into that v hollow of the universe with the eye, or (as Milto calls it in his first book) with the ken of an ange He surveys all the wonders in this immense amphi theatre that lie between both the poles of heaven and takes in at one view the whole round of creation.

His flight between the several worlds that shine on every side of him, with the particular descrip tion of the sun, are set forth in all the wantonness c a luxuriant imagination. His shape, speech, an behaviour upon his tranforming himself into angel of light, are touched with exquisite beauty The poet's thought of directing Satan to the sun which, in the vulgar opinion of mankind, is the mos conspicuous part of the creation, and the placing i it an angel, is a circumstance very finely contrived and the more adjusted to a poetical probability, a it was a received doctrine among the most famou philosophers, that every orb had its intelligence and as an apostle in sacred writ is said to have seen such an angel in the sun. In the answer which thi angel returns to the disguised evil spirit, there i such a becoming majesty as is altogether suitable, to superior being. The part of it in which he repre sents himself as present at the creation, is very nobl in itself, and not only proper where it is introduced

but requisite to prepare the reader for what follows in the seventh book:

> 'I saw when at his word the formless mass,
> This world's material mould, came to a heap:
> Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar
> Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
> Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,
> Light shone, &c.'

In the following part of the speech he points out earth with such circumstances, that the reader ırce forbear fancying himself employed on the tant view of it:

> 'Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
> With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
> That place is earth, the seat of man, that light
> His day, &c.'

I must not conclude my reflexions upon this third book of Paradise Lost, without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of Milton with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the praises that have been given it; though, as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an excrescence, than as an essential part of the poem. The same observation might be applied to that beautiful digression upon hypocrisy in the same book. L.

N° 316. MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1711-12.

Libertas; quæ sera tamen respexit inertem.

VIRG. Ecl. i. 28.

Freedom, which came at length, though slow to come.
DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IF you ever read a letter which is sent with the more pleasure for the reality of its complaints, this may have reason to hope for a favourable acceptance; and if time be the most irretrievable loss, the regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my liberty from a long state of indolence and inactivity, and the desire of resisting the farther incroachments of idleness, make me apply to you; and the uneasiness with which I recollect the past years, and the apprehensions with which I expect the future, soon determined me to it. Idleness is so general a distemper, that I cannot but imagine a speculation on this subject will be of universal use. There is hardly any one person without some allay of it; and thousands besides myself spend more time in an idle uncertainty which to begin first of two affairs, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The occasion of this seems to be the want of some necessary employment, to put the spirits in motion, and awaken them out of their lethargy. If I had less leisure, I should have more; for I should then find my time distinguished into portions, some for business, and others for the indulging of pleasures; but now one face of indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no land-mark to

myself by. Were one's time a little straitened
usiness, like water enclosed in its banks, it
l have some determined course; but unless it
it into some channel it has no current, but be-
i a deluge without either use or motion.

When Scanderberg, prince of Epirus, was dead,
urks, who had but too often felt the force of his
n the battles he had won from them, imagined
y wearing a piece of his bones near their heart,
should be animated with a vigour and force
) that which inspired him when living. As I
:e to be but of little use whilst I live, I am re-
to do what good I can after my decease; and
ccordingly ordered my bones to be disposed
this manner for the good of my countrymen,
are troubled with too exorbitant a degree of
All fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in
't time be brought to endure their beds in a
ng, and perhaps even quit them with regret at
Instead of hurrying away to tease a poor ani-
ind run away from their own thoughts, a chair
chariot would be thought the most desirable
of performing a remove from one place to
:r. I should be a cure for the unnatural desire
hn Trot for dancing, and a specific to lessen
linination Mrs. Fidget has to motion, and cause
ways to give her approbation to the present
she is in. In fine no Egyptian mummy was
f so useful in physic, as I should be to these
. constitutions, to repress the violent sallies of
, and give each action its proper weight and
.

can stifle any violent inclination and oppose
ent of anger, or the solicitations of revenge,
uccess. Indolence is a stream which flows
on, but yet undermines the foundation of

every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the s which gives a tincture of its nature to every ac of one's life. It were as little hazard to be lost storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed: and is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour resolution necessary for the exerting them. De brings all persons back to an equality; and image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no di rence between the greatest genius and the m est understanding. A faculty of doing things r ably praise-worthy, thus concealed, is of no u use to the owner, than a heap of gold to the who dares not use it.

'To-morrow is still the fatal time when all be rectified. To-morrow comes, it goes, and sun please myself with the shadow, whilst I lose the r ity: unmindful that the present time alone is o the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, can only live (as parents in their children) in actions it has produced.

'The time we live ought not to be computed the number of years, but by the use that has b made of it; thus, it is not the extent of ground, bu the yearly rent, which gives the value to the e Wretched and thoughtless creatures, in the place where covetousness were a virtue; we prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with uneasiness, nor have there been so many devi any one thing, as to make it slide away imperce tibly and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoar up with care, whilst that which is above the pr of an estate is flung away with disregard and c tempt. There is nothing now-a-days so m avoided, as a solicitous improvement of every

I carry with me a pocket-book, that
servants are busied in disposing of the
other matters, I may be employed in some-
may be useful to me in my studies; and that
if my game, I may at the least bring home
my own thoughts with me, and not have the
on of having caught nothing all day."
, sir, you see, how many examples I recal
nd what arguments I use with myself,
my liberty: but as I am afraid it is no or-
suasion that will be of service I shall ex-

cation, which others attain to but with the gr diligence.

I am, SIR,
Your most obliged humble servant,
SAMUEL SLACK.'

CLYTANDER TO CLEONE.

' MADAM,

' PERMISSION to love you is all that I sire to conquer all the difficulties those about y place in my way, to surmount and acquire all th qualifications you expect in him who pretends to honour of being,

MADAM,
Your most devoted humble servant,
Z. CLYTANDER.'

Nº 317. TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1711-12.

——Fruges consumere nati.
HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 27.

——Born to drink and eat.
CREECH.

AUGUSTUS, a few minutes before his death, i his friends who stood about him, if they tho had acted his part well; and upon receivin an answer as was due to his extraordinary ' Let me then,' says he ' go off the stage with y applause;' using the expression with which the Ro man actors made their exit at the conclusion of

: piece*. I could wish that men, while in health, would consider well the nature t they are engaged in, and what figure it ke in the minds of those they leave behind hether it was worth coming into the world ıether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in hether it appears graceful in this life, or will ın advantage in the next. Let the sycophant uffoon, the satirist, or the good companion, with himself, when his body shall be laid ave, and his soul pass into another state of e, how much it will redound to his praise to said of him, that no man in England ate hat he had an admirable talent at turning ds into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at ıtured jest, or that he never went to bed be- had dispatched his third bottle. These are, ', very common funeral orations, and eulo- n deceased persons who have acted among l with some figure and reputation.

f we look into the bulk of our species, they ı as are not likely to be remembered a mo- er their disappearance. They leave behind traces of their existence, but are forgotten ı they had never been. They are neither by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor cele- ły the learned. They are neither missed in ımonwealth, nor lamented by private per- Their actions are of no significancy to man- ıd might have been performed by creatures of dignity than those who are distinguished aculty of reason. An eminent French author ıomewhere to the following purpose: I have een from my chamber window two noble es, both of them of an erect countenance

* *Vos valete et plaudite.*

and endowed with reason. These two inte beings are employed from morning to night bing two smooth stones one upon an other; th the vulgar phrase is, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we w ting in the club last night, gave us an accou sober citizen, who died a few days since. T nest man being of greater consequence in h thoughts than in the eye of the world, had f years past kept a journal of his life. Sir A shewed us one week of it. Since the occ set down in it mark out such a road of action I have been speaking of, I shall present my with a faithful copy of it; after having first in him, that the deceased person had in his you bred to trade, but finding himself not so well for business, he had for several years last pa altogether upon a moderate annuity *.

Monday, eight o'clock. I put on my and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my knee-strin washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoake pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement an Courant. Things go ill in the north. Mr. opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ra mislaying my tobacco box.

* This journal was, it may be, genuine, but certainly ed here as a banter on a gentleman who was a member gregation of dissenters, commonly called Independents. Mr. Nesbit officiated at that time as minister. The curi find information *satis superque*, concerning Mr. Nesbit, Dunton's account of his Life, Errors, and Opinions. Th who kept this insipid journal led just such a life as is and ridiculed here, and was continually asking or quoti tor's opinion on every subject.

ck. to dinner. Mem. Too
s and
. Took my afternoon's nap.
. Walked into the fields. Wind

At the club. Mr. Nisby's opi-

bed, slept sound.

Y, being holiday, eight o'clock. Rose

o' c. Washed hands and face, shaved,
ny -soaled shoes.
twelve. Took a walk to Islington.
took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.
two and three. Returned, dined on a
or Veal and bacon. Mem. sprouts wanting.
. Nap as usual.
four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news.
twist. Grand visier strangled.
to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's ac-
nt the Great Turk.
Dream of the grand visier. Broken sleep.

TUESDAY, eight o'clock. Tongue of my
e broke. Hands but not face.
Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. to be
for the last leg of mutton.
eleven. At the coffee-house. More work
rth. Stranger in a black wig asked me
stocks went.
welve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind
ith.
to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.
. Dined as usual. Stomach good.
Nap broke by the falling of a pewter

dish. Mem. Cook-maid in love, and grown ca less.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advic from Smyrna that the grand visier was first of strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hou the club before any body else came. Mr. Nisby opinion that the grand visier was not strangled th sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without wak ing until nine the next morning.

THURSDAY, nine o'clock. Staid within un two o'clock for Sir Timothy; who did not bring n my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Los of appetite. Small-beer sour. Beef over-corn

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club to-n Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of p to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small-beer with the grand visier.

Saturday. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home and dried self.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, ow-bone; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of oks and Hellier.

Three. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand visier certainly dead

I question not but the reader will be surprised o find the above-mentioned journalist taking so uch care of a life that was filled with such incon- iderable actions, and received so very small im- rovements; and yet if we look into the behaviour f many whom we daily converse with, we shall hat most of their hours are taken up in those uree important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of an-

other, and make a man weigh all those ind
actions, which, though they are easily forgot
must certainly be accounted for. L.

N° 318. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1711.

——non omnia possumus omnes.
VIRG. Ecl. viii. 63.

With different talents form'd, we variously excel*.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'A CERTAIN vice, which you have la
attacked, has not yet been considered by you
growing so deep in the heart of man, that the af-
fectation outlives the practice of it. You m
observed, that men who have been bred in a
preserve to the most extreme and feeble old age, a
certain daring in their aspect. In like manner, they
who have passed their time in gallantry and adven-
ture, keep up, as well as they can, the appearance
of it, and carry a petulant inclination to their l
moments. Let this serve for a preface to a relation
I am going to give you of an old beau in town, t
has not only been amorous, and a follower of w
in general, but also, in spite of the admonition o
grey hairs, been from his sixty-third year to his pre
sent seventieth in an actual pursuit of a youn
lady, the wife of his friend, and a man of merit
The gay old Escalus has wit, good health, and

* This motto is likewise prefixed to Spectator, No. 40
The original motto to this paper in folio was,

'*Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.*'
HOR.

'Lascivious age might better play the fool.'

perfectly well-bred; but, from the fashion and manners of the court when he was in his bloom, has such a natural tendency to amorous adventure, that he thought it would be an endless reproach to him to make no use of a familiarity he was allowed at a gentleman's house, whose good-humour and confidence exposed his wife to the addresses of any who should take it in their head to do him the good office. It is not impossible that Escalus might also resent that the husband was particularly negligent of him; and though he gave many intimations of a passion towards the wife, the husband either did not see them, or put him to the contempt of overlooking them. In the mean time Isabella, for so we shall call our heroine, saw his passion, and rejoiced in it, as a foundation for much diversion, and an opportunity of indulging herself in the dear delight of being admired, addressed to, and flattered, with no ill consequence to her reputation. This lady is of a free and disengaged behaviour, ever in good-humour, such as is the image of innocence with those who are innocent, and an encouragement to vice with those who are abandoned. From this kind of carriage, and an apparent approbation of his gallantry, Escalus had frequent opportunities of laying amorous epistles in her way, of fixing his eyes attentively upon her actions, of performing a thousand little offices which are neglected by the unconcerned, but are so many approaches towards happiness with the enamoured. It was now, as is above hinted, almost the end of the seventh year of his passion, when Escalus, from general terms, and the ambiguous respect which criminal lovers retain in their addresses, began to bewail that his passion grew too violent for him to answer any longer for his behaviour towards her, and that he hoped she would have consideration for his long and patient respect, to excuse the emotions

of a heart now no longer under the direction of the unhappy owner of it. Such, for some months, had been the language of Escalus both in his talk and his letters to Isabella, who returned all the profusion of kind things which had been the collection of fifty years, with "I must not hear you; you will make me forget that you are a gentleman; I would not willingly lose you as a friend;" and the like expressions, which the skilful interpret to their own advantage, as well knowing that a feeble denial is a modest assent. I should have told you, that Isabella, during the whole progress of this amour, communicated it to her husband; and that an account of Escalus's love was their usual entertainment after half a day's absence. Isabella therefore, upon her lover's late more open assaults, with a smile told her husband she could hold out no longer, but that his fate was now come to a crisis. After she had explained herself a little farther, with her husband's approbation, she proceeded in the following manner. The next time that Escalus was alone with her, and repeated his importunity, the crafty Isabella looked on her fan with an air of great attention, as considering of what importance such a secret was to her; and upon the repetition of a warm expression, she looked at him with an eye of fondness, and told him he was past that time of life which could make her fear he would boast of a lady's favour; then turned away her head, with a very well acted confusion, which favoured the escape of the aged Escalus. This adventure was matter of great pleasantry to Isabella and her spouse; and they had enjoyed it two days before Escalus could recollect himself enough to form the following letter:

"MADAM,

"WHAT happened the other day gives me a lively image of the inconsistency of human passions and inclinations. We pursue what we are blind, and place our affections on what is absent, though we neglected it when present. As long as you refused my love, your refusal did so strongly strike my passion, that I had not once the leisure to think of recalling my reason to aid me against the design upon your virtue. But when that virtue began to comply in my favour, my reason made an effort over my love, and let me see the baseness of my behaviour in attempting a woman of honour. I owe to you, it was not without the most violent struggle that I gained this victory over myself; for, I will confess my shame, and acknowledge, I could not have prevailed but by flight. However, madam, I beg that you will believe a moment's weakness has not destroyed the esteem I had for you, which was confirmed by so many years of obstinate virtue. You have reason to rejoice that this did not happen within the observation of one of the young fellows, who would have exposed your weakness, and gloried in his own brutish inclinations.

I am, MADAM,
Your most devoted humble servant."

Isabella, with the help of her husband, returned the following answer:

"SIR,

"I CANNOT but account myself a very happy woman, in having a man for a lover that can write so well, and give so good a turn to a disappointment. Another excellence you have above all other pretenders I ever heard of; on occasions

where the most reasonable men lose all their reason, you have yours most powerful. We have each of us to thank our genius, that the passion of one abated in proportion as that of the other grew violent. Does it not yet come into your head to imagine, that I know my compliance was the greatest cruelty I could be guilty of towards you? In return for your long and faithful passion, I must let you know that you are old enough to become a little more gravity; but if you will leave me, and coquet it any where else, may your mistress yield.

T. ISABELLA."

N° 319. THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1711-12.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?

HOR. 1 Ep. i. 90.

Say while they change on thus, what chains can bind
These varying forms, this Proteus of the mind?
FRANCIS.

I HAVE endeavoured in the course of my papers to do justice to the age, and have taken care as much as possible to keep myself a neuter between both sexes. I have neither spared the ladies out of complaisance, nor the men out of partiality; but notwithstanding the great integrity with which I have acted in this particular, I find myself taxed with an inclination to favour my own half of the species. Whether it be that the women afford a more fruitful field for speculation, or whether they run more in my head than the men, I cannot tell; but I shall set down the charge as it is laid against me in the following letter.

MR. SPECTAT

I ALWAYS one among a company of your speculations every at pre commissioned by our to let you know, that we fear you d to be partial towards your own n nowever acknowledge, with all due , in s cases you have given us our me and done us justice. We could y nave i iven you several strokes in the c of the coquette's heart, if you had not, ut the same time, made a sacrifice to us of scull.

I n further, sir, please to remember, that long e you attacked our hoods and com- su a manner, as, to use your own ex- n, de very many of us ashamed to show r heads. We must therefore beg leave to repre- to you, that we are in hopes, if you will please e a due inquiry, the men in all ages would be to have been little less whimsical in adorning t than ourselves. The different forms of wigs, together with the various cocks of their all flatter us in this opinion.

I had an humble servant last summer, who the he declared himself was in a full-bottomed out the day after, to my no small surprise, he d me in a thin natural one. I received him, our second interview, as a perfect stranger, extremely confounded when his speech covered who he was. I resolved, therefore, to his face in my memory for the future; but as I walking in the park the same evening, he eared to me in one of those wigs that I think call a night-cap, which had altered him more ctually than before. He afterwards played a

couple of black riding wigs upon me with the same success, and, in short, assumed a new face almost every day in the first month of his courtship.

'I observed afterwards, that the variety of cocks into which he moulded his hat had not a little contributed to his impositions upon me.

'Yet, as if all these ways were not sufficient to distinguish their heads, you must doubtless, sir, have observed, that great numbers of young fellows for several months last past, taken upon them wear feathers.

'We hope, therefore, that these may with much justice be called Indian princes, as you have styled a woman in a coloured hood an Indian queen; and that you will in due time take these airy gentlemen into consideration.

'We the more earnestly beg that you would put a stop to this practice, since it has already lost us one of the most agreeable members of our society, who, after having refused several good estates, and two titles, was lured from us last week by a mixed feather.

'I am ordered to present you with the respects of our whole company, and am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

DORINDA.

'Note. The person wearing the feather, though our friend took him for an officer in the guards, has proved to be an errant linen-draper*.'

I am not now at leisure to give my opinion upon the hat and feather: however, to wipe off the present imputation, and gratify my female corre-

* Only an Ensign in the train-bands. Spect. in folio.

spondent, I shall here print a letter which I lately received from a man of mode, who seems to have a very extraordinary genius in his way.'

'SIR,

'I PRESUME I need not inform you, that among men of dress it is a common phrase to say, "Mr. Such-a-one has struck a bold stroke;" by which we understand, that he is the first man who had courage enough to lead up a fashion. Accordingly, when our tailors take measure of us, they always demand, "whether we will have a plain suit or strike a bold stroke?" I think I may without vanity say, that I have struck some of the boldest and most successful strokes of any man in Great Britain. I was the first that struck the long pocket about two years since; I was likewise the author of the frosted button, which when I saw the town come readily into, being resolved to strike while the iron was hot, I produced much about the same time the scallap flap, the knotted cravat, and made a fair push for the silver-clocked stocking.

'A few months after I brought up the modish jacket, or the coat with close sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain Doily; but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue camblet, and repeated the stroke in several kinds of cloth, until at last it took effect. There are two or three young fellows at the other end of the town who have always their eye upon me, and answer me stroke for stroke. I was once so unwary as to mention my fancy in relation to a new-fashioned surtout before one of these gentlemen, who was disingenuous enough to steal my thought, and by that means prevented my intended stroke.

'I have a design this spring to make very considerable innovations in the waistcoat; and have al-

ready begun with a *coup d'essai* upon the slee which has succeeded very well.

'I must further inform you, if you will pron to encourage, or at least to connive at me, that i my design to strike such a stroke the beginning the next month as shall surprise the whole town.

'I do not think it prudent to acquaint you w all the particulars of my intended dress; but y only tell you, as a sample of it, that I shall w speedily appear at White's in a cherry-coloured h I took this hint from the ladies' hoods, which I lo upon as the boldest stroke that sex has struck these hundred years last past.

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient,
Most humble servant,
WILL SPRIGHTLY.'

I have not time at present to make any reflectic on this letter; but must not however omit that h ing shown it to Will Honeycomb, he desires to acquainted with the gentleman who writ it.

X*.

* This last paragraph was not in the original publi in folio.

FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1711-12.

——————non promba Juno,
Non Hymenaeus adest, non illi gratia lecto:
Eumenides stravere torum——————

OVID. Met. vi. 428.

n, nor the Graces here preside,
o to befriend the blooming bride;
ends with fun'ral brands the process led,
and furies waited at the genial bed *.

CROXAL.

ATOR,

you have given many hints in your pa-
disadvantage of persons of your own
plots upon women. Among other hard
you have published the term "Male Co-
and been very severe upon such as give
the liberty of a little dalliance of heart,
fast and loose between love and indif-
until perhaps an easy young girl is reduced
dreams, and tears, and languishes away
for a careless coxcomb, who looks astonished,
wonders at such an effect from what in him was
common civility. Thus you have treated
men who are irresolute in marriage; but if you
to be impartial, pray be so honest as to print
rmation I now give you of a certain set of
who never coquet for the matter, but, with
high hand, marry whom they please to whom

* The motto to this paper in the original publication in folio, as,

'*Hæ sunt quæ tenui sudant in Cyclade.*' Juv.

'How hard they labour in their little sphere.'

they please. As for my part I should not have c
cerned myself with them, but that I understand I
pitched upon by them to be married, against
will, to one I never saw in my life. It has been
misfortune, sir, very innocently, to rejoice in a plen
tiful fortune, to which I am master, to bespeak
fine chariot, to give directions for two or t
handsome snuff-boxes, and as many suits of
clothes; but before any of these were ready, I h
reports of my being to be married to two or th
different young women. Upon my taking notice o
it to a young gentleman who is often in my company
he told me smiling, I was in the inquisition. Yo
may believe I was not a little startled at what h
meant, and more so when he asked me if I had be
spoke any thing of late that was fine. I told h
several; upon which he produced a description o
my person, from the tradesmen whom I had em
ployed, and told me that they had certainly informe
against me. Mr. Spectator, whatever the worl
may think of me, I am more coxcomb than fool
and I grew very inquisitive upon this head, not
little pleased with the novelty. My friend told
there were a certain set of women of fashion, wher
the number of six made a committee, who sat thre
a week, under the title of "The Inquisition
Maids and Batchelors." It seems, whenever th
comes such an unthinking gay thing as myself t
town, he must want all manner of necessaries, c
be put into the inquisition by the first tradesman h
employs. They have constant intelligence wit
cane-shops, perfumers, toymen, coach-makers,
china-houses. From these several places these
dertakers for marriages have as constant and regu
correspondence as the funeral-men have with vin
ners and apothecaries. All batchelors are under th
immediate inspection; and my friend produced

in a report given in to their board, wherein an old uncle of mine, who came to town with me, and myself were inserted, and we stood thus: the uncle lucky, rotten, poor; the nephew raw, but no fool; found at present, very rich. My information did not end here; but my friend's advices are so good, that he could shew me a copy of the letter sent to the young lady who is to have me; which I inclose to you:

"MADAM,

"THIS is to let you know, that you are to be married to a beau that comes out on Thursday, six in the evening. Be at the park. You cannot but know a virgin fop; they have a mind to look pretty, but are out of countenance. The board has disposed him to several good families. I wish you joy.

CORINNA."

What makes my correspondent's case the more deplorable is, that, as I find by the report from my office of marriages, the friend he speaks of is employed by the inquisition to take him in, as the phrase is. After all that is told him, he has information only of one woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the lady commissioners have devoted him to another than the person against whom they have employed their agent his friend to alarm him. The plot is laid so well about this young gentleman, that he has no friend to retire to, no place to appear in, or part of the kingdom to fly into, but he must fall into the notice, and be subject to the power of the inquisition. They have their emissaries and substitutes in all parts of this united kingdom. The first step they usually take, is to find from a correspondence, by their messengers and

whisperers, with some domestic of the batchelc is to be hunted into the toils they have laid fo what are his manners, his familiarities, his goc lities, or vices; not as the good in him is a mendation, or the ill a diminution, but as t feet to contribute to the main inquiry, wha he has in him. When this point is well r to the board, they can take in a wild roarir hunter, as easily as a soft, gentle young fop town. The way is to make all places un him, but the scenes in which they have allot to act. His brother huntsman, bottle comp his fraternity of fops, shall be brought into t spiracy against him. Then this matter is no so bare-faced a manner before him as to intimated, Mrs. Such-a-one would make him proper wife; but, by the force of their cor dence, they shall make it (as Mr. Waller said marriage of the dwarfs) as impracticable to ha woman besides her they design him, as it have been in Adam to have refused Eve. T named by the commission for Mrs. Such-a-on neither be in fashion, nor dare ever appear i pany, should he attempt to evade their d nation.

The female sex wholly govern domestic lif by this means when they think fit, they ca dissensions between the dearest friends, nay, father and son irreconcileable enemies, in s all the ties of gratitude on one part, and th of protection to be paid on the other. The of the inquisition understand this perfectly and where love is not a motive to a man's ch one whom they allot, they can with very m insinuate stories to the disadvantage of his h or courage, until the creature is too much dis to bear up against a general ill reception, wh

every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed wedlock for shelter. I have a long letter bearing date the fourth instant, which gives me a large account of the policies of this court; and find there is now before them a very refractory person, who has escaped all their machinations for two years last past: but they have prevented two successive matches which were of his own inclination; the one by a report that his mistress was to be married, and the very day appointed, wedding-clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the second time by insinuating to all his mistress's friends and acquaintance, that he had been false to several other women, and the like. The poor man is now reduced to profess he designs to lead a single life; but the inquisition give out to all his acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the gentleman's own welfare and happiness. When this is urged, he talks still more humbly, and protests he aims only at a life without pain or reproach; pleasure, honour, and riches, are things for which he has no taste. But notwithstanding all this, and what else he may defend himself with, as that the lady is too old or too young; of a suitable humour, or the quite contrary; and that it is impossible they can ever do other than wrangle from June to January, every body tells him all this is spleen, and he must have a wife; while all the members of the inquisition are unanimous in a certain woman for him, and they think they all together are better able to judge than he, or any other private person whatsoever.

'SIR, Temple, March 3, 1711.

'YOUR speculation this day on the subject of idleness has employed me, ever since I read it, in sorrowful reflections on my having loi-

tered away the term (or rather the vacation) of
years in this place, and unhappily suffered a
chamber and study to lie idle as long. My b
(except those I have taken to sleep upon) have
totally neglected, and my Lord Coke and otl
nerable authors were never so slighted in their
I spend most of the day at a neighbouring co
house, where we have what I may call a lazy
We generally come in night-gowns, with our st
ings about our heels, and sometimes but one
Our salutation at entrance is a yawn and a str
and then without more ceremony we take
place at the lolling-table, where our discours
what I fear you would not read out, therefore
not insert. But I assure you, sir, I heartily la
this loss of time, and am now resolved (if poss
with double diligence) to retrieve it, being e
tually awakened, by the arguments of Mr.
out of the senseless stupidity that has so long
sessed me. And to demonstrate that penitenc
companies my confessions, and constancy my
lutions, I have locked my door for a year, and d
you would let my companions know I am not wi
I am with great respect,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

T. N.

N° 321. SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1711-12.

Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 99.

'Tis not enough a poem's finely writ;
It must affect and captivate the soul.

Those who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of Homer and Virgil will easily pardon the length of my discourse upon Milton. The Paradise Lost is looked upon, by the best judges, as the greatest production, or at least the noblest work of genius, in our language, and therefore deserves to be set before an English reader in its full beauty. For this reason, though I have endeavoured to give a general idea of its graces and imperfections in my first six papers, I thought myself obliged to bestow one upon every book in particular. The first three books I have already dispatched, and am now entering upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my reader that there are multitudes of beauties in this great author, especially in the descriptive parts of this poem, which I have not touched upon; it being my intention to point out those only which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary readers. Every one that has read the critics who have written upon the Odyssey, the Iliad, and the Æneid, knows very well, that though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in those poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several master-strokes, which have escaped the observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not but any writer, who shall treat of this

subject after me, may find several beauties in Milton, which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest masters of critical learning differ among one another, as to some particular points in an epic poem, I have not bound myself scrupulously to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that art, but have tal the liberty sometimes to join with one, and s times with another, and sometimes to differ fr all of them, when I have thought that the rea of the thing was on my side.

We may conclude the beauties of the fourth book under three heads. In the first are those pictures of still-life, which we meet with in the description of Eden, Paradise, Adam's Bower, &c. In the next are the machines, which comprehend the speeches and behaviour of the good and bad angels. In the last is the conduct of Adam and Eve, who are the principal actors in the poem.

In the description of Paradise, the poet has observed Aristotle's rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the fal which are not supported by the beauty of i ments and characters. Accordingly the reader may observe, that the expressions are more florid and elaborate in these descriptions, than in most other parts of the poem. I must further add, that though the drawings of gardens, rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature, are justly censured in an heroic poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length—the description of Paradise would have been faulty, had not the poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the scene of the principal action, but as it is requisite to give us an idea of that happiness from which our first parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the short sketch which we have of it

ly on's exuberance of imagination
a redundancy of ornaments on
of innocence, that it would
out e particular.
q this head without further observ-
is scarce a speech of Adam or Eve
e poem, wherein the sentiments and allu-
not taken from this their delightful habita-
reader, during their whole course of
always finds himself in the walks of Para-
In rt, as the critics have remarked, that
p wherein shepherds are the actors, the
o t always to take a tincture from the
, and rivers; so we may observe, that
nts seldom lose sight of their happy sta-
ning they speak or do; and, if the reader
give leave to use the expression, that their
ts always 'paradisaical.'

We are in the next place to consider the machines
he fourth book. Satan being now within pros-
of Eden, and looking round upon the glories
creation, fi with sentiments different
se wh u overed whilst he was in
ne place i res him with thoughts more
d to He cts upon the happy condi-
fr wi e ell, and breaks forth into a
that is with several transient touches
self accusation: but at length he con-
ei in impenitence, and in his design of
n in his own state of guilt and misery.
nict of passions is raised with a great deal
art, as the opening of his speech to the sun is
y bold and noble:

'O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god

Of this new world; at whose sight all the rs
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere.'

This speech is I think, the finest that is a
to Satan in the whole poem. The evil spiri
wards proceeds to make his discoveries conc
our first parents, and to learn after what r
they may be best attacked. His bounding o
walls of Paradise; his sitting in the shape of
morant upon the tree of life, which stood
centre of it, and overtopped all the other trees
garden; his alighting among the herd of a
which are so beautifully represented as
about Adam and Eve; together with his tran
ing himself into different shapes, in order t
their conversation; are circumstances that
agreeable surprise to the reader, and are
with great art, to connect that series of adv
in which the poet has engaged this artifi
fraud.

The thought of Satan's transformation into
morant, and placing himself on the tree
seems raised upon that passage in the Iliad,
two deities are described as perching on the
an oak in the shape of vultures.

His planting himself at the ear of Eve unc
form of a toad, in order to produce vain
and imaginations, is a circumstance of the sa
ture; as his starting up in his own form is w
fully fine, both in the literal description, and
moral which is concealed under it. His answe
his being discovered, and demanded to give

count of himself, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his character:

> 'Know ye not then,' said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
> 'Know ye not me! Ye knew me once no mate
> For you, there sitting where you durst not soar;
> Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
> The lowest of your throng———.'

Zephon's rebuke, with the influence it had on n, exqu itely graceful and moral. Satan is u away to Gabriel, the chief of the gu ai who kept watch in Paradise. His ıuı b iour on this occasion is so remark- : a ı ty, t the most ordinary reader cannot out take notice oı it. Gabriel's discovering his approach at a distance is drawn with great strength l liveliness of imagination:

> 'O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
> Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
> Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
> And with them comes a third of regal port,
> But faded splendor wan; who by his gait
> And fierce demeanour seems the prince of Hell;
> Not likely to part hence without contest;
> Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.'

The conference between Gabriel and Satan abounds with sentiments proper for the occasion, and suitable to the persons of the two speakers. Satan clothing himself with terror when he prepares for the combat is truly sublime, and at least equal to Homer's description of Discord, celebrated by Longinus, or to that of Fame in Virgil, who are both represented with their feet standing upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds:

> 'While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
> Turn'd fiery red, sharp ning in mooned horns

Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad,
She, as a veil, down to her slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dis-shevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met.'

There is a fine spirit of poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a bed of flowers by the side of a fountain, amidst a mixed assembly of animals.

The speeches of these two first lovers flow equally from passion and sincerity. The professions they make to one another are full of warmth; but at the same time founded on truth. In a word they are the gallantries of Paradise:

' ——When Adam first of men——
" Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all;——
But let us ever praise him and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs;
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."
To whom thus Eve reply'd. " O thou, for whom,
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find," &c.

The remaining part of Eve's speech, in which she gives an account of herself upon her first creation, and the manner in which she was brought to Adam, is, I think, as beautiful a passage as any in Milton, or perhaps in any other poet whatsoever.

se passages are all worked off with so much art, they are capable of pleasing the most delicate er, without offending the most severe.

' That day I oft remember, when from sleep,' &c.

. poet of less judgment and invention than this t author, would have found it very difficult to : filled these tender parts of the poem with sen- nts proper for a state of innocence; to have ribed the warmth of love, and the professions t, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made man speak the most endearing things without ending from his natural dignity, and the wo- ı receiving them without departing from the lesty of her character; in a word, to adjust the egatives of wisdom and beauty, and make each ear to the other in its proper force and loveli- ;. This mutual subordination of the two sexes onderfully kept up in the whole poem, as par- larly in the speech of Eve I have before men- ıed, and upon the conclusion of it in the follow- lines :

' So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half-embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior love.————'

The poet adds, that the devil turn'd away with y at the sight of so much happiness.

We have another view of our first parents in ir evening discourses, which is full of pleasing ages and sentiments suitable to their condition l characters. The speech of Eve in particular,

is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my reflections upon this book with observing the masterly transition which the poet makes to their evening worship in the following lines:

> 'Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
> Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
> The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
> Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
> And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,
> Maker omnipotent, and thou the day," &c.

Most of the modern heroic poets have imitated the ancients, in beginning a speech without premising that the person said thus or thus; but as it is easy to imitate the ancients in the omission of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine instance of this kind out of Homer, in the twenty-third chapter of Longinus. L.

N° 322. MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1711-12.

——*Ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit.*

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 110.

—Grief wrings her soul, and bends it down to earth.

FRANCIS.

It is often said, after a man has heard a story with extraordinary circumstances, 'it is a very good one, if it be true:' but as for the following re-

, I should be glad were I sure it were false. told with such simplicity, and there are so artless touches of distress in it, that I fear it too much from the heart.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'SOME years ago it happened that I lived same house with a young gentleman of merit, whose good qualities I was so much taken, as ake it my endeavour to show as many as I was in myself. Familiar converse improved ge- civilities into an unfeigned passion on both . He watched an opportunity to declare him- e me; and I, who could not expect a man of eat an estate as his, received his addresses in terms, as gave him no reason to believe I was eased with them, though I did nothing to make think me more easy than was decent. His r was a very hard worldly man, and proud; at there was no reason to believe he would be brought to think there was any thing in woman's person, or character, that could ba- the disadvantage of an unequal fortune. In mean time the son continued his application to and omitted no occasion of demonstrating the disinterested passion imaginable to me; and ain direct terms offered to marry me privately, keep it so till he should be so happy as to gain ather's approbation, or become possessed of his e. I passionately loved him, and you will be. I did not deny such a one what was my in- it also to grant. However, I was not so young ot to take the precaution of carrying with me thful servant, who had been also my mother's , to be present at the ceremony. When that over, I demanded a certificate to be signed by the ster, my husband, and the servant I just now

spoke of. After our nuptials, we conversed together very familiarly in the same house; but the restraints we were generally under, and the interviews we had being stolen and interrupted, made our behaviour to each other rather the impatient fondness which is visible in lovers, than the regular and gratified affection which is to be observed in man and wife. This observation the father very anxious for his son, and pr to a match he had in his eye for him. To re my husband from this importunity, and conceal secret of our marriage, which I had reason to know would not be long in my power in town, it was resolved that I should retire into a remote place in the country, and converse under feigned names by letter. We long continued this way of comm e; and I with my needle, a few books, and r over and over my husband's letters, passed my in a resigned expectation of better days. Be pl to take notice, that within four months after I left my husband I was delivered of a daughter, who died within a few hours after her birth. This accident, and the retired manner of life I led, gave criminal hopes to a neighbouring brute of a country gentleman, whose folly was the source of all my affliction. This rustic is one of those rich clowns who supply the want of all manner of breeding by the neglect of it, and with noisy mirth, half understanding, and ample fortune, force themselves upon persons and things, without any sense of time or place. The poor ignorant people where I lay concealed, and now passed for a widow, wondered I could be so shy and strange, as they called it, to the squire; and were bribed by him to admit him whenever he thought fit: I happened to be sitting in a little parlour which belonged to my own part of the house, and musing over one of

fondest of my husband's letters, in which I al-
ys kept the certificate of my marriage, when
rude fellow came in, and, with the nauseous
familiarity of such unbred brutes, snatched the pa-
r out of my hand. I was immediately under so
at a concern, that I threw myself at his feet,
d begged of him to return them. He, with the
e odious pretence to freedom and gaiety, swore
would read them. I grew more importunate,
more curious, till at last, with an indignation
ing from a passion I then first discovered in
, he threw the papers into the fire, swearing
at since he was not to read them, the man who
them should never be so happy as to have me
them over again. It is insignificant to tell
u my tears and reproaches made the boisterous
l leave the room ashamed and out of counte-
nce, when I had leisure to ruminate on this acci-
nt with more than ordinary sorrow. However,
s was then my confidence in my husband, that
rit to him the misfortune, and desired another
per of the same kind. He deferred writing two
three posts, and at last answered me in general,
hat he could not then send me what I asked for;
t when he could find a proper conveyance, I
ould be sure to have it. From this time his let-
rs were more cold every day than other, and, as
grew indifferent, I grew jealous. This has at
st brought me to town, where I find both the wit-
sses of my marriage dead, and that my husband,
ter three month's cohabitation, has buried a young
dy whom he married in obedience to his father.
a a word he shuns and disowns me. Should I
me to the house and confront him, the father
ould join in supporting him against me, though
e believed my story: should I talk it to the world,
hat reparation can I expect for an injury I can-

not make out? I believe he means to bring me, through necessity, to resign my pretensions to l for some provision for my life: but I will die fir Pray bid him remember what he said, and how m was charmed when he laughed at the heedle covery I often made of myself; let him remem how awkward I was in my dissembled indiffer towards him before company: ask him, how I, v could never conceal my love for him, at his own request can part with him for ever? Oh, Mr. SPECTATOR, sensible spirits know no indifference in marriage: what then do you think is my pierc- ing affliction?——I leave you to represent my distress your own way, in which I desire you to be speedy, if you have compassion for innocence ex- posed to infamy.

T. OCTAVIA.'

N° 323. TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1711-12.

——Modò vir, modò fœmina.
VIRG.

Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman *.

THE journal with which I presented my reader on Tuesday last has brought me in several let- ters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the 'Rake's Journal,' the 'Sot's

* This motto, not to be found in Virgil, was probably quoted from memory, instead of the following lines:

—Et juvenis quondam, nunc fœmina.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 448.

A man before, now to a woman chang'd.

l,' ‹ ioremaster's Journal,' and, among
‹ very curious piece, entitled, 'The
ot a mock.' By these instances, I find
tion of my last Tuesday's paper has
by many of my readers. I did not
so ch to expose vice as idleness, and
at those persons who passed away their time
trifles and impertinence, than in crimes
noralities. Offences of this latter kind are
be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a
In short, my journal only holds up folly
ht, and shows the disagreeableness of such
as are indifferent in themselves, and blame-
as they proceed from creatures endowed
n.

following correspondent, who calls herself
da, is such a journalist as I require. She seems
letter to be placed in a modish state of in-
rence between vice and virtue, and to be sus-
e of either, were there proper pains taken
ner. Had her journal been filled with gallan-
s, or such occurrences as had shown her wholly
t of her natural innocence, notwithstanding
r have been more pleasing to the generality
ers, I should not have published it: but as it
nly the picture of a life filled with a fashionable
of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five
rs of it, as I have received it from the hand of
fair correspondent.

'DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOU having set your readers an exercise
one of your last week's papers, I have performed
according to your orders, and herewith send
you enclosed. You must know, Mr. SPECTATOR,
I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have
several matches offered me for these ten years

last past, and have at present warm applicat made to me by 'A Very Pretty Fellow.' As I at my own disposal, I come up to town every winte and pass my time in it after the manner you w find in the following journal, which I began to wr the very day after your SPECTATOR upon that ject.'

TUESDAY night. Could not go to sleep till c in the morning for thinking of my journal.

WEDNESDAY. From eight till ten. Drank t dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep a them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread butter, drank a dish of bohea, and read the SP TATOR.

From eleven to one. At my toilette; triec new hood. Gave orders for Veny to be com and washed. Mem. I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. Mem. Mr. Froth p by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed; paid a visit to lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard t were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At basset. Mem. N set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY. From eleven at night to eigh the morning. Dreamed that I punted * to Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two in Aurengzebe a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to bor lady Faddle's Cupid for Veny. Read the play-b

* A term in the game of basset.

h a from Mr. Froth. Mem. Locked
r box.
. Fontange, the tire-woman,
my y Blithe's wash. Broke a
le rtoise-shell comb. Sent Frank
w now my y Hectic rested after her mon-
s i ç out at window. Looked pale. Fon-
teus me my glass is not true. Dressed by

three to four. Dinner cold before I sat

om four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's
of Milton. His account of the Mohocks.
cy of a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of
box. Old lady Faddle promises me her
to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.
a w e o'clock at night. Went to bed.

FRIDAY. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read
er all Mr. Froth's letters. Cupid and Veny.
Ten o'clock. Stayed within all day, not at home.
From ten to twelve. In conference with my
na-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbands. Broke
china cup.
twelve to one. Shut myself up in my
practised lady Betty Modley's skuttle *.
in the afternoon. Called for my flowered
hief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes
head out of order. Threw by my work,
over the remaining part of Aurengzebe.
om three to four. Dined.
From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed,
went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight.
Found Mrs. Spitely at home. Conversation: Mrs.
Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old lady Love-day
going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth

* A pace of affected precipitation.

a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. Mem. Mrs. Spitely whispered in my ear, that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth; I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

SATURDAY. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eye-brow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. Mem. The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig; bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out 'Ancora.' Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. Eight o'clock. Waked by Mi Kitty. Aurengzebe lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines

the play. Went in our mobs* to the dumb man, according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. Mem. The conjurer† was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, &c.

'Upon looking back into this my journal, I find I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time [illegible] or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your Speculation [illegible] last subject. I scarce find a single action in [illegible] five days that I can thoroughly approve of, [illegible] the working upon the violet-leaf, which [illegible] served to finish the first day I am at leisure. [illegible] for Mr. Froth and Very, I did not think they [illegible] so much of my time and thoughts as I find [illegible] journal. The latter of them I will [illegible] you [illegible] upon it; and if Mr. Froth [illegible] a conclusion very sudden. [illegible] not [illegible] me run away in a dream.

Your humble servant,

CLARINDA.'

[illegible] one of the morals of my first paper, [illegible] confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I [illegible] her consider what a pretty figure she [illegible] make among posterity, were the history of [illegible] life published like these five days of it. I conclude my paper with an epitaph written [illegible] uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

* A huddled economy of dress so called.

† Duncan Campbel.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE.

'Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.'

L.

N° 324. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1711-12

O curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium inanes!
PERS. Sat. ii. 61.

O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Flat minds, and ever grovelling on the ground *!
DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE materials you have collected together towards a general history of clubs, make so bright a part of your SPECULATIONS, that I think it is but a justice we all owe the learned world, to furnish you with such assistance as may promote that useful work. For this reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect informations of a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that species of being) who have lately erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity, under the title of the Mohock-club, a name borrowed it seems from a sort of cannibals in India, who subs

* The motto prefixed to this paper in its original form *in folio*, is taken from Juvenal.

Sævis inter se convenit ursis.
Even bears with bears agree.

lundering and devouring all the nations about
. The president is styled 'Emperor of the
ocks;' and his arms are a Turkish crescent,
h his imperial majesty bears at present in a
extraordinary manner engraven upon his fore-
. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design
eir institution is mischief; and upon this foun-
all their rules and orders are framed. An out-
ous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their
w creatures, is the great cement of their assem-
and the only qualification required in the mem-
In order to exert this principle in its full
th and perfection, they take care to drink
ves to a pitch, that is, beyond the possibility
ding to any motions of reason or humanity;
1 e a general sally, and attack all that are so
rtunate as to walk the streets through which
patrole. Some are knocked down, others
ed, others cut and carbonadoed. To put the
h to a total rout, and mortify some of those in-
e militia, is reckoned a *coup-d'éclat*. The
lar talents by which these misanthropes are
uished from one another, consist in the va-
kinds of barbarities which they execute upon
prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy
ity in tipping the lion upon them; which is
d by squeezing the nose flat to the face,
out the eyes with their fingers. Others are
a the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars
capers; by running swords through their legs;
w invention, whether originally French I can-
tell. A third sort are the tumblers, whose office
) set women on their heads, and commit cer-
indecencies, or rather barbarities, on the limbs
1 they expose. But these I forbear to mention,
use they cannot but be very shocking to the
er as well as the Spectator. In this manner

they carry on a war against mankind; and by the standing maxims of their policy, are to enter into no alliances but one, and that is offensive and defensive with all bawdy-houses in general, of which they have declared themselves protectors and guarantees.

'I must own, sir, these are only broken, incoherent memoirs of this wonderful society; but they are the best I have been yet able to procure: for, being but of late established, it is not ripe for a just history; and, to be serious, the chief design of this trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleased, out of a concern for the good of your countrymen, to act, under the character of Spectator, not only the part of a looker-on, but an overseer of their actions; and whenever such enormities as this infest the town, we immediately fly to you for redress. I have reason to believe, that some thoughtless youngsters, out of a false notion of bravery, and an immoderate fondness to be distinguished for fellows of fire, are insensibly hurried into this senseless, scandalous project. Such will probably stand corrected by your reproofs, especially if you inform them, that it is not courage for half a score fellows, mad with wine and lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the manners of Indian savages are not becoming accomplishments to an English fine gentleman. Such of them as have been bullies and scowerers of a long standing, and are grown veterans in this kind of service, are, I fear, too hardened to receive any impressions from your admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to their perusal your ninth Speculation. They may there be taught to take warning from the club of Duellists; and be put in mind, that the common fate of those men of honour was, to be hanged.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

March the 10th, 1711-12.

PHILANTHROPOS.'

The following letter is of a quite contrary nature; I add it here, that the reader may observe, at the view, how amiable ignorance may be, when own in its simplicities; and how detestable in n s. It is written by an honest countryman n ess, and came to the hands of a lady of wn see wrapped about a thread-paper, who has g kept it by her as an image of artless love.

To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

'LOVELY, and oh that I could write loving Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse mption. Having been so happy as to enjoy ght of your sweet countenance and comely dy, sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle liquorish powder at the apothecary's shop, I am enamoured with you, that I can no more keep se my flaming desires to become your servant *. nd I am the more bold now to write to your swee lf, because I am now my own man, and may mak e I please; for my father is taken away, an w I am come to my living, which is ten yard land.

* This letter was really conveyed, in the manner here men- , to a Mrs. Cole, the wife of a churlish attorney in or near hampton, who would not suffer her to correspond with any dv. It was written by a substantial freeholder in Northamp- ire, whose name was Gabriel Bullock, and given to Steele is friend the ingenious antiquary Mr. Browne Willis. Mrs. strell, niece to Mrs. Cole, fortunately remembered what was n off from the letter by a child at play, so that it is given here e on good authority. *P.*

..... good matches amongst my neighbours. My mother, ace be with her soul! the good old gentlewoman, has left me ood store of household linen of her own spinning, a chest full. f you and I lay our means together, it shall go hard but I will ave the way to do well. Your loving servant till death, Miste Gabriel Bullock, now my father is dead.'

and a house; and there is never a yard land* in qu field, but it is as well worth ten pounds a y as thief is worth a halter, and all my brothers and are provided for: besides, I have good housen stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, li and woollens; and though my house be thatch yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I wi have one half of it slated. If you think well of t motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my ne clothes are made, and hay-harvest is in. I could though I say it, have good……' The rest is tor off; and posterity must be contented to know, Mrs. Margaret Clark was very pretty; but are in the dark as to the name of her lover. T.

N° 325. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1711-1

——Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?
Quod petis, est nusquam: quod amas avertere, perdes.
Ista repercussæ, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est,
Nil habet ista sui: tecum venitque, manetque;
Tecum discedit; si tu discedere possis.

OVID. Metam. iii. 432.

[From the fable of NARCISSUS.]

What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindled in thee this unpitied love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows;
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes;
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

ADDISON.

WILL HONEYCOMB diverted us last night with account of a young fellow's first discovering

* A yard land [*virgata terræ*] in some counties contains acres, in some 24, and in others 30 acres of land.—*Les Ter de la Ley*. Ed. 1667.

passion to his mistress. The young lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable opinion of him, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two sisters, the conversation happening to turn upon love, each of the young ladies was, by way of raillery, recommending a wife to him; when, to the no small surprise of her who languished for him in secret, he told them, with a more than ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he thought himself obliged in honour to conceal; but that he could show her picture in the lid of his snuff-box. The young lady, who found herself most sensibly touched by this confession, took the first opportunity that offered of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it; but finding her resolved to look into the lid begged her, that, if she should happen to know the person, she would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window, she was very agreeably surprised to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking glass; on which, after she had viewed her own face with more pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the box with a smile, telling him she could not but admire his choice.

Will, fancying that this story took, immediately fell into a dissertation on the usefulness of looking-glasses; and, applying himself to me, asked if there were any looking-glasses in the times of the Greeks and Romans; for that he had often observed, in the translations of poems out of those languages, that people generally talked of seeing themselves in wells, fountains, lakes, and rivers. Nay, says he, I remember Mr. Dryden, in his Ovid, tells us of a swinging fellow, called Polypheme, that made use of the

sea for his looking-glass, and could never dress himself to advantage but in a calm.

My friend Will, to show us the whole compass of his learning upon this subject, further informed us, that there were still several nations in the world so very barbarous as not to have any looking-glasses among them; and that he had lately read a voyage to the South Sea, in which it is said that the ladies of Chili always dressed their heads over a bason of water.

I am the more particular in my account of Will's last night's lecture on these natural mirrors, as it seems to bear some relation to the following letter, which I received the day before.

'SIR,

'I HAVE read your last Saturday's observations on the fourth book of Milton with great satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden moral which you have taken notice of in several parts of the poem. The design of this letter is to desire your thoughts, whether there may not also be some moral couched under that place in the same book, where the poet lets us know, that the first woman immediately after her creation ran to a looking-glass, and became so enamoured of her own face, that she had never removed to view any of the other works of nature, had she not been led off to a man? If you think fit to set down the whole passage from Milton, your readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the quotation will not a little contribute to the filling-up of your paper.

Your humble servant,

R. T.'

The last consideration urged by my querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The

s to is part of Eve's speech to
e of the most beautiful passages in the

oft remember, when from sleep
l, and found myself repos'd
le of flow'rs, much wond'ring where
was, whence hither brought, and how.
ar from thence a murmuring sound
u'd from a cave, and spread
plain, and stood unmov'd
xpanse of heaven: I thither went
rienc'd thought, and laid me down
bank, to look into the clear
, that to me seem'd another sky.
wn to look, just opposite
in the watery gleam appear'd,
ook on me; I started back,
k; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
rn'd as soon with answering looks
and love: there I had fix'd
l now, and pin'd with vain desire,
ice thus warn'd me: "What thou seest,
hou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
and goes: but follow me,
hee where no shadow stays
thy soft embraces; he
thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
hine; to him shalt bear
ke thyself, and thence be called
uman race" What could I do,
traight, invisibly thus led?
thee, fair indeed and tall,
tain; yet, methought, less fair,
soft, less amiably mild,
ooth watery image: back I turn'd;
ing cry'dst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve!
thou? Whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
bone; to give thee being, I lent
de to thee, nearest my heart,
fe, to have thee by my side,
n individual solace dear:
oul, I seek thee, and thee claim
lf!'—With that thy gentle hand

Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.'
So spake our general mother———

X.

No 326. FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1711-12.

Inclusam Danaën turris ahenea,
Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris:
Si non———

HOR. Lib. iii. Od. xvi. l.

Of watchful dogs an odious ward
Right well one hapless virgin guard,
When in a tower of brass immur'd,
By mighty bars of steel secur'd,
Although by mortal rake-hells lewd
With all their midnight arts pursued,
Had not———

FRANCIS, vol. ii. p. 77.

ADAPTED.

Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind,
And clap your padlock on her mind.

PADLOCK.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR correspondent's letter relating fortune-hunters, and your subsequent discourse up it, have given me encouragement to send you a st of my case, by which you will see, that the ma complained of is a common grievance both to and country.

'I am a country-gentleman of between five six thousand a year. It is my misfortune to very fine park and an only daughter; upon w

I have l so plagued with deer-stealers that four years past I have scarce rest. I look upon myself to be n war; I am forced to keep as constant my seat, as a governor would do that a town on the frontier of an enemy's ry. I have indeed pretty well secured my , having for this purpose provided myself of keepers, who are left-handed, and handle a ter-staff beyond any other fellows in the coun. And for ard of my house, besides a of p rons and an old maiden rela. wh I keep on constant duty, I have blun. always charged, and fox-gins planted in s about my garden, of which I have frequent notice in the neighbourhood; yet that in spite of all my care, I shall every then have a saucy rascal ride by, recon. ng (as I think you call it) under my windows, prucely dressed as if he were going to a ball. are of this way of attacking a mistress on ck, having heard that it is a common prac. n Spain; and have therefore taken care to ove my daughter from the road-side of the , and to lodge her next the garden. But to rt my story. What can a man do after all? st not stand for member of parliament last , for fear of some ill consequence from off my post. What I would therefore or you is, to promote a project I have set on l upon which I have written to some of my l that is, that care may be taken to se. our ghters by law, as well as our deer; and honest gentleman, of a public spirit, ve for leave to bring in a bill for the pr ing of the female game.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant.'

'Mile-End-Green, March 6, 1711-12

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'HERE is a young man walks by our do every day about the dusk of the evening. He l up at my window, as if to see me; and if I s towards it to peep at him, he turns another w and looks frightened at finding what he was lo for. The air is very cold; and pray let him kno that, if he knocks at the door, he will be carri the parlour fire, and I will come down soon a and give him an opportunity to break his mind.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

MARY COMFIT.

'If I observe he cannot speak, I'll give h to recover himself, and ask him how he do

'DEAR SIR,

'I BEG you to print this without d and by the first opportunity give us the natu causes of longing in women; or put me out of f that my wife will one time or other be delivered something as monstrous as any thing that has appeared to the world; for they say the child is bear a resemblance of what was desired by mother. I have been married upwards of six y have had four children, and my wife is now with the fifth. The expenses she has put me to, procuring what she has longed for during her nancy with them, would not only have handso defrayed the charges of the month, but of t education too; her fancy being so exorbitant for first year or two, as not to confine itself to the us objects of eatables and drinkables, but running after equipages and furniture, and the like extra

ces. To trouble you only with a few of them; en she was with child of Tom, my eldest son, came home one day just fainting, and told me had been visiting a relation, whose husband had de her a present of a chariot and a stately pair horses; and that she was positive she could not the a week longer, unless she took the air in the ow to it of her own within that time. This, her than lose an heir, I readily complied with. n the furniture of her best room must be in- tly changed, or she should mark the child with e of the frightful figures in the old-fashioned estry. Well, the upholsterer was called, and her ging saved that bout. When she went with lly she had fixed her mind upon a new set of te, and as much china as would have furnished an lian shop: these also I cheerfully granted, for r of being father to an Indian pagod. Hitherto ound her demands rose upon every concession; l had she gone on, I had been ruined: but by d fortune, with her third, which was Peggy, the ght of her imagination came down to the corner s venison pasty, and brought her once even upon hinces to knaw off the ears of a pig from the spit. gratifications of her palate were easily pre- red to those of her vanity: and sometimes a par- ge, or a quail, or a wheat-ear, or the pestle of a k, were cheerfully purchased; nay, I could be tented though I were to feed her with green s in April, or cherries in May. But with the e she now goes, she is turned girl again, and en to eating of chalk, pretending 'twill make the ld's skin white; and nothing will serve her but I st bear her company, to prevent its having a shade my brown. In this, however, I have ventured to ry her. No longer ago than yesterday, as we re coming to town, she saw a parcel of crows

so heartily at breakfast upon a piece of horse-l
that she had an invincible desire to p ake
them, and (to my infinite surprise) o
coachman to cut her off a slice, as if it were
himself, which the fellow did; and as soon as
came home, she fell to it with such an app
that she seemed rather to devour than eat it.
her next sally will be I cannot guess: but, in
mean time, my request to you is, that if there be a
way to come at these wild unaccountable ro
of imagination by reason and argum , y
speedily afford us your assistance. This
the grievance of pin-money; and I think in e
settlement there ought to be a clause inserted,
the father should be answerable for the longings
his daughter. But I shall impatiently expect
thoughts in this matter; and am,

SIR,

Your most obliged and
most faithful humble servant,

T. B

'Let me know whether you think the child will love horses as much as Molly does ca ware.' T

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1711-12.

—*Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.*
VIRG. Æn. vii. 44.

A larger scene of action is display'd.
DRYDEN.

told in the foregoing book, how the evil
ed upon Eve as she lay asleep, in
her with thoughts of vanity, pride,
on. The author, who shows a wonderful
whole poem, in preparing the
occurrences that arise in it,
above-mentioned circumstance,
t of the fifth book. Adam, upon his
nands Eve still asleep, with an unusual
re in her looks. The posture in which
rus her is described with a tenderness not
expressed, as the whisper with which he
kens her is the softest that ever was conveyed
a lover's ear.

His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: 'Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight!
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,

How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.'
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:
'O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection! glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd———.'

I cannot but take notice, that Milton, in the ferences between Adam and Eve, had his eye ver frequently upon the book of Canticles, in which there is a noble spirit of eastern poetry, and ver often not unlike what we meet with in Homer, wh is generally placed near the age of Solomon. think there is no question but the poet in the pr ceding speech remembered those two passages whic are spoken on the like occasion, and filled wi the same pleasing images of nature.

'My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise my love, my fair one, and come away! for, lo! winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowe appear on the earth, the time of the singing of bir is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in ou land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green and the vines with the tender grapes give a goo smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and co away!

'Come, my beloved! let us go forth into field, let us get up early to the vineyards, let us if the vine flourish, whether the tender grapes a pear, and the pomegranates bud forth.'

His preferring the garden of Eden to that

'———Where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,'

shows that the poet had this delightful scene in l mind.

Eve's dream is full of those high conceits engendering pride, which, we are told, the devil endeavoured to instil into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awakened by Adam in the following beautiful lines:

> 'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,
> The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
> To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
> Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song: now reigns
> Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
> Shadowy sets off the face of things. In vain,
> If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
> Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire,
> In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,
> Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze!'

An injudicious poet would have made Adam talk through the whole work in such sentiments as these: but flattery and falsehood are not the courtship of Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by Eve in her state of innocence, excepting only in a dream produced on purpose to taint her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the catastrophe of the poem is finely prepared on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadowed, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book. I shall only add, that though the vision itself is founded upon truth, the circumstances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to a dream. Adam, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts Eve upon this occasion;

> So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
> But silently a gentle tear let fall
> From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;

Two other precious drops, that ready stood
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended."

The morning hymn is written in imitation of
of those psalms where, in the overflowings of g
titude and praise, the psalmist calls not only u
the angels, but upon the most conspicuous part
the inanimate creation, to join with him in extol
their common Maker. Invocations of this na
fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's wo
and awaken that divine enthusiasm which is so
tural to devotion. But if this calling upon the
parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of w
ship, it was in a particular manner suitable to
first parents, who had the creation fresh upon t
minds, and had not seen the various dispensation
Providence, nor consequently could be acquai
with those many topics of praise which might af
matter to the devotions of their posterity. I
not remark the beautiful spirit of poetry which
through this whole hymn, nor the holiness of
resolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those speeches w
are assigned to the persons in this poem, I pro
to the description which the poet gives of Rapl
His departure from before the throne, and his fl
through the choirs of angels, is finely imagined.
Milton every where fills his poem with circ
stances that are marvellous and astonishing, he
scribes the gate of heaven as framed after suc
manner, that it opened of itself upon the appr
of the angel who was to pass through it.

"———Till at the gate
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide,

On golden hinges turning, as, by work
Divine, the sovereign Architect had fram'd.

The poet here seems to have regarded two or three passages in the 18th Iliad, as that in particular where, speaking of Vulcan, Homer says, that he had made twenty tripods running on golden wheels; which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the assembly of the gods, and, when there was no more use for them, return again after the same manner. Scaliger has rallied Homer very severely upon this point, as M. Dacier has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether, in this particular of Homer, the marvellous does not lose sight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanship of Milton's gates is not so extraordinary as this of the tripods, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had he not been supported in it by a passage in the Scripture, which speaks of wheels in heaven that had life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no question but Milton had this circumstance in his thoughts; because in the following book he describes the chariot of the Messiah with living wheels, according to the plan in Ezekiel's vision:

* ——————Forth rushed with whirlwind sound
The chariot of paternal * Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit——————.

* This epithet, to say the least, is superfluous, being essentially included in the very idea of Deity. If used in contra-distinction from filial, it is idolatrous, and repugnant to the doctrine established in the original records of Christianity. This is not noted here as a curious criticism, but as a very serious truth.

I question not but Bossu, and the two Da s, who are for vindicating every thing that is cel in Homer, by something parallel in holy writ, wou have been very well pleased had they thought confronting Vulcan's tripods with Ezekiel's wheels.

Raphael's descent to the earth, with the figure of his person, is represented in very lively colours. Several of the French, Italian, and English poets, have given a loose to their imaginations in the description of angels: but I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in Milton. After having set him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and represented him as alighted upon the earth, the poet concludes his description with a circumstance which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest strength of fancy:

'————Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide————.'

Raphael's reception of the guardian angels, his passing through the wilderness of sweets, his distant appearance to Adam, have all the graces that poetry is capable of bestowing. The author afterwards gives us a particular description of Eve in her domestic employments:

'So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd, as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change;
Bestirs her then,' &c.

Though in this, and other parts of the same book, his subject is only the housewifery of our first parent, it is set off with so many pleasing images and lofty expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine work.

The natural majesty of Adam, and, at the same time, his submissive behaviour to the superior being who had vouchsafed to be his guest; the solemn hail which the angel bestows upon the mother of mankind, with the figure of Eve ministering at the table; are circumstances which deserve to be admired.

Raphael's behaviour is every way suitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a sociable spirit with which the author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received instructions to converse with Adam, as one friend converses with another, and to warn him of the enemy, who was contriving his destruction: accordingly, he is represented as sitting down at table with Adam, and eating of the fruits of Paradise. The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the food of angels. After having thus entered into conversation with man upon more indifferent subjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural transition to the history of that angel who was employed in the circumvention of our first parents.

Had I followed Monsieur Bossu's method in my first paper on Milton, I should have dated the action of Paradise Lost from the beginning of Raphael's speech in this book, as he supposes the action of the Æneid to begin in the second book of that poem. I could allege many reasons for my drawing the action of the Æneid rather from its immediate beginning in the first book, than from its remote beginning in the second; and show why I have considered the sacking of Troy as an episode, according to the

common acceptation of that word. But would be a dry unentertaining piece of cru and perhaps unnecessary to those who my first paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. soever of the notions be true, the unity of Mi action is preserved according to either of whether we consider the fall of man in its diate beginning, as proceeding from the resol taken in the infernal council, or in its more r beginning, as proceeding from the first revolt o angels in heaven. The occasion which Milto signs for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in writ, and on the opinion of some great write it was the most proper that the poet could made use of.

The revolt in heaven is described with great of imagination, and a fine variety of circumst The learned reader cannot but be pleased wi poet's imitation of Homer in the last of the foll lines:

> 'At length into the limits of the north
> They came, and Satan took his royal seat
> High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
> Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
> From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
> The palace of great Lucifer, (so call
> That structure in the dialect of men
> Interpreted)——.'

Homer mentions persons and things, whic tells us, in the language of the gods are called b ferent names from those they go by in the lan of men. Milton has imitated him with his judgment in this particular place, wherein h likewise the authority of scripture to justify The part of Abdiel, who was the only spirit th this infinite host of angels preserved his allegiar his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of r

singularity. The zeal of the seraphim breaks forth in a becoming warmth of sentiments and expressions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous scorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The author doubtless designed it as a pattern to those who live among mankind in their present state of degeneracy and corruption:

'So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrify'd;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way thro' hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.'

L.

N° 328. MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1711-12.

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.
HOR. Epod. xvii. 24.

Day chases night, and night the day,
But no relief to me convey.
DUNCOMBE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As I believe that this is the first complaint that ever was made to you of this nature, so you are the first person I ever could prevail upon myself to lay it before. When I tell you I have a healthy, vigorous constitution, a plentiful estate, no

inordinate desires, and am married to a vir
lovely woman, who neither wants wit nor go
nature, and by whom I have a numerous offspr
to perpetuate my family, you will naturally conch
me a happy man. But, notwithstanding these p
missing appearances, I am so far from it, that t
prospect of being ruined and undone by a sort
extravagance, which of late years is in a less degree
crept into every fashionable family, deprives
all the comforts of my life, and renders me the
anxious, miserable man on earth. My wife, who
was the only child and darling care of
mother, employed her early years in
those accomplishments we generally unders
good breeding and polite education. She sin
dances, plays on the lute and harpsichord, pai
prettily, is a perfect mistress of the French tongue,
and has made a considerable progress in Italian.
She is besides excellently skilled in all domesti
sciences, as preserving, pickling, pastry, making
wines of fruits of our own growth, embroideri
and needleworks of every kind. Hitherto, you
be apt to think there is very little cause of complai
but suspend your opinion till I have further expla
myself, and then, I make no question, you will co
over to mine. You are not to imagine I find fa
that she either possesses or takes delight in the ex
ercises of those qualifications I just now mentioned;
'tis the immoderate fondness she has to them that
lament, and that what is only designed for the in
nocent amusement and recreation of life is bec
the whole business and study of hers. The
months we are in town (for the year is equally di
vided between that and the country), from almos
break of day till noon, the whole morning is lai
out in practising with her several masters; and t
make up the losses occasioned by her absence

summer, every day in the week their attendance is required; and, as they are all people eminent in their professions, their skill and time must be recompensed accordingly. So how far these articles extend, I leave you to judge. Limning, one would think, is no expensive diversion; but, as she manages the matter, 'tis a very considerable addition to her disbursements; which you will easily believe, when you know she paints fans for all her female acquaintance, and draws all her relations' pictures in miniature: the first must be mounted by nobody but Colmar, and the other set by nobody but Charles Mather*. What follows is still much worse than the former; for, as I told you she is a great artist at the needle, 'tis incredible what sums she expends in embroidery; for, besides what is appropriated to her personal use, as mantuas, petticoats, stomachers, handkerchiefs, purses, pin-cushions, and working aprons, she keeps four French protestants continually employed in making divers pieces of superfluous furniture, as quilts, toilets, hangings for sweets, beds, window-curtains, easy chairs, and bourets: nor have I any hopes of ever reclaiming her from this extravagance, while she obstinately persists in thinking it a notable piece of good housewifery, because they are made at home, and she has had some share in the performance. There would be no end of relating to you the particulars of the annual charge, in furnishing her store-room with a profusion of pickles and preserves; for she is not contented with having every thing, unless it be done every way, in which she consults an hereditary book of receipts: for her female ancestors have been always famed for good housewifery, one of whom is made immortal, by giving her name to

* At the date of this paper, a noted toyman in Fleet-street.

an eye-water, and two sorts of puddings. I
not undertake to recite all her medicinal prep
tions, as salves sere-cloths, powders, confec
dials, ratafia, persico, orange-flower, and
brandy, together with innumerable sorts of
waters. But there is nothing I lay so much to
heart as that detestable catalogue of counte
wines, which derive their names from the fr
herbs, or trees, of whose juices they are ch
compounded. They are loathsome to the taste,
pernicious to the health; and as they seldom
vive the year, and then are thrown away, un
false pretence of frugality, I may affirm they s
me in more than if I entertained all our
with the best burgundy and champaign. Co
chocolate, and green imperial, pecо, and b
teas, seem to be trifles; but when the proper
purtenances of the tea-table are added, they
the account higher than one would imagine.
cannot conclude without doing her justice in
article; where her frugality is so remarkable, I
not deny her the merit of it, and that is in rel
to her children, who are all confined, both boy
girls, to one large room in the remotest part o
house, with bolts on the doors and bars to the
dows, under the care and tuition of an old wo
who had been dry nurse to her grandmother.
is their residence all the year round; and, as
are never allowed to appear, she prudently t
it needless to be at any expense in appar
learning. Her eldest daughter to this day
have neither read nor wrote, if it had not bee
the butler, who, being the son of a country atto
has taught her such a hand as is generally use
ingrossing bills in Chancery. By this time I
sufficiently tired your patience with my d
grievances; which I hope you will ag

not well be contained in a narrower compass, when you consider what a paradox I undertook to maintain in the beginning of my epistle, and which manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a truth. And now I heartily wish the relation I have given of my misfortunes may be of use and benefit to the public. By the example I have set before them, the truly virtuous wives, may learn to avoid those errors which have so unhappily, mis-led mine, and which are visibly these three: First, in mistaking the proper objects of her esteem, and fixing her affections upon such things as are only the trappings and decorations of her sex. Secondly, in not distinguishing what becomes the different stages of life. And, lastly, the abuse and corruption of some excellent qualities, which, if circumscribed within just bounds, would have been the blessing and prosperity of her family; but by a vicious extreme, are like to be the bane and destruction of it.' T.

N° 328*. MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1711-12.

Delectata illa urbanitate tam stulta.
PETRON. ARB.

Delighted with unaffected plainness.

THAT useful part of learning which consists in emendations, knowledge of different readings, and

* As many of our readers may be pleased to see, *in puris naturalibus*, the original paper in room of which the preceding number was very early substituted, and as this curiosity may now be inoffensively gratified, it is here faithfully reprinted from the copy in folio, in its order, marked as at first, No. 328*, only with the addition of an asterisk. It had the signature T. at the bottom; but see the desire annexed to the short letter in the following note, both which made the concluding part of No. 330 in the original publication of these papers in folio.

the like, is what in all ages persons extremely
and learned have had in great veneration.
this reason I cannot but rejoice at the followi
tle, which lets us into the true author of the re
Mrs. Margaret Clark, part of which I did my
honour to publish in a former paper. I must con
I do not naturally affect critical learning; but find
myself not so much regarded as I am apt to flatter
myself I may deserve from some professed pa-
trons of learning, I could not but do myself the
justice to shew I am not a stranger to such eru-
dition as they smile upon, if I were duly encou-
raged. However, this is only to let the world see
what I could do; and shall not give my reader any
more of this kind, if he will forgive the ostentation
I shew at present.

'SIR, March 13, 1711-12.

'UPON reading your paper of yesterday, I took the pains to look out a copy I had formerly taken, and remembered to be very like your last letter: comparing them, I found they were the very same; and have, underwritten, sent you that part of it which you say was torn off. I hope you will insert it, that posterity may know 'twas Gabriel Bullock that made love in that natural style of which you seem to be fond. But, to let you see I have other manuscripts in the same way, I have sent you inclosed three copies, faithfully taken by my own hand from the originals, which were wrote by a Yorkshire gentleman of a good estate to mad Mary, and an uncle of hers, a knight very w known by the most ancient gentry in that several other counties of Great Britain. I have exactly followed the form and spelling. I have been credibly informed that Mr. William Bullock,

[illegible] , is the descendant of this [illegible] Mr. William Bullock's great body of the above-mentioned [illegible]lark. As neither Speed, nor Baker, [illegible] notice of it, I will not pretend [illegible]; but desire that the letter may be [illegible], what is here recovered may be in

I am, SIR,
Your daily Reader.'

[illegible]ther I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

'LOVELY, and oh that I could write loving [illegible]argaret Clark, I pray you let affection ex[illegible]p[illegible]aption. Having been so happy as to [illegible]ov[illegible] the [illegible]t of your sweet countenance and [illegible]y body [illegible]etimes when I had occasion to [illegible]ureacia or [illegible]norish powder at the apothecary's [illegible], I am so [illegible]ured with you, that I can no [illegible]re keep cl[illegible] my flaming desire to become your [illegible]ant. And I am the more bold now to write to [illegible] sweet self, because I am now my own man, [illegible] match where I please; for my father is away; and now I am come to my living, ten yardland, and a house; and there is [illegible]er a yardland * in our field but is as well worth pounds a year as a thief's worth a halter; and my brothers and sisters are provided for: be- I have good household stuff, though I say it, [illegible] brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and my house be thatched, yet if you and I [illegible]t shall go hard but I will have one half of [illegible]. If you shall think well of this motion, I wait upon you as soon as my new clothes are

* In some counties 20 in some 24 and in others 30 acres of [illegible] *Virgata Terræ.*

made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good *matches in our town; but my mother (God's peace be with her) charged me upon her death-bed to marry a gentlewoman, one who had been well trained up in the sowing and cookery. I do not think but that if you and I can agree to marry, and lay our means together, I shall be made grand jury-man ere two or three years come about, and that will be a great credit to us. If I could have got a messenger for sixpence, I would have sent one on purpose, and some trifle or other for a token of my love; but I hope there is nothing lost for that neither. So, hoping you will take this letter in good part, and answer it with what care and speed you can, I rest and remain,*

Yours, if my own,

Swepston, Leicestershire.

Mr. Gabriel Bullock, now my father is dead.

'When the coal carts come, I shall send oftener; and may come in one of them myself*.'

'*For sir William to go to london at westminster remember a parlement.*

'SIR,

'William, i hope that you are well. I write to let you know that i am in troubel about a lady your nease; and i do desire that you will be my friend; for when i did com to see her at your hall, i was mighty Abused. i would fain a see you at topecliff, and thay would not let me go to you; but i desire that you will be our friends, for it is no dishonor neither for you nor she, for God did make us all. i wish that i might see you, for they say that you are a good man; and many doth

*See No. 324, and note, where this letter is given imperfectly, and supplied otherwise.

at it, t madam norton is abused and
we l e. I might a had many a lady,
e none but her with a good consons,
n I know our hearts. if you and
n will come to York, there I shall
you God be willing and if you be pleased.
not till you know the trutes of things.
'I give my to me lady, and
orge Nelson. to Mr. Aysenby, and to
madam norton, March the
19th, 1706.'

s is for madam mary nortos disforth Lady she went to York.

'MADAM MARY. Deare loving sweet
i hope you are well. Do not go to london,
ey will put you in the nunnery; and heed not
Lucy what she saith to you, for she will ly
eat you. go from to another place, and we
wed so with speed. mind what i write to
r if they gate you to london they will keep
e; and so let us gate wed, and we will
so if you go to london, you rueing your.
o heed not what none of them saith to you
gate wed, and we shall lie to gader any time.
do any thing for you to my poore. i hope the
will faile them all, for a hellish company
he. from there cursed trick and mischiefus
good lord bless and deliver both you and me.
'I think to be at York the 24 day.'

s is for madam mary norton to go to london for a lady that belongs to dishforth.

'MADAM MARY, i hope you are well.
soary that you went away from York. deare
sweet lady, i writt to let you know that i do
n faithfull; and if can let me know where i

can meet you, i will wed you, and i will do any thing to my poor; for you are a good woman, and will be a loving Misteris. i am in troubel for you, so if you will come to york i will wed you. so with speed come, and i will have none but you. so, sweet love, heed not what to say to me, and with speed come; heed not what none of them say to you; your Maid makes you believe ought.

So deare love think of Mr. george Nillson with speed; i sent 2 or 3 letters before.

'I gave misteris clcock some nots, and thay put me in pruson all the night for me pains, and non new whear i was, and i did gat cold.

But it is for mrs. Lucy to go a good way from home, for in york and round about she is known to writ any more her deeds, the same will tell how soul is black within, hor corkis stinks of hell.

'March 19th, 1706*.

* In a MS. written by Dr. Birch, now before the annotator, it is said, that an original number of the Spectator in folio was withdrawn at the time of its republication in volumes, on the remonstrance of a family who conceived themselves injured by its appearance in print. It was, most probably, this very paper.

The following short letter, with the desire annexed to it, are subjoined to No. 330 in the original publication of the Spectator in folio: as they evidently relate to this paper, which was suppressed very soon after its original date, they are here reprinted for the first time.

'MR. SPECTATOR, March 18, 1711-12

'The ostentation you shewed yesterday [March 17] would have been pardonable, had you provided better for the two extremities of your paper, and placed in the one the letter R, in the other,

Nescio quid meditans nugarum et totus in illis.

A word to the wise.

I am your most humble servant,

T. TRASH."

According to the emendation of the above correspondent, the reader is desired, in the paper of the 17th, to read R for T,

TUESDAY, MARCH 18, 1711-12.

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.

HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 27.

With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb.

... Roger de Coverley told me t'other ... had been reading my paper upon ..., in which, says he, there are a ... as fancies. He told me at the ... he observed I had promised an... ... tombs, and that he should ... see them with me, not having ... he had read history. I could ... this came into the knight's head, ...ected that he had been very busy all last ... Baker's Chronicle, which he has ... several ... in his disputes with Sir Andrew ... port since ... coming to town. Accord... I pr... ...ed to call upon him the next morn... ... we ... t go together to the abbey.

... knight under his butler's hands, who ... es him. He was no sooner dressed, ... he called for a glass of the widow Truby's ... which he told me he always drank before ... he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had quainted me with the virtues of it sooner; bu was too late to complain, and I knew what done was out of good will. Sir Roger told me ther, that he looked upon it to be very good for man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infectio and that he got together a quantity of it upon first news of the sickness being at Dantzick: v of a sudden turning short to one of his servants who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney coach, and take care it was an elderly man drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs Truby's water, telling me that the widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles o her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the knight added t she had a very great jointure, and that the wh country would fain have it a match between hi and her; 'and truly,' says Sir Roger, 'If I had no been engaged, perhaps I could not have don better.'

His discourse was broken off by his man's ing him he had called a coach. Upon our g to it, after having cast his eye upon the w he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good upon the fellow's telling him he would war it, the knight turned to me, told me he look an honest man, and went in without further cere mony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popp out his head, called the coachman down from box, and, upon presenting himself at the window asked him if he smoked. As I was considerin what this would end in, he bid him stop by

way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cry'd out, 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried 'Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man.' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr. Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead: a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and,

looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, a our interpreter, what authority they had to that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fel instead of returning him an answer, told him, he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I c observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon l maud, the knight soon recovered his good h and whispered in my ear, that if Will W were with us, and saw those two chairs, it w go hard but he would get a tobacco stopper o one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand t Edward the Third's sword, and, leaning upon pommel of it, gave us the whole history of Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Ric Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of greatest princes that ever sat upon the En throne.

We were then shown Edward the Conf tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, he was the first who touched for the evil: aftewards Henry the Fourth's; upon which shook his head, and told us there was fine readi the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that mon where there is the figure of one of our En kings without a head; and upon giving u know, that the head, which was of beaten si had been stolen away several years since; 'S whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger; 'you o to lock up your kings better; they will carry the body too, if you don't take care.'

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and q Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunitie shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard l who, as our knight observed with some

a y kings in him, whose monuments
m abbey.
ov rt, I could not but be pleased to
r such an honest passion for the
country, and such a respectful gratitude
y of its princes.
not , that the benevolence of my
flows out towards every one
wi e very kind to our
m he lo a upon as an extraordi-
for whi n he shook him by the
n that he should be very
at his lo ags in Norfolk-buildings,
o these tters with him more at
L.

330. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1711-12.

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia——
JUV. Sat. xiv. 47.
To youth the greatest reverence is due.

f owing letters, written by two very con-
correspondents, both under twenty years of
are very good arguments of the necessity of
into consideration the many incidents which
ue education of youth.

SIR,

'I HAVE long expected that, in the course
your observations upon the several parts of hu-
ife, you would one time or other fall upon a
ect, which, since you have not, I take the

liberty to recommend to you. What I mean is, patronage of young modest men to such as are to countenance, and introduce them into the w For want of such assistances, a youth of merit guishes in obscurity or poverty when his circ stances are low, and runs into riot and excess w his fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make m better understood, than by sending you a histor myself, which I shall desire you to insert in y paper, it being the only way I have of expr gratitude for the highest obligations imaginable.

'I am the son of a merchant of the city of L don, who, by many losses, was reduced from a luxuriant trade and credit to very narrow circ stances, in comparison to that of his former ab dance. This took away the vigour of his mind, all manner of attention to a fortune which he thought desperate; insomuch that he died with a will, having before buried my mother, in the of his other misfortunes. I was sixteen years age when I lost my father; and an estate of 2 a year came into my possession, without friend guardian to instruct me in the management or enj ment of it. The natural consequence of this (though I wanted no director, and soon had fell who found me out for a smart young gentleman, led me into all the debaucheries of which I was pable), that my companions and I could not well supplied without running in debt, which I did v frankly, till I was arrested, and conveyed, wit guard strong enough for the most desperate assass to a bailiff's house, where I lay four days, surroun with very merry, but not very agreeable compa As soon as I had extricated myself from that shan ful confinement, I reflected upon it with so mu horror, that I deserted all my old acquaintance, a took chambers in an inn of court, with a resoluti

r with all possible application. I
a wi year in looking over a thousand
ut a friend to apply to in any case
so I only lived there among men, as
sent to school before they are ca-
improv , only to be out of harm's way.
of t e of suspense, not knowing
se self, I was sought for by a re-
mine; who, upon observing a good incli-
me, used me with great familiarity, and
to his seat in the country. When I came
introduced me to all the good company in
y; and the great obligation I have to him
kind notice, and residence with him ever
has made so strong an impression upon me,
has an authority of a father over me, found-
the love of a brother. I have a good study
oks, a good stable of horses always at my com-
; and, though I am not now quite eighteen years
familiar converse on his part, and a strong
to exert myself on mine, have had an
upon me that makes me acceptable wherever
Thus, Mr. Spectator, by this gentleman's fa-
patronage, it is my own fault if I am not
and richer every day I live. I speak this as
subscribing the initial letters of my name to
n, as to incite others to an imitation of his
It would be a worthy work to shew what
rities are to be done without expense, and
y noble actions are lost, out of inadver-
, in persons capable of performing them, if
were put in mind of it. If a gentleman of
in a county would make his family a pattern
obriety, good sense, and breeding, and would
endeavour to influence the education and
ing prospects of the younger gentry about him,
n apt to believe it would save him a great deal

of stale beer on a public occasion, and render him the leader of his country from their gratitude to him, instead of being a slave to their riots and tumults in order to be made their representative. The same thing might be recommended to all who have made any progress in any parts of knowledge, or arrived at any degree in a profession: others may gain preferments and fortunes from their patrons; but I have, I hope, received from mine good habits and virtues. I repeat to you, sir, my request to print this, in return for all the evil an helpless orp shall ever escape, and all the good he shall receive this life; both which are wholly owing to this gentleman's favour to,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

S. P.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty pleasure in learning. I have been at the Latin school four years. I don't know I ever played truant, or neglected any task my master set me in my life. I think on what I read in school, as I go home at noon and night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our maid tells me she often hears me talk Latin in my sleep, and I dream two or three nights in a week I am reading Juvenal and Homer. My master seems as well pleased with my performances as any boy's in the same class. I think, if I know my own mind, I would choose rather to be a scholar than a prince without learning. I have a very good affectionate father; but though very rich, yet so mighty near, that he thinks much of the charges of my education. He often tells me he believes my schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God knows what,

books. I tremble to tell him I want one. I am to keep my pocket-money, and lay it out for a w l tl ı, that he don't know of. He has r n er to buy no more books for me, but ı v l buy them himself. I asked him for Ho- r ot day, and he told me in a passion he did e I was fit for it, but only my master had a to ke him think I had got a great way in my ng. I am sometimes a month behind other getting the books my master gives orders for. ys in the school, but I, have the classic au- rs in *usum delphini*, gilt and lettered on the back. y r is often reckoning up how long I have at school, and tells me he fears I do little good. y r's carriage so discourages me, that he ik grow dull and melancholy. My master s what is the matter with me; I am afraid to ı ı for he is a man that loves to encourage and would be apt to chide my father, and, t knowing his temper may make him worse. Sir, you have any love for learning, I beg you would some instructions in this case, and persuade its to encourage their children when they find diligent and desirous of learning. I have heard parents say, they would do any thing for their ren, if they would but mind their learning: I d be glad to be in their place. Dear sir, par- ny boldness. If you will but consider and pity case, I will pray for your prosperity as long as e.

London,
March 2, 1711.

Your humble servant,
JAMES DISCIPULUS.'

T.

N° 331. THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1712.

——Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.
PERS. Sat. ii. 28.

Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.

When I was last with my friend Sir Roger in Westminster-abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it; when, after some time, he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them? 'For my part,' says he, 'when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and, at the same time, looking upon myself as an idle smock-faced young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings.' The knight added, 'if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that, upon a month's warning, he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.'

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but, after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphosis our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir Roger, was for many ages looked upon as the type of wisdom. Lucian more than once rallies the

sophers of his time, who endeavoured to rival
e another in beards; and represents a learned
who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as
ualified for it by the shortness of his beard.
Elian, in his account of Zoilus, the pretended
tic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and
ught himself wiser than all who had gone before
tells us that this Zoilus had a very long beard
t hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon
head, which he always kept close shaved, re-
ding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many
kers, which, if they had been suffered to grow,
t have drawn away the nourishment from his
and by that means have starved his beard.
I have read somewhere, that one of the popes
used to accept an edition of a saint's works, which
re presented to him, because the saint, in his
s before the book, was drawn without a

We see by these instances what homage the world
formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was
then allowed to make those depredations on the
es of the learned, which have been permitted him
late years.
Accordingly several wise nations have been so
remely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their
rds, that they seem to have fixed the point of
nour principally in that part. The Spaniards
e wonderfully tender in this particular. Don
evedo, in his third vision on the last judgment,
carried the humour very far, when he tells us
t one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after hav-
received sentence, was taken into custody by a
ple of evil spirits; but that his guides happen-
to disorder his mustachoes, they were forced to
ompose them with a pair of curling-irons before
y could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own natio
shall find that the beard flourished in the Saxon
tarchy, but was very much discouraged unde
Norman line. It shot out, however, from t
time, in several reigns under different shapes.
last effort it made seems to have been in
Mary's days, as the curious reader may find,
pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal Pole
Bishop Gardiner; though, at the same time, I
it may be questioned, if zeal against popery ha
induced our protestant painters to extend the b
of these two persecutors beyond their natural di
sions, in order to make them appear the more terr

I find but few beards worth taking notice of i
reign of King James the First.

During the civil wars there appeared one,
makes too great a figure in story to be passed
in silence; I mean that of the redoubted Hud
an account of which Butler has transmitted to
terity in the following lines:

> 'His tawny beard was th' equal grace
> Both of his wisdom and his face;
> In cut and dye so like a tile,
> A sudden view it would beguile:
> The upper part thereof was whey,
> The nether orange mixt with grey.'

The whisker continued for some time amo
after the expiration of beards; but this is a s
which I shall not here enter upon, having dis
it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep
in manuscript, upon the mustachoe.

If my friend Sir Roger's project of introd
beards should take effect, I fear the luxury
present age would make it a very expensive fa
There is no question but the beaux would soo
vide themselves with false ones of the lightest co

d the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard of
e tapestry size, which Sir Roger seems to approve,
not come under twenty guineas. The famous
beard of Æsculapius would hardly be more
le than one made in the extravagance of the
ion.

we are not certain that the ladies would
t come into the mode, when they take the air on
k. They already appear in hats and feathers.
s and periwigs; and I see no reason why we
ay not suppose that they would have their riding-
ards on the same occasion.

N. B. I may give the moral of this discourse in
er paper. X.

No 332. FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1712.

——Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum——
HOR. 1 Sat. iii. 29.

He cannot bear the raillery of the age.
CREECH.

'DEAR SHORT FACE,

'IN your speculation of Wednesday last, ou have given us some account of that worthy so-ety of brutes the Mohocks; wherein you have par-cularly specified the ingenious performances of the on-tippers, the dancing-masters, and the tumblers: as you acknowledged you had not then a perfect ory of the whole club, you might very easily : one of the most notable species of it, the eaters, which may be reckoned a sort of dancing-sters too. It is, it seems, the custom for half a

dozen, or more, of these well-disposed savages, as soon as they have inclosed the person upon whom they design the favour of a sweat, to whip out their swords, and, holding them parallel to the horizon, they describe a sort of magic circle round about him with the points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and the patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the operation, that member of the circle towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back first, runs his sword directly into that part of the patient whereon schoolboys are punished; and as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other point, every gentleman does himself the same justice as often as he receives the affront. After this jig has gone two or three times round, and the patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubbed down by some attendants, who carry with them instruments for that purpose, and so discharged. This relation I had from a friend of mine, who has lately been under this discipline. He tells me he had the honour to dance before the emperor himself not without the applause and acclamations both of his imperial majesty and the whole ring; though I dare say neither I, nor any of his acquaintance, ever dreamt he would have merited any reputation by his activity.

'I can assure you, Mr. Spectator, I was very near being qualified to have given you a faithful and painful account of this walking bagnio, if I may so call it, myself. Going the other night along Fleet-street, and having, out of curiosity, just entered into discourse with a wandering female who was travelling the same way, a couple of fellows advanced towards us, drew their swords, and cried out to each other, "A sweat! a sweat!" Whereupon, suspecting they were some of the ringleaders of the

lagnio, I also drew my sword, and demanded a parley; but finding none would be granted me, and perceiving others behind them filing off with great nce to take me in flank, I began to sweat for fear of being forced to it: but very luckily betaking myself to a pair of heels, which I had good reason to believe would do me justice, I instantly got possession of a very snug corner in a neighbouring alley that lay in my rear; which post I maintained for above half an hour with great firmness and resolution, though not letting this success so far overcome as to make me unmindful of the circumspection that was necessary to be observed upon my advancing again towards the street; by which prudence and good management I made a handsome and orderly retreat, having suffered no other damage in this action than the loss of my baggage, and the dislocation of one of my shoe heels, which last I am just now informed is in a fair way of recovery. These sweaters, by what I can learn from my friend, and by as near a view as I was able to take of them myself, seem to me to have at present but a rude kind of discipline amongst them. It is probable, if you would take a little pains with them, they might be brought into better order. But I'll leave this to your own discretion; and will only add, that if you think it worth while to insert this by way of caution to those who have a mind to preserve their skins whole from this sort of cupping, and tell them at the same time the hazard of treating with night-walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, as well as

Your very humble servant,

JACK LIGHTFOOT.

'P. S. My friend will have me acquaint you, that though he would not willingly detract from the merit of that extraordinary strokesman Mr. Sprightly, yet

it is his real opinion, that some of those fello who are employed as rubbers to this new-fashio bagnio, have struck as bold strokes as ever he did his life.

'I had sent this four-and-twenty hours sooner, I had not had the misfortune of being in a gr doubt about the orthography of the word bagn I consulted several dictionaries, but found no reli at last having recourse both to the bagnio in Ne gate-street, and to that in Chancery-lane, and fi ing the original manuscripts upon the sign-post each to agree literally with my own spelling, I turned home full of satisfaction, in order to dispa this epistle.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As you have taken most of the circu stances of human life into your consideration, the underwritten thought it not improper for us to represent to you our condition. We are u ladies who live in the country, and the gr improvement we make is by reading. We taken a small journal of our lives, and find it tremely opposite to your last Tuesday's speculati We rise by seven, and pass the beginning of each in devotion, and looking into those affairs that within the occurrences of a retired life; in the ternoon we sometimes enjoy the good company some friend or neighbour, or else work or read: night we retire to our chambers, and take leave each other for the whole night at ten o'clock. take particular care never to be sick of a Sund Mr. Spectator, we are all very good maids, but bitious of characters which we think more lauda that of being very good wives. If any of your c respondents inquire for a spouse for an honest co try gentleman, whose estate is not dipped,

wife that can save half his revenue, and yet a better figure than any of his neighbours of estate, with finer-bred women, you shall further notice from,

SIR,

Your courteous readers,

MARTHA BUSIE.
DEBORAH THRIFTY.
ALICE EARLY.'

T.

N° 333. SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1711-12.

——vocat in certamina divos.
VIRG.

He calls embattled deities to arms.

We are now entering upon the sixth book of Paradise Lost, in which the poet describes the battle of the angels; having raised his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by several passages in the three books. I omitted quoting these passages or observations on the former books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the subject of which gave occasion to them. The author's imagination was so inflamed with this great scene of action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus, where he mentions it in the beginning of his poem.

'——Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

We have likewise several noble hints of it in infernal conference:

'O prince! O chief of many throned powers,
That led th' embattled seraphim to war,
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heav'n; and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low.
But see! the angry victor has recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heav'n. The sulphurous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid,
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n received us falling: and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.'

There are several other very sublime images o the same subject in the first book, as also in t second:

'What when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us; this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds——'

In short, the poet never mentions any thing this battle, but in such images of greatness and t ror as are suitable to the subject. Among seve others I cannot forbear quoting that passage wh the Power, who is described as presiding over chaos, speaks in the second book:

'Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With falt'ring speech and visage incompos'd,
Answer'd, "I know thee, stranger who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against heaven's King, tho' overthrown.
I saw and heard; for such a num'rous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,

Confusion worse confounded; and heaven's gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing———'

It required great pregnancy of invention, and
ength of imagination, to fill this battle with such
cumstances as should raise and astonish the mind
the reader; and at the same time an exactness of
lgment, to avoid every thing that might appear
ht or trivial. Those who look into Homer are
prised to find his battles still rising one above an-
r, and improving in horror to the conclusion of
Iliad. Milton's fight of angels is wrought up
h t same beauty. It is ushered in with such
or wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence in-
d. The first engagement is carried on under
ope of fire, occasioned by the flights of innumer-
burning darts and arrows which are discharged
her host. The second onset is still more
n e, as it is filled with those artificial thunders,
ich seem to make the victory doubtful, and pro-
ce a kind of consternation even in the good an-
This is followed by the tearing up of moun-
and promontories; till in the last place Mes-
comes forth in the fulness of majesty and terror.
pomp of his appearance, amidst the roarings of
thunders, the flashes of his lightning, and
e noise of his chariot-wheels, is described with the
st flights of human imagination.

ere is nothing in the first and last day's engage-
which does not appear natural, and agreeable
ugh to the ideas most readers would conceive of a
t between two armies of angels.

The second day's engagement is apt to startle an
agination which has not been raised and qualified
r such a description, by the reading of the ancient
ets, and of Homer in particular. It was certainly
very bold thought in our author, to ascribe the first

use of artillery to the rebel angels. But as such a pernicious invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such authors, so it enters very properly into the thoughts of that being, who is all along described as aspiring to the majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those thunders, that in all poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such an incident by the description of the giant's war, which we meet with among the ancient poets. What still made this circumstance the more proper for the poet's use, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the giant's war, which makes a great a noise in antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest description in Hesiod's works, was an allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what judgment Milton, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the descriptions of the Latin and Greek poets; and at the same time improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this subject. Homer, in that passage with Longinus has celebrated for its sublimeness, and which Virgil and Ovid have copied after him, tells us, that the giants threw Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa. He adds an epithet to Pelion (εἰνοσίφυλλον), which very much swells the idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is further a greater beauty in his singling out by names these three remarkable mountains so well known to the Greeks. This last is such a beauty, as the scene of Milton's war could not possibly furnish him with.

in l 'ragment upon the giant's war, has
en : sc to that wildness of imagination
r h v ral to him. He tells us that the giants
up whole islands by the roots, and threw them
he gods. He describes one of them in particular
up Lemnos in his arms, and whirling it to the
es, with all Vulcan's shop in the midst of it.
r tears up mount Ida, with the river Eni-
which ran down the sides of it; but the poet,
or cont t to describe him with this mountain upon
uers, tells us that the river flowed down his
t as he held it up in that posture. It is visible
o every judicious reader, that such ideas savour
nore of the burlesque than of the sublime. They
proceed from a wantonness of imagination, and ra-
divert the mind than astonish it. Milton has
en every thing that is sublime in these several
assages, and composes out of them the following
reat image:

'From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting bore them in their hands.'

We have the full majesty of Homer in this short
escription, improved by the imagination of Clau-
, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the description of the fallen
ls seeing the promontories hanging over their
e in such a dreadful manner, with the other
beauties in this book, which are so con-
ous, that they cannot escape the notice of the
st ordinary reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful strokes of
poetry in this book, and such a variety of sublime
ideas, that it would have been impossible to have
given them a place within the bounds of this paper.

Besides that I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the end of my lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Poetry. I shall refer my reader thither for some of the master-strokes of the sixth book of Paradise Lost, though at the same time there are many others which that noble author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithstanding the sublime genius he was master of, has in this book drawn to his assistance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient poets. The sword of Michael, which makes so great a havock among the bad angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armoury of God:

'——————But the sword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer——————'

This passage is a copy of that in Virgil, wherein the poet tells us, that the sword of Æneas, which was given him by a deity, broke into pieces the sword of Turnus, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a man who is favoured by heaven such an allegorical weapon is very conformable to the old eastern way of thinking. Not only Homer has made use of it, but we find the Jewish hero in the book of Maccabees, who had fought the battles of the chosen people with so much glory and success, receiving in his dream a sword from the hand of the prophet Jeremiah. The following passage, wherein Satan is described as wounded by the sword of Michael, is in imitation of Homer:

'The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him; but th' ethereal substance clos'd,

Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, (such as celestial spirits may bleed)
And all his armour stain'd———'

Homer tells us in the same manner, that upon omedes wounding the gods, there flowed from the and an ichor, or pure kind of blood, which was t bred from mortal viands; and that, though the in was exquisitely great, the wound soon closed and healed in those beings who are vested with mortality.

I question not but Milton in his description of his rious Moloch flying from the battle, and bellowing th the wound he had received, had his eye on rs in the Iliad: who, upon his being wounded, represented as retiring out of the fight, and mak- g an outcry louder than that of a whole army hen it begins the charge. Homer adds, that the reeks and Trojans, who where engaged in a ge- ral battle, were terrified on each side with the owing of this wounded deity. The reader u easily observe how Milton has kept all the rror of this image, without running into the ridi- of it:

'———Where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king! who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain, fled bellowing———'

Milton has likewise raised his description in this ok with many images taken out of the poetical of scripture. The Messiah's chariot, as I have ore taken notice, is formed upon a vision of Eze- l, who, as Grotius observes, has very much in

him of Homer's spirit in the poetical parts of l
prophecy.

The following lines, in that glorious comm
which is giving the Messiah to extirpate the n
of rebel angels, is drawn from a sublime passage in
the psalms:

> 'Go then, thou mightiest, in thy Father's might!
> Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
> That take heav'n's basis; bring forth all my war,
> My bow, my thunder, my almighty arms
> Gird on, and sword on thy puissant thigh.'

The reader will easily discover many other strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but Milton had heated his imagination with the fight of the gods in Homer, before he entered into this engagement of the angels. Homer there gives us a scene of men, heroes, and gods, mixed together in battle. Mars animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the shouts and confusion of the fight. Jupiter at the same time thunders over their heads; while Neptune raises such a tempest, that the whole field of battle, and all the tops of the mountains, shake about them. The poet tells us, that Pluto himself, whose habitation was in the very centre of the earth, was so affrighted at the shock, that he leapt from his throne. Homer afterwards describes Vulcan as pouring down a storm of fire upon the river Xanthus, and Minerva as throwing a rock at Mars; who, he tells us, covered seven acres in his fall.

As Homer has introduced into his battle of the gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, Milton has filled his fight of good and bad angels with all the like circumstances of horror. The shout of armies, the rattling of brazen chariot, the hurling

'rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the
er, are all of them employed to lift up the
ader's imagination, and give him a suitable idea of
great an action. With what art has the poet re-
esented the whole body of the earth trembling,
en before it was created!

' All heav'n resounded; and had earth been then,
All earth had to its centre shook———'

In how sublime and just a manner does he after-
ards describe the whole heaven shaking under the
eels of the Messiah's chariot, with that exception
the throne of God!

'———Under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God———'

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed
th so much terror and majesty, the poet has
ll found means to make his readers conceive an
a of him beyond what he himself is able to de-
ibe:

' Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.'

In a word, Milton's genius, which was so great
i lf, and so strengthened by all the helps of
ning, appears in this book every way equal to
s subject, which was the most sublime that could
ter into the thoughts of a poet. As he knew all
e arts of affecting the mind, he has given it certain
ng-places, and opportunities of recovering it-
f from time to time; several speeches, reflections,
nilitudes, and the like reliefs, being interspersed
diversify his narration, and ease the attention of
reader. L.

N° 334. MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1711-12.

——Voluisti, in suo genere, unumquemque nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium, dixistique non tam ea quæ recta essent probari, quam quæ prava sunt fastidiis adhærescere.

CIC. de Gestu.

You would have each of us be a kind of Roscius in his way; and you have said that fastidious men are not so much pleased with what is right, as disgusted at what is wrong.

It is very natural to take for our whole lives a light impression of a thing, which at first fell into contempt with us for want of consideration. The real use of a certain qualification (which the wiser part of mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumstance) shows the ill consequence of such prepossessions. What I mean is the art, skill, accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of dancing. I knew a gentleman of great abilities, who bewailed the want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He observed that there was not occasion for the common use of great talents; that they are but seldom in demand; and that these very great talents were often rendered useless to a man for want of small attainments. A good mien (a becoming motion, gesture, and aspect) is natural to some men; but even these would be highly more graceful in their carriage, if what they do from the force of nature were confirmed and heightened from the force of reason. To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the force of reason on such a subject will appear fantastical; but when you have a little attended to it, an assembly of men will have

ıother view; and they will tell you, it is evident om plain and infallible rules, why this man, with ose beautiful features, and a well-fashioned person, not so agreeable as he who sits by him without ıy of those advantages. When we read, we do without any exerted act of memory that presents shape of the letters; but habit makes us do it chanically, without staying, like children, to re- ɔllect and join those letters. A man who has not ıd the regard of his gesture in any part of his edu- ıtion, will find himself unable to act with freedom ɛfore new company, as a child that is but now arning would be to read without hesitation. It is ɔr the advancement of the pleasure we receive in ɛing agreeable to each other in ordinary life, that ne would wish dancing were generally understood s conducive, as it really is, to a proper deportment natters that appear the most remote from it. A ıan of learning and sense is distinguished from ıthers as he is such, though he never runs upon ɔoints too difficult for the rest of the world; in like nanner the reaching out of the arm, and the most ɔrdinary motion, discovers whether a man ever earnt to know what is the true harmony and com- ɔosure of his limbs and countenance. Whoever has ɛen Booth, in the character of Pyrrhus, march to ıis throne to receive Orestes, is convinced that estic and great conceptions are expressed in the ɾery step; but, perhaps, though no other man could perform that incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater elevation were he a lancer. This is so dangerous a subject to treat with ɡravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any urther; but the author of the following letter has reated it in the essay he speaks of in such a manner, hat I am beholden to him for a resolution, that I will ɛever hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have

heard what they who have another opinion of it have to say in its defence.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE there are scarce any of the and sciences that have not been recommended to world by the pens of some of the professors, mast or lovers of them, whereby the usefulness, lence, and benefit arising from them, both as to speculative and practical part, have been m public, to the great advantage and improvement of such arts and sciences; why should dancing, an celebrated by the ancients in so extraordinary a ner, be totally neglected by the moderns, and destitute of any pen to recommend its various ex lences and substantial merit to mankind?

'The low ebb to which dancing is now fallen, is altogether owing to this silence. The art is esteemed only as an amusing trifle; it lies altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily fallen under the imputation of illiterate and mechanic. As Terence, in one of his prologues, complains of the rope-dancers drawing all the spectators from his play; so we may well say, that capering and tumbling is now preferred to, and supplies the place of, just and regular dancing on our theatres. It is therefore, in my opinion, high time that some one should come to its assistance, and relieve it from the many gross and growing errors that have crept into it, and overcast its real beauties; and, to see dancing in its true light, would show the usefulness and elegance of it, with the pleasure and instruction produced from it; and also lay down some fundamental rules, that might so tend to the improvement of its professors, and information of the spectators, that the first might be the better enabled to perform, and the latter rendered more capable of judging what is (if there be any thing) valuable in this art.

'To encourage therefore some ingenious pen
of so generous an undertaking and in some
re to relieve dancing from the disadvantages
ar lies under, I, who teach to dance*,
a a small treatise as an Essay towards
y o Dancing: in which I have inquired
an ity, origin, and use, and shown what
the s had for it. I have likewise
d are and perfection of all its se-
ts, now beneficial and delightful it is,
a on and an exercise; and endea-
vo to a ver all objections that have been ma-
sly r a against it. I have proceeded to give
ac t of the particular dances of the Greeks
ns, whether religious, warlike, or civil:
I en particular notice of that part of dancing
ting to the ancient stage, in which the panto-
ies so great a share. Nor have I been
in giving an historical account of some
ar masters excellent in that surprising art;
which I have advanced some observations on
dancing, both as to the stage, and that part
so absolutely necessary for the qualification of
and ladies; and have concluded with
short remarks on the origin and progress of
cter by which dances are writ down, and
n ted to one master from another. If some
after would arise, and advance this art
mat perfection it seems capable of receiving,
might not be expected from it? For, if we
der the origin of arts and sciences, we shall
that some of them took rise from beginnings so
and unpromising, that it is very wonderful to
. that ever such surprising structures should
been raised upon such ordinary foundations.

* An Essay towards a History of Dancing, &c. By John Weaver, 12mo. 1712.

But what cannot a great genius effect? Who would have thought that the clangorous noise of a ha hammers should have given the first rise to n Yet Macrobius in his second book relates, Pythagorus, in passing by a smith's shop, fo that the sounds proceeding from the hammers w either more grave or acute, according to the (ent weights of the hammers. The philosopher, t improve this hint, suspends different weights b strings of the same bigness, and found in like man ner that the sounds answered to the weights. Thi being discovered, he finds out those numbers whic produced sounds that were consonant: as that tw strings of the same substance and tension, th one being double the length of the other, gave tha interval which is called diapason, or an eighth: th same was also effected from two strings of the sam length and size, the one having four times the ten sion of the other. By these steps, from so i beginning, did this great man reduce, what v only before noise, to one of the most delightfu sciences, by marrying it to the mathematics; by that means caused it to be one of the most ab stract and demonstrative of sciences. Who know therefore but motion, whether decorous or repre sentative, may not (as it seems highly probable may) be taken into consideration by some pe capable of reducing it into a regular science, tho not so demonstrative as that proceeding from soun yet sufficient to entitle it to a place among the n nified arts?

'Now, Mr. Spectator, as you have declare yourself visitor of dancing-schools, and this bein an undertaking which more immediately respec them, I think myself indispensably obliged, befo I proceed to the publication of this my essay, to as your advice; and hold it absolutely necessary

ave your approbation, in order to recommend my
to the perusal of the parents of such as learn
e, as well as to the young ladies, to whom
s or, you ought to be guardian,

p, March 10, I am, SIR,
1711-12. Your most humble servant.'

N° 335. TUESDAY, MARCH 25, 1711-12.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
HOR. Ars Poet. 317.

Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue.
FRANCIS.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverly, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy * with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. 'The last I saw,' said Sir Roger, 'was The Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good church of England comedy.' He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distrest mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. 'I

* The Distrest Mother.

assure you,' says he, 'I thought I had fallen in their hands last night; for I observed two or thr lusty black men that followed me half way up Flee street, and mended their pace behind me, in pr portion as I put on to get away from them. Yo must know,' continued the knight with a smile, ' fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I re ber an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, wr was served such a trick in King Charles the Second time, for which reason he has not ventured hi in town ever since. I might have shown th good sport, had this been their design; for, as i a on old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodge and have played them a thousand tricks they h never seen in their lives before.' Sir Roger adde that 'if these gentlemen had any such intentio they did not succeed very well in it; for I thre them out,' says he, 'at the end of Norfolk-stree where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in lodgings before they could imagine what was b come of me. However,' says the knight, 'if Ca tain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow nigh and you will both of you call upon me about fo o'clock, that we may be at the house before it full, I will have my own coach in readiness to a tend you, for John tells me he has got the for wheels mended.'

The captain, who did not fail to meet me the at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing for that he had put on the same sword which h made use of at the battle of Steenkirk *. Sir Roger servants, and among the rest my old friend th

* In 1692. Gentlemen wore about this time a kind of neck cloth called a Steenkirk, probably from its being taken notic of first at this battle. In like manner, and for a similar reason a wig was called Ramillies, being introduced, or having become fashionable, about the time of that battle, in 1706.

had, I found, provided themselves with good plants, to attend their master upon this occa- When we had placed him in his coach, with at his left-hand, the captain before him, and r at head of his footmen in the rear, we l in safety to the playhouse, where, a marched up the entry in good order, and I went in with him, and seated mwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house ull, and the candles lighted, my old friend up, and looked about him with that pleasure a mind seasoned with humanity naturally itself, at the sight of a multitude of people pleased with one another, and partake common entertainment. I could not to myself, as the old man stood up in the of the pit, that he made a very proper to a tragic audience. Upon the entering rrhus, the knight told me, that he did not the king of France himself had a better strut. indeed very attentive to my old friend's re- cause I looked upon them as a piece of criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, conclusion of almost every scene, telling me could not imagine how the play would end. hile he appeared much concerned for Andro- ; and a little while after as much for Her- ; and was extremely puzzled to think what become of Pyrrhus.

en Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate l to her lover's importunities, he whispered the ear, that he was sure she would never im; to which he added, with a more than or- vehemence, 'You can't imagine, sir, what have to do with a widow.' Upon Pyrrhus ing afterwards to leave her, the knight his head and muttered to himself, 'Ay, do if

you can.' This part dwelt so much upon my fr imagination, that at the close of the third act, was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, 'These widows, sir, are the most verse creatures in the world. But pray,' says 'you that are a critic, is the play according to y dramatic rules, as you call them? Should y people in tragedy always talk to be understo Why, there is not a single sentence in this that I do not know the meaning of.'

The fourth act very luckily began before I time to give the old gentleman an answer. 'W says the knight, sitting down with great satis tion 'I suppose we are now to see Hect ghost,' He then renewed his attention, and, f time to time, fell a-praising the widow. He m indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pa whom at his first entring he took for Astyan but quickly set himself right in that particu though, at the same time, he owned he sh have been very glad to have seen the little b who, says he, must needs be a very fine child the account that is given of him. Upon Hermio going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audie gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, ' my word, a notable young baggage!'

As there was a very remarkable silence and s ness in the audience during the whole action was natural for them to take the opportunity of intervals between the acts to express their opi of the players, and of their respective parts. Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Ore struck in with them, and told them, that he thou his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir R put in a second time. 'And let me tell you,' s he, 'though he speaks but little, I like the

in whiskers as well as any of them.' Captain , seeing two or three wags who sat near us ith an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and they should smoke the knight, plucked y the elbow, and whispered something in his lasted till the opening of the fifth act. it was wonderfully attentive to the account U s gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the on of it, told me it was such a bloody piece rk, that he was glad it was not done upon the Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, w more than ordinarily serious, and took oc- to moralise (in his way) upon an evil con- , adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked e saw something

e were the first that came into the house, so re the last that went out of it; being resolved e a clear passage for our old friend, whom l not care to venture among the justling of owd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with tertainment, and we guarded him to his lodg- the same manner that we brought him to the use; being highly pleased for my own part, ly with the performance of the excellent piece had been presented, but with the satisfaction it had given to the old man. L.

N° 336. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1712.

——Clamant periisse pudorem
Cuncti pene patres, ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

HOR. 1. Ep. ii. 98.

IMITATED.

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names),
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear, all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.

POPE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As you are the daily endeavourer to promote learning and good sense, I think myself obliged to suggest to your consideration whatever may promote or prejudice them. There is an evil which has prevailed from generation to generation, which grey heirs and tyrannical custom continue to support: I hope your spectatorial authority will give a seasonable check to the spread of the infection; I mean old men's overbearing the strongest sense of their juniors by the mere force of seniority; so that for a young man in the bloom of life, and vigour of age, to give a reasonable contradiction to his elders, is esteemed an unpardonable insolence, and regarded as reversing the decrees of nature. I am a young

I confess; yet I honour the grey head as much one; however, when, in company with old t speak obscurely, or reason pre- which absurdities, prejudice, pride, will sometimes throw the wisest), I count no cr to rectify their reasonings, unless con- ce truckle to ceremony, and truth fall a to complaisance. The strongest arguments e enervated, and the brightest evidence disap- ars, before those tremendous reasonings and veries of venerable old age. 'You e you dy-heady fellows; you have not yet exp e of the world.' Thus we young our ambition cramped, and our laziness u; since while young we have little room to ourselves; and, when old, the weakness of na- must pass for strength of sense, and we hope st h y heads will raise us above the attacks of 1.. Now, sir, as you would enliven our ity in the pursuit of learning, take our case into eration; and, with a gloss on brave Elihu's ments, assert the rights of youth, and prevent pernicious encroachments of age. The gene- s r nings of that gallant youth would adorn 'l er; and I beg you would insert them, not but that they will give good entertainment most intelligent of your readers.'

So these three men ceased to answer Job, be- he was righteous in his own eyes. Then was the wrath of Elihu, the son of Barachel the , of the kindred of Ram. Against Job was wrath kindled, because he justified himself ra- than God. Also against his three friends was wrath kindled, because they had found no an- er, and yet had condemned Job. Now Elihu waited till Job had spoken, because they were than he. When Elihu saw there was no an-

swer in the mouth of these three men, wrath was kindled. And Elihu, the son of chel the Buzite, answered and said, I am y and ye are very old; wherefore I was afraid, durst not show you mine opinion. I said, should speak, and multitude of years should wisdom. But there is a spirit in man, and the spiration of the Almighty giveth them unde ing. Great men are not always wise: neither the aged understand judgment. Therefore I Hearken to me, I also will show mine opin Behold I waited for your words; I gave ear to y reasons, whilst you searched out what to say. I I attended unto you. And behold there was n of you that convinced Job, or that answered words: lest you should say, We have found wisdom: God thrusteth him down, not man. N he hath not directed his words against me: nei will I answer him with your speeches. They amazed: they answered no more; they left speaking. When I had waited (for they sp not, but stood still and answered no more) I s I will answer also my part; I also will show opinion. For I am full of matter, the spirit wi me constraineth me. Behold, my belly is as which hath no vent, it is ready to burst like bottles. I will speak that I may be refresl will open my lips and answer. Let me not, I you, accept any man's person, neither let me flattering titles unto man. For I know not to flattering titles: in so doing my Maker would take me away."

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE formerly read with great s faction your paper about idols, and the behavio gentlemen in those coffee-houses where women

ciate; and impatiently waited to see you take India and China shops into consideration: but since you have passed us over in silence, either that you have not as yet thought us worth your notice, or that the grievances we lie under have escaped your discerning eye, I must make my complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it because you seem a little at leisure, at this present writing. I am, dear sir, one of the top China-women about town; and though I say it, keep as good things, and receive as fine company, as any over this end of the town, let the other be who she will. In short, I am in a fair way to be easy, were it not for a club of female rakes, who, under pretence of taking their inno-
rambles forsooth, and diverting the spleen,
seld fail to plague me twice or thrice a day, to
en tea, or buy a skreen. What else should
t r mean? as they often repeat it. These rakes
your idle ladies of fashion, who, having no-
ıg to do, employ themselves in tumbling over
ware. One of these no-customers (for by the way they seldom or never buy any thing) calls for a set of tea-dishes, another for a bason, a third for my best green-tea, and even to the punch-bowl, there's scarce a piece in my shop but must be displaced, and the whole agreeable architecture disordered, so that I can compare them to nothing but to the night-goblins that take a pleasure to overturn the disposition of plates and dishes in the kitchens of your housewifely maids. Well, after all this racket and clutter, this is too dear, that is their aversion; another thing is charming, but not wanted; the ladies are cured of the spleen, but I am not a shilling the better for it. Lord, what signifies one poor pot of tea, considering the trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. Spectator, are terrible things; for, though I am not possessed by them

myself, I suffer more from them than if I were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such day-goblins to make fewer visits, or to be less troublesome when they come to one's shop; and to convince them that we honest shop-keepers have something better to do, than to cure folks of the vapours gratis. A young son of mine, a school-boy, is my secretary, so I hope you will make allowances.

I am, SIR,
Your constant reader,
March the 22d. and very humble servant,
REBECCA *the distressed.*'

T.

N° 337. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1712.

Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister,
Ire viam quam monstrat eques———
HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 63.

The jockey trains the young and tender horse
While yet soft-mouth'd, and breeds him to the course.
CREECH.

I HAVE lately received a third letter from the gentleman who has already given the public two essays upon education. As his thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this subject, I shall communicate them to the reader.

'SIR,

'IF I had not been hindered by some extraordinary business, I should have sent you sooner my further thoughts upon education. You may please to remember, that in my last letter I endeavoured to give the best reasons that could be urged

a private or public education. Upon
, it y perhaps be thought that I seemed
r a to the latter, though at the same time
a t virtue, which ought to be our first
care, was more usually acquired in
o r.
[ed, therefore, in this letter, to offer at
ous, by which I conceive boys might be made
rove rirtue as they advance in letters.
: know in in most of our public schools vice is
l (ouraged, whenever it is found
ou iar from being sufficient, unless our
h are at same time taught to form a right
of things, and to know what is properly
e.

To this end, whenever they read the lives and
ns of such men as have been famous in their
ration, it should not be thought enough to
e them barely understand so many Greek or
n sentences; but they should be asked their
ion of such an action or saying, and obliged
ive their reasons why they take it to be good
. By this means they would insensibly arrive
roper notions of courage, temperance, honour,
justice.

There must be great care taken how the ex-
le of any particular persons is recommended to
in gross; instead of which they ought to be
nt wherein such a man, though great in some
ects, was weak and faulty in others. For want
his caution, a boy is often so dazzled with the
e of a great character, that he confounds its
ities with its blemishes, and looks even upon
faulty part of it with an eye of admiration.

I have often wondered how Alexander, who
naturally of a generous and merciful disposi-
, came to be guilty of so barbarous an action

as that of dragging the governor of a town after chariot. I know this is generally ascribed to passion for Homer; but I lately met with a pas in Plutarch, which, if I am not very much i taken, still gives us a clearer light into the mot of this action. Plutarch tells us, that Alexa in his youth had a master named Lysimachus, w though he was a man destitute of all politeness gratiated himself both with Philip and his pu and became the second man at court, by calling king Peleus, the prince Achilles, and himself P nix. It is no wonder if Alexander, having b thus used not only to admire but to perso Achilles, should think it glorious to imitate hin this piece of cruelty and extravagance.

'To carry this thought yet further, I shall s mit it to your consideration, whether, instead c theme or copy of verses, which are the usual e cises, as they are called in the school phrase, would not be more proper that a boy should tasked, once or twice a week, to write down opinion of such persons and things as occur to by his reading; that he should descant upon actions of Turnus, or Æneas; show wherein t excelled, or were defective; censure or appr any particular action; observe how it might been carried to a greater degree of perfection, how it exceeded or fell short of another. He mi at the same time mark what was moral speech, and how far it agreed with the cha of the person speaking. This exercise would s strengthen his judgment in what is bl able praise-worthy, and give him an early seas morality.

'Next to those examples which may be with in books I very much approve Hora way of setting before youth the infamous or

characters of their contemporaries. That
us, this was the method his father made
incline him to any particular virtue, or
in aversion to any particular vice. "If,"
ace, "my father advised me to live within
and be contented with the fortune he should
; 'Do you not see,' says he, 'the miser-
lition of Burrus, and the son of Albus?
misfortunes of those two wretches teach
oid luxury and extravagance.' If he would
: with an abhorrence to debauchery
,' says he, 'make yourself like Sectanus,
may be happy in the enjoyment of law-
u How scandalous,' says he, 'is the
ox Trebonius, who was lately caught in
another man's wife!'" To illustrate the
this method, the poet adds, that as a head-
tient, who will not at first follow his phy-
rescriptions, grows orderly when he hears
neighbours die all about him; so youth is
hted from vice, by hearing the ill report it
on others.

ophon's schools of equity, in his Life of
e Great, are sufficiently famous. He tells
the Persian children went to school, and
l their time as diligently in learning the
s of justice and sobriety, as the youth in
ntries did to acquire the most difficult arts
ces: their governors spent most part of
in hearing their mutual accusations one
he other, whether for violence, cheating,
or ingratitude: and taught them how to
nent against those who were found to be
guilty of these crimes. I omit the story
ng and short coat, for which Cyrus him-
punished, as a case equally known with any
on.

'The method which Apuleius tells us the Indian Gymnosophists took to educate their disciples, is still more curious and remarkable. His words are as follow: "When their dinner is ready, before it is served up, the masters inquire of every particular scholar how he has employed his time since sun-rising: some of them answer, that, having been chosen as arbiters between two persons, they have composed their differences, and made them friends: some, that they have been executing the orders of their parents; and others, that they have either found out something new by their own application, or learnt it from the instructions of their fellows. But if there happens to be any one among them who cannot make it appear that he has employed the morning to advantage, he is immediately excluded from the company, and obliged to work while the rest are at dinner."

'It is not impossible, that from these several ways of producing virtue in the minds of boys some general method might be invented. What I would endeavour to inculcate is, that our youth cannot be too soon taught the principles of virtue, seeing the first impressions which are made on the mind are always the strongest.

'The archbishop of Cambray makes Telemachus say, that, though he was young in years, he was old in the art of knowing how to keep both his own and his friends' secrets. "When my father," says the prince, "went to the siege of Troy, he took me on his knees, and, after having embraced and blessed me, as he was surrounded by the nobles of Ithaca, 'O my friends,' says he, 'into your hands I commit the education of my son: if ever you loved his father show it in your care towards him; but, above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a

t.' These words of my father," says Tele-
chus, "were continually repeated to me by his
en in his absence; who made no scruple of
nicating to me their uneasiness to see my
r surrounded with lovers, and the measures
designed to take on that occasion." He adds,
he was so ravished at being thus treated like a
, and at the confidence reposed in him, that
never once abused it; nor could all the insinu-
ns of his father's rivals ever get him to betray
at was committed to him under the seal of se-
ecy.

'There is hardly any virtue which a lad might thus learn by practice and example.

'I have heard of a good man, who used at certimes to give his scholars sixpence apiece, they might tell him the next day how they had loyed it. The third part was always to be laid t in charity, and every boy was blamed, or comended, as he could make it appear he had chosen fit object.

'In short, nothing is more wanting to our pubschools, than that the masters of them should e the same care in fashioning the manners of scholars, as in forming their tongues to the u languages. Wherever the former is omit-
I cannot help agreeing with Mr. Locke, a man must have a very strange value for ords, when, preferring the languages of the reeks and Romans to that which made them such ave men, he can think it worth while to hazard e innocence and virtue of his son for a little Greek d Latin.

'As the subject of this essay is of the highest imance, and what I do not remember to have yet treated by any author, I have sent you what curred to me on it from my own observation, or

reading, and which you may either suppress or publish, as you think fit.

I am, SIR,
X. Yours, &c.'

No 338. FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1712.

——Nil fuit unquam
*Tam dispar sibi.——**

HOR. 1. Sat. iii. 16.

Made up of nought but inconsistencies.

I FIND the tragedy of The Distrest Mother is published to-day. The author of the prologue†, I suppose, pleads an old excuse I have read somewhere, of 'being dull with design;' and the gentleman who writ the epilogue‡ has, to my knowledge, so much of greater moment to vindicate himself upon, that he will easily forgive me if I publishing the exceptions made against gaiety in the end of serious entertainments in the following letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him than any body, a practice which cannot have an ill consequence but from the abilities of the person who is guilty of it.

* The original motto to this paper, at its first publication in folio, was likewise from Horace:

——Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.
HOR. A. P.

† Steele was the author of the prologue to The Distrest Mother. The excuse alludes to a passage at the end of The No 38.

‡ The author of the epilogue to the play of A. Philips called The Distrest Mother, first published in 1712, was Eustace Budgell.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAD the happiness the other night of sitting very near you, and your worthy friend Sir Roger, at the acting of the new tragedy, which you have, in a late paper or two, so justly recommended. I was highly pleased with the advantageous situation fortune had given me in placing me so near two gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such reflections on the several incidents of play as pure nature suggested, and from the other, such as flowed from the exactest art, and judgment: though I must confess that my curiosity led me so much to observe the knight's reflections, that I was not well at leisure to improve myself by yours. Nature, I found, played her part in the knight pretty well, till at the last concluding scene entirely forsook him. You must know, sir, that it is always my custom, when I have been well entertained at a new tragedy, to make my retreat before the facetious epilogue enters; not but that those pieces are often very well written, but having paid down my half-crown, and made a fair purchase of as much of the pleasing melancholy as the poet's art can afford me, or my own nature admit of I am willing to carry some of it home with me: and cannot endure to be at once tricked out of all, though by the wittiest dexterity in the world. However, I kept my seat the other night, in hopes of finding my own sentiments of this matter favoured by your friend's; when, to my great surprise, I found the knight entering with equal pleasure into both parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. Oldfield's gaiety as he had been before with Andromache's greatness. Whether this were no more than an effect of the knight's peculiar humanity, pleased to find at last, that, after all the tragical doings, every thing was safe and well, I do not

know. But for my own part, I must confess I was so dissatisfied, that I was sorry the poet had saved Andromache, and could heartily have wished that he had left her stone-dead upon the stage. For you cannot imagine, Mr. Spectator, the mischief she was reserved to do me. I found my soul, during the action, gradually worked up to the highest pitch, and felt the exalted passion which all generous minds conceive at the sight of virtue in distress. The impression, believe me, sir, was so strong upon me, that I am persuaded, if I had been let alone in it, I could, at an extremity, have ventured to defend yourself and Sir Roger against half a score of the fiercest Mohocks; but the ludicrous epilogue in the close extinguished all my ardour, and made me look upon all such noble achievements as downright silly and romantic. What the rest of the audience felt, I cannot so well tell. For myself I must declare, that at the end of the play I found my soul uniform, and all of a piece; but at the end of the epilogue it was so jumbled together, and divided between jest and earnest, that if you will forgive me an extravagant fancy, I will here set it down. I could not but fancy, if my soul had at that moment quitted my body, and descended to the poetical shades in the posture it was then, what a strange figure it would have made among them. They would not have known what to have made of my motly spectre, half comic and half tragic, all over resembling a ridiculous face that at the same time laughs on one side and cries on the other. The only defence, I think, I have ever heard made for this, as it seems to me the most unnatural tack of the comic tail to the tragic head, this, that the minds of the audience must be refreshed, and gentlemen and ladies not sent away to their own homes with too dismal and melancho-

ights about them: for who knows the conse-
ence of this? We are much obliged, indeed, to
poets for the great tenderness they express for
safety of our persons, and heartily thank them
it. But if that be all, pray, good sir, assure them,
we are none of us like to come to any great
; and that, let them do their best, we shall in
pro ility live out the length of our days, and
the theatres more than ever. What makes
re desirous to have some information of this
is, because of an ill consequence or two at-
ig it: for, a great many of our church musi-
being related to the theatre, they have, in
ution of these epilogues, introduced, in their
ewell voluntaries, a sort of music quite foreign
design of church-services, to the great pre-
e of well-disposed people. Those fingering
n should be informed, that they ought to
t ir airs to the place and business, and that
musician is obliged to keep to the text as much
the preacher. For want of this, I have found by
erience a great deal of mischief. When the
acher has often, with great piety, and art enough,
dled his subject, and the judicious clerk has with
utmost diligence called out two staves proper
the discourse, and I have found in myself and in
rest of the pew, good thoughts and dispositions,
y have been, all in a moment, dissipated by a
rry jig from the organ loft. One knows not what
ther ill effects the epilogues I have been speaking
may in time produce: but this I am credibly in-
med of, that Paul Lorrain* has resolved upon a
y sudden reformation in his tragical dramas; and

* Paul Lorrain was the ordinary of Newgate at this time,
ich place he held for many years: he died October 7, 1719.
his accounts of the convicts executed at Tyburn, P. Lorrain

that, at the next monthly performance, he designs, instead of a penitential psalm, to dismiss his audience with an excellent new ballad of his own composing. Pray, sir, do what you can to put a stop to these growing evils, and you will very much oblige

Your humble servant,

PHYSIBULUS.[1]

N° 339. SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1712.

———Ut bis exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis:
Tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto
Caperit, et rerum paullatim sumere formas.
VIRG. Ecl. vi. 33.

He sung the secret seeds of nature's frame:
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas,
The earth and ocean various forms disclose,
And a new sun to the new world arose.
DRYDEN.

LONGINUS has observed, that there may be a loftiness in sentiments where there is no passion, and brings instances out of ancient authors to support this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic observes, may animate and inflame the sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those who excel most in stirring up the passions very often want the

generally represented them as true penitents, and dying very well, after having lived for the most part very ill: they are humorously styled Paul Lorrain's saints, in the Tatler, No. 63.

of writing in the great and sublime manner, o on the contrary. Milton has shown himself ster in both these ways of writing. The seventh ok, which we are now entering upon, is an in- nce of that sublime which is not mixed and rked up with passion. The author appears in a nd of composed and sedate majesty; and though e sentiments do not give so great an emotion hose in the former book, they abound with as gnificent ideas. The sixth book like a troubled n, represents greatness in confusion; the se- affects the imagination like the ocean in a , and fills the mind of the reader, without pro- cing in it any thing like tumult, or agitation. The critic above mentioned, among the rules ich he lays down for succeeding in the sublime y of writing, proposes to his reader, that he uld imitate the most celebrated authors who have e before him, and have been engaged in works the same nature; as in particular that, if he writes poetical subjects, he should consider how Homer uld have spoken on such an occasion. By this ans one great genius often catches the flame from ther and writes in his spirit, without copying ly after him. There are a thousand shining ges in Virgil, which have been lighted up by

ton, though his own natural strength of genius capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has otless very much raised and ennobled his con- tions by such an imitation as that which Lon- us has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the days' works, the poet received but very few stances from heathen writers, who are strangers the wonders of creation. But as there are many ious strokes of poetry upon this subject in holy

writ, the author has numberless allusions to through the whole course of this book. The gr critic I have before mentioned, though an heat has taken notice of the sublime manner in which lawgiver of the Jews has described the cr ion the first chapter of Genesis; and there are ny other passages in Scripture which rise up to the sam majesty, where the subject is touched upon. Milto has shown his judgment very remarkably, in makin use of such of these as were proper for his poem and in duly qualifying those strains of eastern poetr which were suited to readers whose imagination were set to an higher pitch than those of colde climates.

Adam's speech to the angel, wherein he desir an account of what had passed within the regions c nature before the creation, is very great and solemn The following lines, in which he tells him, that day is not too far spent for him to enter upon suc a subject, are exquisite in their kind:

'And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though steep; suspense in heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation,' &c.

The angel's encouraging our first parents in modest pursuit after knowledge, with the caus which he assigns for the creation of the world, a very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom as we are told in Scripture, the heavens were mad goes forth in the power of his Father, surround with an host of angels, and clothed with such a m jesty as becomes his entering upon a work whic according to our conceptions, appears the utmo exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful descri tion has our author raised upon that hint in one the prophets! 'And behold there came four chari

etwe ountains, and the mountains
M D :'

'About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
From the armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage! and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,
Attendant on the Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!
On golden hinges moving——'

have before taken notice of these chariots of
a of these gates of heaven; and shall here
, that Homer gives us the same idea of the
s opening of themselves; though he after-
kes off from it, by telling us, that the hours
all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds
lay as a barrier before them.

do not know any thing in the whole poem more
than the description which follows, where
represented at the head of his angels,
down into the chaos, calming its confu-
g into the midst of it, and drawing the
utline of the creation:

'On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
"Silence, ye troubled waves; and, thou deep, peace!"
Said then th' omnific Word, "Your discord end:"
Nor staid, but, on the wings of cherubim
Up-lifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold

Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels; and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he centred, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, "Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world!"

The thought of the golden compasses is conceived altogether in Homer's spirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description. Homer, when he speaks of the gods, ascribes to them several arms and instruments with the same greatness of imagination. Let the reader only peruse the description of Minerva's ægis, or buckler, in the fifth book, with her spear which would overturn whole squadrons, and her helmet that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities. The golden compasses, in the above-mentioned passage, appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him whom Plato somewhere calls the Divine Geometrician. As poetry delights in clothing abstracted ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the creation, formed after the same manner, in one of the prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meting out the heavens with his span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them describing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, represents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and stretching a line upon it; and, in another place, as garnishing the heavens, stretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This last noble

ght Milton has expressed in the following
:;

'And earth self-balanced on her centre hung.'

beauties of description in this book lie so very
:, that it is impossible to enumerate them in
paper. The poet has employed on them the
e energy of our tongue. The several great
of the creation rise up to view one after an-
r, in such a manner, that the reader seems present
wonderful work, and to assist among the
of angels who are the spectators of it. How
(is the conclusion of the first day!

———Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of heav'n and earth! with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd.'

e the same elevation of thought in the
, when the mountains were brought forth,
the deep was made:

'Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heav'n the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters———'

: have also the rising of the whole vegetable
d described in this day's work which is filled
all the graces that other poets have lavished
neir description of the spring, and leads the
er's imagination into a theatre equally surprising
beautiful.

The several glories of the heavens make appearance on the fourth day:

> 'First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
> Regent of day, and all the horizon round
> Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
> His longitude through heaven's high road; the gray
> Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
> Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
> But opposite in levell'd west was set
> His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
> From him, for other lights she needed none
> In that aspect, and still the distance keeps
> Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,
> Revolv'd on heaven's great axle, and her reign
> With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
> With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
> Spangling the hemisphere———'

One would wonder how the poet could be so concise in his description of the six days' works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode, and, at the same time, so particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the behemoth. As the lion and the leviathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in the account which our author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of man, upon which the angel takes occasion, as he did after the battle in heaven, to remind Adam of his obedience, which was the principal design of this visit.

The poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into heaven, and taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the poem, where the author de-

ibes the great period of time, filled with so many rious circumstances; when the heavens and earth re finished; when the Messiah ascended up in h through the everlasting gates; when he down with pleasure upon his new creation; every part of nature seemed to rejoice in its ce, when the morning-stars sang together, all the sons of God shouted for joy.

'So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode;
Thence to behold his new created world
Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd
Angelic harmonies, the earth, the air
Resounded, (thou rememberest, for thou heard'st)
The heavens and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
"Open, ye everlasting gates!" they sung,
"Open, ye heavens, your living doors! let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days' work—a world!"

I cannot conclude this book upon the creation thout mentioning a poem which has lately ap- ed under that title *. The work was undertaken n so good an intention, and is executed with so at a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon one of the most useful and noble productions in r English verse. The reader cannot but be pleased

* Creation, a philosophical poem; demonstrating the exis- ce and providence of God. In seven books. By Sir Richard kmore, knt. M. D. and fellow of the college of physicians London.

to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with al
the charms of poetry, and to see so great a s
of reason, amidst so beautiful a redundancy o
imagination. The author has shown us that de
all the works of nature which necessarily lea
to the knowledge of its first cause. In short, he ha
illustrated, by numberless and incontestable in
stances, that divine wisdom which the son of Sir
has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in hi
formation of the world, when he tells us, that 'H
created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and
poured her out upon all his works.' L.

N° 340. MONDAY, MARCH 31, 1712.

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?
Quem sese ore ferens! quàm forti pectore et armis!

VIRG. Æn. iv. 12.

What chief is this that visits us from far,
Whose gallant mien bespeaks him train'd to war!

I TAKE it to be the highest instance of a nobl
mind, to bear great qualities without discoverin
in a man's behaviour and consciousness that he i
superior to the rest of the world. Or, to say i
otherwise, it is the duty of a great person so to de
mean himself, as that, whatever endowments he ma
have, he may appear to value himself upon n
qualities but such as any man may arrive at. H
ought to think no man valuable but for his publ
spirit, justice, and integrity; and all other endow
ments to be esteemed only as they contribute to th
exerting those virtues. Such a man, if he is w

aliant, l ws it is of no consideration to other
t he so, but as he employs those high
s ior .t use and service. He who affects
l addresses of a multitude, or as-
to nu a pre-eminence upon any other
tion, st soon turn admiration into con-
t. It is certain that there can be no merit in
man who is not conscious of it; but the sense
it is valuable only according to the application
of it, makes that superiority amiable, which would
otherwise be invidious. In this light it is consi-
dered as a thing in which every man bears a share.
It annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame,
in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who
is possessor of it; and all men who are strangers
to him are naturally incited to indulge a curiosity
in beholding the person, behaviour, feature, and
shape of him in whose character, perhaps, each
man had formed something in common with him-
self.

Whether such, or any other, are the causes, all
men have a yearning curiosity to behold a man of
oic worth. I have had many letters from all
ts of this kingdom, that request I would give
m an exact account of the stature, the mien, the
spect of the prince who lately visited England,
nd has done such wonders for the liberty of Eu-
ope. It would puzzle the most curious to form to
imself the sort of man my several correspondents
xpect to hear of by the action mentioned, when
y desire a description of him. There is always
omething that concerns themselves, and growing
ut of their own circumstances, in all their inqui-
es. A friend of mine in Wales beseeches me
o be very exact in my account of that wonderful
an, who had marched an army and all its baggage
ver the Alps; and, if possible, to learn whether

the peasant who showed him the way, and is drawn in the map, be yet living. A gentleman from the university, who is deeply intent on the study of humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I opportunity, in observing the whole interview between his highness and our late general. Thus do men's fancies work according to their several educations and circumstances; but all pay a respect, mixed with admiration, to this illustrious character. I have waited for his arrival in Holland, before I would let my correspondents know that I have not been so uncurious a Spectator as not to have seen prince Eugene*. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every expectation of those who have written to me on that head; nor is it possible for me to find words to let one know what an artful glance there is in his countenance who surprised Cremona; how daring he appears who forced the trenches at Turin: but in general I can say that he who beholds him will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined, or executed, by the wit or force of man. The prince is of that stature which makes a man most easily become all parts of exercise; has height to be graceful on occasions of state and ceremony, and no less adapted for agility and dispatch: his aspect is erect and composed; his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling; his action and address the most easy imaginable, and his behaviour in an assembly peculiarly graceful in a certain art of mixing insensibly with the rest, and becoming one of the company, instead of receiving the courtship of it. The shape of his person, and composure of his limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his looks something sublime, which does not seem to

* He stood godfather to Steele's second son, who was named Eugene after this prince.

his quality or character, but the innate of his mind. It is apparent that he suffers presence of much company, instead of taking in it; and he appeared in public, while as, rather to return good-will, or satisfy curio-, than to gratify any taste he himself had of being ar. As his thoughts are never tumultuous in r, they are as little discomposed on occasions omp and magnificence. A great soul is affected, ither case, no further than in considering the perest methods to extricate itself from them. If hero has the strong incentives to uncommon en-rises that were remarkable in Alexander, he secutes and enjoys the fame of them with the ness, propriety, and good sense of Cæsar. It is to observe in him a mind as capable of being rtained with contemplation as enterprise; a d ready for great exploits, but not impatient for asions to exert itself. The prince has wisdom, valour in as high perfection as man can enjoy which noble faculties, in conjunction, banish vain-glory, ostentation, ambition, and all other s which might intrude upon his mind, to make unequal. These habits and qualities of soul and ly render this personage so extraordinary, that appears to have nothing in him but what every n should have in him, the exertion of his very abstracted from the circumstances in which for-e has placed him. Thus, were you to see prince gene, and were told he was a private gentleman, would say he is a man of modesty and merit. uld you be told that was prince Eugene, he uld be diminished no otherwise, than that part your distant admiration would turn into a fami-good-will.

This I thought fit to entertain my reader with, cerning an hero who never was equalled but by

one man *; over whom also he has this adva
that he has had an opportunity to manifest an est
for him in his adversity. T.

N° 341. TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1712.

——*Revocate animos, mœstumque timorem*
Mittite——

VIRG. Æn. i. 201

Resume your courage, and dismiss your fear.
DRYDEN.

HAVING, to oblige my correspondent Phy
printed his letter last Friday, in relation to the
epilogue, he cannot take it amiss if I now
lish another, which I have just received fr
gentleman who does not agree with him in
timents upon that matter.

'SIR,

'I am amazed to find an epilogue tacked in your last Friday's paper, which has so generally applauded by the town, and recei such honours as were never before given to any an English theatre.

'The audience would not permit Mrs. Ol to go off the stage the first night till she hau peated it twice; the second night the noise of *cora* was as loud as before, and she was ob again to speak it twice; the third night it was called for a second time; and, in short, contrary all other epilogues, which are dropped after

* The duke of Marlborough, who was at this time t out of all his public employments.

representation of the play, this has already repeated nine times.

must own, I am the more surprised to find ensure in opposition to the whole town, in a which has hitherto been famous for the can- of its criticisms.

by no means allow your melancholy cor- , that the new epilogue is unnatural be- it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned, I tell him that the prologue and epilogue were arts of the ancient tragedy; but every one , that, on the British stage, they are distinct mances by themselves, pieces entirely de- from the play, and no way essential to it.

he moment the play ends, Mrs. Oldfield is no Andromache but Mrs. Oldfield; and though et had left Andromache stone-dead upon the as your ingenious correspondent phrases it, Oldfield might still have spoke a merry epi-

We have an instance of this in a tragedy there is not only a death, but a martyrdom. therine was there personated by Nell Gwin; s stone-dead upon the stage, but, upon those 's offering to remove her body, whose it is to carry off the slain in our English , she breaks out into that abrupt beginning was a very ludicrous, but at the same time it a very good epilogue:

old! are you mad? you damn'd confounded dog, m to rise and speak the epilogue.'

his diverting manner was always practised by ryden, who, if he was not the best writer of es in his time, was allowed by every one the happiest turn for a prologue, or an epi-

The epilogues to Cleomenes, Don Sebastian,

The duke of Guise, Aurengzebe, and Love Triumphant, are all precedents of this nature.

'I might further justify this practice by that excellent epilogue which was spoken, a few years since, after the tragedy of Phædra and Hippolytus*; with a great many others, in which the authors have endeavoured to make the audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the writer of this, they have however shown, that it was not for want of good-will.

'I must further observe, that the gaiety of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the end of a French play; since every one knows that nation, who are generally esteemed to have as polite a taste as any in Europe, always close their tragic entertainments with what they call a *petite pièce*, which is purposely designed to raise mirth, and send away the audience well pleased. The same person who has supported the chief character in the tragedy very often plays the principal part in the *petite pièce*; so that I have myself seen, at Paris, Orestes and Lubin acted the same night by the same man.

'Tragi-comedy, indeed, you have yourself, in a former speculation, found fault with very justly, because it breaks the tide of the passions while they are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all to the present case, where they have had already their full course.

'As the new epilogue is written conformably to the practice of our best poets, so it is not such a

* A tragedy by Mr. Edmund Neal, known by the name of Smith, 8vo. 1707. Addison wrote a prologue to this play when Italian operas were in vogue, to rally the vitiated taste of the town in preferring sound to sense. Prior wrote the epilogue here mentioned.

one, which, as the duke of Buckingham says in his Rehearsal, might serve for any other play; but wholly rises out of the occurrences of the piece it was composed for.

'The only reason your mournful correspondent gives against this facetious epilogue, as he calls it, is, that he has a mind to go home melancholy. I wish the gentleman may not be more grave than wise. For my own part, I must confess, I think it very sufficient to have the anguish of a fictitious piece remain upon me while it is representing; but I love to be sent home to bed in a good humour. If Phi lus is, however, resolved to be inconsolable, not to have his tears dried up, he need only sue his old custom, and, when he has had his own's worth of sorrow, slink out before the ague begins.

'It is pleasant enough to hear this tragical genius complaining of the great mischief Andromache had done him. What was that? Why, she made him laugh. The poor gentleman's sufferings put me in mind of Harlequin's case who was tickled to death. He tells us soon after, through a small mistake of his own for rage, that during the whole action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could have at- tacked half a score of the fiercest Mohocks in the height of his grief. I cannot but look upon it as an happy accident, that a man who is so bloody-minded in his affliction was diverted from this fit of outrageous melancholy. The valour of this gentleman in his distress brings to one's memory the Knight of the sorrowful Countenance, who lays about him at such an unmerciful rate in an old romance. I shall readily grant him that his soul, as he himself says, would have made a very ridiculous figure, had it quitted the body, and

descended to the poetical shades, in such an encounter.

'As to his conceit of tacking a tragic head with a comic tail, in order to refresh the audience, it is such a piece of jargon, that I don't know what to make of it.

'The elegant writer makes a very sudden transition from the playhouse to the church, and from thence to the gallows.

'As for what relates to the church, he is of opinion that these epilogues have given occasion to those merry jigs from the organ-loft, which have dissipated those good thoughts and dispositions he has found in himself, and the rest of the pew, upon the singing of two staves culled out by the judicious and diligent clerk.

'He fetches his next thought from Tyburn; and seems very apprehensive lest there should happen any innovations in the tragedies of his friend Mr Lorrain.

'In the mean time, sir, this gloomy writer, who is so mightily scandalized at a gay epilogue after a serious play, speaking of the fate of those unhappy wretches who are condemned to suffer an ignominious death by the justice of our laws, endeavours to make the reader merry on so improper an occasion by those poor burlesque expressions of tragical-comical and monthly performances.

I am, SIR, with great respect,
Your most obedient, most humble servant,

X. PHILOMEDES.

N°. 342. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1712.

Justitiæ partes sunt non violare homines; verecundiæ non offendere.

TULL.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.

As regard to decency is a great rule of life in ge-
l, but more especially to be consulted by the
le world, I cannot overlook the following letter,
h describes an egregious offender.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I was this day looking over your papers,
nd reading, in that of December the 6th, with great
elight, the amiable grief of Asteria for the absence
f her husband, it threw me into a great deal of re-
ection. I cannot say but this arose very much from
circu ances of my own life, who am a soldier,
ex ct every day to receive orders, which will
to leave behind me a wife that is very dear
, that very deservedly. She is at present,
e, no way below your Asteria for conjugal
ction: but I see the behaviour of some women
little suited to the circumstances wherein my wife
I shall soon be, that it is with a reluctance, I
ever knew before, I am going to my duty. What
uts me to present pain is, the example of a young
dy, whose story you shall have as well as I can
ve it you. "Hortensius, an officer of good rank
his majesty's service, happened in a certain part
England, to be brought to a country gentleman's
ouse, where he was received with that more than
rdinary welcome with which men of domestic lives

entertain such few soldiers whom a military life, the variety of adventures, has not rendered bearing, but humane, easy, and agreeable. tensius staid here some time, and had easy acc all hours, as well as unavoidable conversatio some parts of the day, with the beautiful Syl the gentleman's daughter. People who live in are wonderfully struck with every little cc abode they see when they take the air; anc natural to fancy they could live in every neat c (by which they pass) much happier than in present circumstances. The turbulent way which Hortensius was used to made him with much satisfaction on all the advantage sweet retreat one day; and, among the rest will think it not improbable it might enter in thought, that such a woman as Sylvana woul summate the happiness. The world is so debs with mean considerations, that Hortensius k would be received as an act of generosity, asked for a woman of the highest merit, w further questions, of a parent who had noth add to her personal qualifications. The w was celebrated at her father's house. Whe was over, the generous husband did not prop his provision for her to the circumstances of h tune, but considered his wife as his darling, his and his vanity; or, rather, that it was in the v he had chosen that a man of sense could show or vanity with an excuse, and therefore a her with rich habits and valuable jewels. I not, however, omit to admonish her, that he very utmost in this; that it was an ostentat could not be guilty of but to a woman he much pleasure in, desiring her to consider it as and begged of her also to take these matters r and believe the gems, the gowns, the laces,

rec r better, if her air and behaviour was
it n t appear she dressed thus rather in
to i humour that way, than out of any
nerseu for the trifles. To this lesson,
n for a w(un, Hortensius added, that she
oe sure to stay with her friends in the country
return. As soon as Hortensius departed,
saw in her looking-glass, that the love he
v for her was wholly owing to the accident
seeing her; and she was convinced it was only
ortune the rest of mankind had not beheld
or men of much greater quality and merit had
led for one so genteel, though bred in obscu-
; so very witty, though never acquainted with
rt, or town. She therefore resolved not to hide
so ch excellence from the world; but, without
to the absence of the most generous man
e, ; is now the gayest lady about this town,
shut out the thoughts of her husband, by a
co(it retinue of the vainest young fellows this
nas produced; to entertain whom, she squanders
away all Hortensius is able to supply her with,
ugh that supply is purchased with no less difficulty
the hazard of his life."

Now, Mr. Spectator, would it not be a work becoming your office, to treat this criminal as she erves? You should give it the severest reflections y(can. You should tell women, that they are re accountable for behaviour in absence, than after death. The dead are not dishonoured by their levities; the living may return, and be laughed at by empty fops, who will not fail to turn into ridicule the good man, who is so unseasonable as to be still alive, and come and spoil good company.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant.'

All strictness of behaviour is so unmerci laughed at in our age, that the other much wo extreme is the more common folly. But let a woman consider, which of the two offences an h band would the more easily forgive, that of be less entertaining than she could to please compa or raising the desires of the whole room to his advantage; and she will easily be able to form conduct. We have indeed carried women's c racters too much into public life, and you sl see them now-a-days affect a sort of fame: bu cannot help venturing to disoblige them for th service, by telling them, that the utmost of a w man's character is contained in domestic life; is blameable or praiseworthy according as her c riage affects the house of her father, or her husba All she has to do in this world, is contained wit the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a ther. All these may be well performed, thoug lady should not be the very finest woman at an op or an assembly. They are likewise consistent wit moderate share of wit, a plain dress, and a mod air. But when the very brains of the sex are turn and they place their ambition on circumstan wherein to excel is no addition to what is tr commendable; where can this end, but, as it quently does, in their placing all their indust pleasure, and ambition, on things which will na rally make the gratifications of life last, at best, longer than youth and good fortune? When we c sider the least ill consequence, it can be no less t looking on their own condition, as years advan with a disrelish of life, and falling into contemp their own persons, or being the derision of oth But when they consider themselves as they ou no other than an additional part of the species, their own happiness and comfort, as well as tha

those for whom they were born), their ambition to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their lives want opportunities of being shining ornaments to their fathers, husbands, brothers, or children. T.

N° 343. THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1712.

——Errat, et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
Spiritus; eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster——

OVID. Metam. xv. 165.

——All things are but alter'd; nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast.

DRYDEN.

Will Honeycomb, who loves to show upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls; and that the eastern parts of the world believed in the doctrine to this day. 'Sir Paul Rycaut,' says he, 'gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purshase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they do as much by it as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know,' says Will, 'the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise; and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them

though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you,' says Will, 'that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.'

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us, that 'Jack Freelove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this hint. Jack,' says he, 'was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress in the person of the monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected left it in the window, and went about his business.

'The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt,' says Will, 'whether it was writ by Jack or the monkey.'

'MADAM,

'NOT having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper, by me, gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself

by my great skill in the occult sciences, with a
whom I used to converse with, that he pro-
u to grant me whatever I should ask of him.
that my soul might never pass into the body
of brute creature; but this, he told me, was not
in his power to grant me. I then begged that, into
w er creature I should chance to transmigrate,
I uld still retain my memory, and be conscious
I was the same person who lived in different
This, he told me, was within his power,
accordingly promised, on the word of a dæmon,
t he would grant me what I desired. From that
forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was
e president of a college of brachmans, an office
I discharged with great integrity till the day
my death.

'I then shuffled into another human body,
ac my part so well in it, that I became first
to a prince who reigned upon the banks of
Ganges. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

'Upon my next remove, I found myself in the woods under the shape of a jackal, and soon listed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half-picked, for my encouragement; but, upon my being unsuc-

cessful in two or three chases, he gave me confounded gripe in his anger that I died of it

'In my next transmigration, I was again sc two legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer having been guilty of great extravagancies, a ing married to an expensive jade of a wife, so cursedly in debt, that I durst not show m I could no sooner step out of my house but arrested by somebody or other that lay in w me. As I ventured abroad one night in the e the evening, I was taken up and hurried into geon, where I died a few months after.

'My soul then entered into a flying-fish, that state led a most melancholy life for the s six years. Several fishes of prey pursued m I was in the water; and if I betook myself wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock o aiming at me. As I was one day flying a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge s whetting his bill, and hovering just over my upon my dipping into the water to avoid hin into the mouth of a monstrous shark, that swa me down in an instant.

'I was some years afterwards, to my gre prise, an eminent banker in Lombard-street remembering how I had formerly suffered fo of money, became so very sordid and ava that the whole town cried shame of me. I miserable little old fellow to look upon; for I a manner starved myself, and was nothing bu and bone when I died.

'I was afterwards very much trouble amazed to find myself dwindled into an e I was heartily concerned to make so insig a figure, and did not know but some time o I might be reduced to a mite, if I did not m manners. I therefore applied myself with

diligence to the offices that were allotted to me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burthen, by an unlucky cock sparrow, that lived in the neighbourhood, and had more made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

'I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day went a-pilfering with a party to plunder an hive, we were received warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we all of us left dead upon the spot.

'I shall not tell you of many other transmigrations which I went through: how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes, I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

'But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow to whom you were then so cruel. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body. I found myself upon a hill in Æthiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the English factory, and sent over into Great Britain. I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You

see, madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage, I that you will still continue your accustomed favour to

Your most devoted humble servant,

PUGG.

'P. S. I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way; for, as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won't like.' L.

N° 344. FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1712.

——In solo vivendi causa palato est.
JUV. Sat. xi. 11.

Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.
CONGREVE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I THINK it has not yet fallen into your way to discourse on little ambition, or the many whimsical ways men fall into, to distinguish themselves among their acquaintance. Such observations well pursued, would make a pretty history of low life. I myself am got into a great reputation, which arose (as most extraordinary occurrences in a man's life seem to do) from a mere accident. I was some

I orth y engaged among a set of gen-
who a n according to the quan-
food nrows down at a meal. Now I,
ever ror distinguishing myself according to
of superiority which the rest of the com-
tain, ate so immoderately for their ap-
like to have cost me my life. What
m rtune was, that having naturally
good and having lived soberly for some
, my body was as well prepared for this con-
n as if it had been by appointment. I had
vanquished every glutton in company but
who was such a prodigy in his way, and
so very merry during the whole entertain-
he insensibly betrayed me to continue his
or, which in a little time concluded in a
iete victory over my rival; after which by
ay of insult, I ate a considerable proportion beyond
hat the spectators thought me obliged in honour to
o. The effect, however, of this engagement, has
de me resolve never to eat more for renown; and
have, pursuant to this resolution, compounded
iree wagers I had depending on the strength of my
omach; which happened very luckily, because it
ad been stipulated in our articles either to play or
. How a man of common sense could be thus
ed is hard to determine; but the occasion of
is, to desire you to inform several gluttons of
iy acquaintance, who look on me with envy, that
had best moderate their ambition in time, lest
my or death attend their success. I forgot to
you, Sir, with what unspeakable pleasure I re-
ved the acclamations and applause of the whole
oard, when I had almost eat my antagonist into
onvulsions. It was then that I returned his mirth
pon him with such success, as he was hardly able to
wallow, though prompted by a desire of fame, and

a passionate fondness for distinction. I endeavoured to excel so far, had not the company been so loud in their approbation of my victory. I do not question but the same thirst after glory caused a man to drink quarts without taking breath, and prompted men to many other as difficult enterprises; which, if otherwise pursued, might turn very much to a man's advantage. This ambition of mine was indeed extravagantly pursued; however, I cannot help observing, that you hardly ever see a man commended for a good stomach, but he immediately falls to eating more (though he had been before dined), as well to confirm the person that commended him in his good opinion of h to convince any other at the table who y been unattentive enough not to have done j ce to his character.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,
EPICURE MAMMON.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE wrote to you three or four times, to desire you would take notice of an impertinent custom the women, the fine women, have lately fallen into, of taking snuff. This silly trick, is attended with such a coquette air in some ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in others, that I cannot tell which most to complain of; but they are to me equally disagreeable. Mrs. Santer is so impatient of being without it, that she takes it as often as she does salt at meals: and as she affects a wonderful ease and negligence in all her manner, an upper lip mixed with snuff and the sauce is what is presented to the observation of all who have the honour to eat with her. The pretty creature her niece does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt; and if she

e eye, she is quite as much
, I kes up all she wants in a confident
ow a attle of the nose, when the snuff
, I the fingers make the stops and
on the i ils. This, perhaps, is not a very
y in king of ladies; that is very
t l wa a es the offence? Is it in those who
those who observe it? As for my part,
a e be so re ly disgusted with this filthy
h i lip, that the most agreeable
or person, has not been able to make
up as to those who take it for no other end
but to gi themselves occasion for pretty action, or to fill up little intervals of discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too much respect, to admit of offering at that time from hand to hand the snuff-box. But Flavilla is so far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her box (which is indeed full of good Brazil) in the middle of the sermon; and, to show she has the audacity of a well-bred woman, she offers it to the men as well as the women who sit near her: but since by this time all the world knows she has a fine hand, I am in hopes she may give herself no further trouble in this matter. On Sunday was sevennight, when they came about for the offering, she gave her charity with a very good air, but at the same time asked the church-warden if he would take a pinch. Pray, Sir, think of these things in time, and you will oblige

Your humble servant.'

T.

N° 345. SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1712

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Dcerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset,
Natus homo est.——

OVID. Metam. i. 76

A creature of a more exalted kind,
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd;
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest.
DRYDEN.

THE accounts which Raphael gives of the batt
angels, and the creation of the world, have in
those qualifications which the critics judge req
to an episode. They are nearly related to the
cipal action, and have a just connexion with
fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful des
tion of the impression which this discourse o
archangel made on our first parents. Adam
wards, by a very natural curiosity, inquires con
ing the motions of those celestial bodies which
the most glorious appearance among the six
work. The poet here, with a great deal of
represents Eve as withdrawing from this part of
conversation, to amusements more suitable t
sex. He well knew that the episode in this
which is filled with Adam's account of his p
and esteem for Eve, would have been improp
her hearing, and has therefore devised very jus
beautiful reasons for her retiring:

'So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse; which E

Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose; and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,
And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd!

The angel's returning a doubtful answer to Adam's ries, was not only proper for the moral reason :h the poet assigns, but because it would have een highly absurd to have given the sanction of an rchangel to any particular system of philosophy. he chief points in the Ptolemaic and Copernican ypotheses, are described with great conciseness and spicuity, and at the same time dressed in very leasing and poetical images.

Adam, to detain the angel, enters afterwards pon his own history, and relates to him the circumnces in which he found himself upon his creation; s also his conversation with his Maker, and his rst meeting with Eve. There is no part of the oem more apt to raise the attention of the reader this discourse of our great ancestor; as nog can be more surprising and delightful to s, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the t man, while he was yet new and fresh from the nds of his Creator. The poet has interwoven very thing which is delivered upon this subject in

holy writ with so many beautiful imaginations his own, that nothing can be conceived more ju and natural than this whole episode. As our auth knew this subject could not be agreeable to reader, he would not throw it into the relation the six days' work, but reserved it for a disti episode, that he might have an opportunity of patiating upon it more at large. Before I enter this part of the poem, I cannot but take notice two shining passages in the dialogue between Ad and the angel. The first is that wherein our cestor gives an account of the pleasure he took conversing with him, which contains a very n moral:

> 'For while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven
> And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
> Than fruits of palm-trees (pleasantest to thirst
> And hunger both, from labour) at the hour
> Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
> Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
> Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.'

The other I shall mention is that in which angel gives a reason why he should be glad to h the story Adam was about to relate.

> 'For I that day was absent as befel,
> Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
> Far on excursion towards the gates of hell,
> Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)
> To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
> Or enemy, while God was in his work,
> Lest he, incens'd at such eruption bold,
> Destruction with creation might have mix'd.'

There is no question but our poet drew the im in what follows from that in Virgil's sixth bo where Æneas and the sibyl stand before the mantine gates, which are there described as

place of torments, and listen to the groans, clanks of chains, and the noise of iron whips, that heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

'———Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.'

I then proceeds to give an account of his n and sentiments immediately after his crea- How agreeably does he represent the posture which he found himself, the delightful landscape surrounded him, and the gladness of heart which rew up in him on that occasion!

'———As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward heaven my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky; till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams: by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.'

Adam is afterwards described as surprised at his wn existence, and taking a survey of himself and f all the works of nature. He likewise is repre- nted as discovering, by the light of reason, that he, every thing about him, must have been the ect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, d that this Being had a right to his worship and loration. His first address to the Sun, and to those

parts of the creation which made st
guished figure, is very natural and a
imagination:

'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus? how here?'

His next sentiment, when, upon his first go
sleep he fancies himself losing his existence
falling away into nothing, can never be suffic
admired. His dream, in which he still preserv
consciousness of his existence, together with h
moval into the garden which was prepared f
reception, are also circumstances finely ima
and grounded upon what is delivered in t
story.

These and the like wonderful incidents i
part of the work, have in them all the beau
novelty, at the same time that they have t
graces of nature.

They are such as none but a great genius
have thought of; though, upon the perusal of
they seem to rise of themselves from the subje
which he treats. In a word, though they are na
they are not obvious; which is the true cha
of all fine writing.

The impression which the interdiction of t
of life left in the mind of our first parent is d
with great strength and judgment; as the i
he several beasts and birds passing in revie
fore him is very beautiful and lively:

'————Each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cow'ring low
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his
I nam'd them as they pass'd————.'

in the next place, describes a conference
n me held with his Maker upon the subject of
ıtude. The poet here represents the Supreme
ing as making an essay of his own work, and
tting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which
had endued his creature. Adam urges, in this
ine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy,
ough he was the inhabitant of Paradise, and lord
the whole creation, without the conversation and
:iety of some rational creature who should par-
ke those blessings with him. This dialogue, which
upported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts,
ut other poetical ornament, is as fine a part as
the whole poem. The more the reader ex-
the justness and delicacy of its sentiments,
re he will find himself pleased with it. The
ıer wonderfully preserved the character of
sty and condescension in the Creator and, at
time, that of humility and adoration in the
ure, as particularly in the following lines:

'Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd, &c.
——I with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd:
"Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak," &c.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his
cond sleep, and of the dream in which he beheld
e formation of Eve. The new passion that was
wakened in him at the sight of her is touched very
ly:

'Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but diff'rent sex: so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before;

And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight.'

Adam's distress upon losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real creature who resembled the apparition which had been presented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiments.

Though this part of the poem is worked up with great warmth and spirit, the love which is described in it is every way suitable to a state of innocence. If the reader compares the description which Adam here gives of his leading Eve to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. Dryden has made on the same occasion in a scene of his Fall of Man, he will be sensible of the great care which Milton took to avoid all thoughts on so delicate a subject that n offensive to religion or good manners. The ments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to mind ideas of the most transporting passion, and of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the author joined toge r, in the reflection which Adam makes on the ple of love, compared to those of sense!

'Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance,

Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain;
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
——————————When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded: wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discountenanc'd, and like folly shows:
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.'

The sentiments of love in our first parent gave him such an insight into human nature, that he was apprehensive of the evils which might befal his posterity in general, as well as Adam in particular, from the excess of his passion. He therefore fortifies Adam against it by timely admonitions; which very beautifully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book, where the weakness, of which Adam here gives such distant discoveries, brings about that fatal event which is the subject of the poem. His discourse, which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the angel, shows that his love, however violent it might appear, was still grounded in reason, and consequently not improper for Paradise:

'Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds,
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,

Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair!'

Adam's speech, at parting with the angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the same time a certain dignity and greatness suitable to the father of mankind in his state of innocence. L.

N° 346. MONDAY, APRIL 7, 1712.

Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni munerum longe antepono. Hæc est gravium hominum atque magnorum; illa quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi titillantium.

TULL.

I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence. The former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who tickle the levity of the multitude with a kind of pleasure.

When we consider the offices of human life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call generosity, which, when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded temper than an honest and liberal mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all liberality should have for its basis and support, frugality. By this means the beneficent spirit works in a man from convictions of reason, not from the impulse of passion. The generous man in the ordinary acceptation, without respect of the demands of his family, will soon find upon the foot of his account, that he has sacrificed

to fools, knaves, flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the opportunities of affording any future assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in itself laudable, should not a man take care to secure an ability to do things praise-worthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel piece of raillery upon a man who should have reduced his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to say of him, 'That gentleman was generous?' My beloved author therefore has, in the sentence on the top of my paper, turned his eye with a certain satiety from beholding the addresses to the people by largesses and public entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumstances of time and a man's own fortune. A constant benignity in commerce with the rest of the world, which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and is less ostentatious in yourself. He turns his recommendation of this virtue on commercial life: and, according to him, a citizen who is frank in his kindnesses, and abhors severity in his demands; he who, in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to disputes, and above the sense of little sufferings; bears a noble character, and does much more good to mankind than any other man's fortune, without commerce, can possibly support. For the citizen, above all other men, has opportunities of arriving at 'the highest fruit of wealth,' to be liberal without the least expense of a man's own fortune. It is not to be denied but such a practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that, among traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the favour a secret as he

who receives it. The unhappy distinctions us in England are so great, that to celebra intercourse of commercial friendship (with I am daily made acquainted) would be to rai virtuous man so many enemies of the contrar ty. I am obliged to conceal all I know of the Bounteous,' who lends at the ordinary ir to give men of less fortune opportunities of greater advantages. He conceals, under a air and distant behaviour, a bleeding compassi womanish tenderness. This is governed l most exact circumspection, that there in no in wanting in the person whom he is to serve that he is guilty of no improper expenses. I know of Tom; but who dare say it of so a tory? The same care I was forced to use time ago, in the report of another's virtue, a fifty instead of an hundred, because the r pointed at was a whig. Actions of this kir popular, without being invidious: for every r ordinary circumstances looks upon a man w this known benignity in his nature as a perso dy to be his friend upon such terms as he ou expect it; and the wealthy, who may env a character, can do no injury to its interests, the imitation of it, in which the good citize rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to f myself a greater idea of human life, than in v the practice of some wealthy men whom I name, that make no step to the improvem their own fortunes, wherein they do not also a those of other men who would languish in p without that munificence. In a nation wher are so many public funds to be supported, not whether he can be called a good subjec does not embark some part of his fortune w state, to whose vigilance he owes the secu

rhole. This certainly is an immediate way of obligation upon many, and extending your nity the farthest a man can possibly who is ged in commerce. But he who trades, be- giving the state some part of this sort of credit 'es his banker, may, in all the occurrences of e, have his eye upon removing want from the of the industrious, and defending the unhappy it man from bankruptcy. Without this be- y, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man ose the receipt of half his demands from one he has undone, rather than the whole from whom he has shown mercy. This benignity ntial to the character of a fair trader, and any who designs to enjoy his wealth with honour lf isfaction: nay, it would not be hard to , that the practice of supporting good and us men would carry a man farther even profit than indulging the propensity of serving bliging the fortunate. My author argues on bject in order to incline men's minds to those ant them most, after this manner. 'We must s consider the nature of things, and govern ves accordingly. The wealthy man, when he paid you, is upon a balance with you; but the whom you favoured with a loan, if he be a nan, will think himself in your debt after he aid you. The wealthy and the conspicuous t obliged by the benefits you do them; they they conferred a benefit when they received Your good offices are always suspected, and ith them the same thing to expect their favour eceive it. But the man below you, who knows, good you have done him, you respected f more than his circumstances, does not act obliging man only to him from whom he has d a benefit, but also to all who are capable

of doing him one. And whatever little offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his actions and expressions. Moreover the regard to what you do to a great man at best is taken notice of no further than by himself or his family; but what you do to a man of an humble fortune (provided always that he is a good and a modest man) raises the affections towards you of all men of that character (of which there are many) in the whole city.

There is nothing gains a reputation to a preacher so much as his own practice; I am therefore casting about what act of benignity is in the power of a Spectator. Alas! that lies but in a very narrow compass; and I think the most immediately under my patronage are either players, or such whose circumstances bear an affinity with theirs. All, therefore, I am able to do at this time of this kind, is to tell the town, that on Friday the 11th of this instant, April, there will be performed, in York-Buildings, a concert of vocal and instrumental music, for the benefit of Mr. Edward Keen, the father of twenty children; and that this day the haughty George Powell hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him, whom they applauded in Alexander, Timon, Lear, and Orestes, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory for their approbation in the humbler condition of honest Jack Falstaffe.

T.

N° 347. TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1712.

Quis furor, o cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri!
LUCAN. lib. i. 8.

What blind, detested fury, could afford
Such horrid licence to the barb'rous sword!

o not question but my country readers have
a very much surprised at the several accounts
r have met with in our public papers, of that
of men among us, lately known by the
of Mohocks. I find the opinions of the
d, as to their origin and designs, are altoge-
various, insomuch that very many begin to
bt whether indeed there were ever any such
cty of men. The terror which spread itself over
whole nation some years since on account of the
h is still fresh in most people's memories, though
terwards appeared there was not the least ground
that general consternation.

'he late panic fear was, in the opinion of many
) and penetrating persons, of the same nature.
will have it, that the Mohocks are like those
:tres and apparitions which frighten several
ns and villages in her majesty's dominions,
igh they were never seen by any of the inhabi-
s. Others are apt to think that these Mohocks
a kind of bull-beggars, first invented by prudent
ried men, and masters of families, in order to
r their wives and daughters from taking the air
unseasonable hours; and that when they tell
n 'the Mohocks will catch them,' it is a caution
he same nature with that of our forefathers,

when they bid their children have a care of Raw-head and Bloody-bones.

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much reason for the great alarm the whole city has been in upon this occasion; though at the same time I must own, that I am in some doubt whether the following pieces are genuine and authentic; the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the name, by which the emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the Indian orthography.

I shall only farther inform my readers, that it was some time since I received the following letter and manifesto, though, for particular reasons, I did not think fit to publish them till now.

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'FINDING that our earnest endeavours for the good of mankind have been basely and maliciously represented to the world, we send you inclosed our imperial manifesto, which it is our will and pleasure that you forthwith communicate to the public, by inserting it in your next daily paper. We do not doubt of your ready compliance in this particular, and therefore bid you heartily farewell.

(Signed)

TAW WAW EBEN ZAN KALADAR,
Emperor of the Mohocks.'

'*The Manifesto of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, Emperor of the Mohocks.*

'WHEREAS we have received information, from sundry quarters of this great and populous city, of several outrages committed on the legs, arms, noses, and other parts of the good people of England, by

uch as have styled themselves our subjects; in rder to vindicate our imperial dignity from those alse aspersions which have been cast on it, as if re ourselves might have encouraged or abetted ny such practices, we have, by these presents, hought fit to signify our utmost abhorrence and etestation of all such tumultuous and irregular roceedings; and do hereby farther give notice, hat if any person or persons has or have suffered ny wound, hurt, damage, or detriment, in his or heir limb or limbs otherwise than shall be hereafter pecified, the said person or persons, upon applyng themselves to such as we shall appoint for the nspection and redress of the grievances aforesaid, hall be forthwith committed to the care of our rincipal surgeon, and be cured at our own exense, in some one or other of those hospitals which ve are now erecting for that purpose.

'And to the end that no one may, either through gnorance or inadvertency, incur those penalties vhich we have thought fit to inflict on persons of oose and dissolute lives, we do hereby notify to the ublic, that if any man be knocked down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful business, t proper hours, that it is not done by our order; nd we do hereby permit and allow any such person, o knocked down or assaulted, to rise again, and lefend himself in the best manner that he is able.

'We do also command all and every our good ubjects, that they do not presume, upon any pretext vhatsoever, to issue and sally forth from their repective quarters till between the hours of eleven nd twelve. That they never tip the lion upon man, roman, or child, till the clock at St. Dunstan's shall ave struck one.

'That the sweat be never given but between the

hours of one and two; always provided, that our hunters may begin to hunt a little after the close of the evening, any thing to the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also, that if ever they are reduced to the necessity of pinking, it shall always be in the most fleshy parts, and such as are least exposed to view.

'It is also our imperial will and pleasure, that our good subjects the sweaters do establish their hummums in such close places, alleys, nooks, and corners, that the patient or patients may not be in danger of catching cold.

'That the tumblers, to whose care we chiefly commit the female sex, confine themselves to Drury-lane, and the purlieus of the Temple; and that every other party and division of our subjects do each of them keep within the respective quarters we have allotted to them. Provided nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall in any wise be construed to extend to the hunters, who have our full licence and permission to enter into any part of the town wherever their game shall lead them.

'And whereas we have nothing more at our imperial heart than the reformation of the cities of London and Westminster, which to our unspeakable satisfaction we have in some measure already effected, we do hereby earnestly pray and exhort all husbands, fathers, housekeepers, and masters of families, in either of the aforesaid cities, not only to repair themselves to their respective habitations at early and seasonable hours, but also to keep their wives and daughters, sons, servants, and apprentices, from appearing in the streets at those times and seasons which may expose them to a military discipline, as it is practised by our good subjects the Mohocks; and we do further promise on

imperial word, that as soon as the reformation resaid shall be brought about, we will forthwith all hostilities to cease.

Given from our court at the Devil-tavern,
'March 15, 1712.'

X.

N° 348. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1712.

Invidiam placare paras, virtute relicta?
HOR. 2. Sat. iii. 13.

To shun detraction, would'st thou virtue fly?

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the ces where I visit, so that I am afraid you are lly unacquainted with what passes among my of the world, who are, though I say it, without troversy, the most accomplished and best bred the town. Give me leave to tell you, that I am remely discomposed when I hear scandal, and am utter enemy to all manner of detraction, and think he greatest meanness that people of distinction can guilty of. However, it is hardly possible to come o company, where you do not find them pulling e another to pieces, and that from no other pro- ation but that of hearing any one commended. rit, both as to wit and beauty, is become no other n the possession of a few trifling people's favour, ich you cannot possibly arrive at, if you have lly any thing in you that is deserving. What y would bring to pass is, to make all good and consist in report, and with whispers, calumnies,

and impertinences, to have the conduct of those reports. By this means, innocents are blasted upon their first appearance in town; and there is not more required to make a young woman the object of envy and hatred, than to deserve love and admiration. This abominable endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing that is praise worthy is as frequent among the men as the women. If I can remember what passed at a visit last night, it will serve as an instance that the sexes are equally inclined to defamation, with equal malice and impotence. Jack Triplett came into my lady Airy's about eight of the clock. You know the manner we sit at a visit, and I need not describe the circle; but Mr. Triplett came in, introduced by two tapers supported by a spruce servant, whose hair is under a cap till my lady's candles are all lighted up, and the hour of ceremony begins: I say Jack Triplett came in, and singing (for he is really good company) "Every feature, charming creature"——he went on, "It is a most unreasonable thing, that people cannot go peaceably to see their friends, but these murderers are let loose. Such a shape! such an air! what a glance was that as her chariot passed by mine!"—My lady herself interrupted him; "Pray, who is this fine thing!"—"I warrant," says another, "'tis the creature I was telling your ladyship of just now."—"You were telling of?" says Jack; "I wish I had been so happy as to have come in and heard you; for I have not words to say what she is: but if an agreeable height, a modest air, a virgin shame, and impatience of being beheld amidst a blaze of ten thousand charms"———The whole room flew out———"Oh Mr. Triplett!"——When Mrs. Lofty, a known prude, said she believed she knew whom the gentleman meant; but she was indeed, as he civilly represented her, impatient of being beheld

——Then turning to the lady next to her——"The most unbred creature you ever saw!" Another pursued the discourse; "As unbred, madam, as you may think her, she is extremely belied if she is the novice she appears; she was last week at a ball till two in the morning; Mr. Triplett knows whether he was the happy man that took care of her home; but"—— This was followed by some particular exception that each woman in the room made to some peculiar grace or advantage; so that Mr. Triplett was beaten from one limb and feature to another, till he was forced to resign the whole woman. In the end, I took notice Triplett recorded all this malice in his heart; and saw in his countenance, and a certain waggish shrug, that he designed to repeat the conversation: I therefore let the discourse die, and soon after took an occasion to recommend a certain gentleman of my acquaintance for a person of singular modesty, courage, integrity, and withal as a man of an entertaining conversation, to which advantages he had a shape and manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. Triplett, who is a woman's man, seemed to hear me with patience enough commend the qualities of his mind. He never heard indeed but that he was a very honest man, and no fool; but for a fine gentleman, he must ask pardon. Upon no other foundation than this, Mr. Triplett took occasion to give the gentleman's pedigree, by what methods some part of the estate was acquired, how much it was beholden to a marriage for the present circumstances of it: after all, he could see nothing but a common man in his person, his breeding, or understanding.

'Thus, Mr. Spectator, this impertinent humour of diminishing every one who is produced in conversation to their advantage, runs through the world;

and I am, I confess, so fearful of the force of ill tongues, that I have begged of all those who are my well wishers never to commend me, for it will but bring my frailties into examination; and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed perfections. I am confident a thousand young people, who would have been ornaments to society, have, from fear of scandal, never dared to exert themselves in the polite arts of life. Their lives have passed away in an odious rusticity, in spite of great advantages of person, genius, and fortune. There is a vicious terror of being blamed in some well-inclined people, and a wicked pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I recommend to your spectatorial wisdom to animadvert upon; and if you can be successful in it, I need not say how much you will deserve of the town; but new toasts will owe to you their beauty, and new wits their fame.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

T. MARY.'

349. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1712.

——Quos ille timorum
maximus haud urget, letbi metus: inde ruendi
ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
mortis——

LUCAN. l. 454,

rice happy they beneath their northern skies,
ho that worst fear, the fear of death, despise!
ence they no cares for this frail being feel,
rush undaunted on the pointed steel,
oke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
spare that life which must so soon return.
ROWE.

very much pleased with a consolatory letter
aris *, to one who had lost a son that was a
man of great merit. The thought with which
nforts the afflicted father is, to the best of my
ry, as follows:—That he should consider death
t a kind of seal upon his son's character, and
him out of the reach of vice and infamy:
while he lived, he was still within the possi-
of falling away from virtue, and losing the
f which he was possessed. Death only closes
n's reputation, and determines it as good or

s, among other motives, may be one reason
we are naturally averse to the launching out
man's praise till his head is laid in the dust.
t he is capable of changing, we may be forced

ie reader hardly needs to be told, that the authenticity
epistles of Phalaris has been suspected, and is suspicious:
he letters are good, it is of little consequence who wrote

to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that Epaminondas, being asked whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? 'You must first see us die,' saith he, 'before that question can be answered.'

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the Grecian or Roman history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted it. Monsieur de St. Evremond is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of Petronius Arbiter during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflection. It was Petronius's merit that he died in the same gaiety of temper, in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and

late, the indifference which he showed at the
of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural
a s and levity, rather than fortitude. The
mmon of Socrates proceeded from very different
es, the consciousness of a well-spent life, and
prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingeni-
us author above mentioned was so pleased with
ty of humour in a dying man, he might have
ound a much nobler instance of it in our country-
n Sir Thomas More.

This great and learned man was famous for enli-
ening his ordinary discourses with wit and plea-
ry; and as Erasmus tells him in an epistle
ry, acted in all parts of life like a second
critus.

died upon a point of religion, and is respected
a martyr by that side for which he suffered,
innocent mirth, which had been so conspicu-
in his life, did not forsake him to the last. He
ained the same cheerfulness of heart upon the
d which he used to show at his table; and
n laying his head on the block, gave instances of
good humour with which he had always enter-
d his friends in the most ordinary occurrences.
death was of a piece with his life. There was
ouni in it new, forced, or affected. He did not
upon the severing his head from his body as a
u nce that ought to produce any change in
his] ion of his mind; and as he died under a
settled hope of immortality, he thought
ny unu l degree of sorrow and concern improper
n such an occasion, as had nothing in it which
ould deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this
ample. Men's natural fears will be a sufficient
ard against it. I shall only observe, that what
as philosophy in this extraordinary man would be

phrensy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shown more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this instance in the History of the Revolutions in Portugal, written by the abbot de Vertot.

When Don Sebastian, king of Portugal had invaded the territories of Muli Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set the crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was, indeed, so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but, knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that v he commanded his principal officers, that if he d during the engagement, they should conceal death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge: which afterwards ended a complete victory on the side of the Moors. had no sooner brought his men to the eng

e is no question but he has wrought into his two such of their remarkable adventures as were talked of among his contemporaries.

The story of Æneas, on which Virgil founded his was likewise very bare of circumstances, and ans afforded him an opportunity of em- it with fiction, and giving a full range to or invention. We find, however, that he has vo , in the course of his fable, the prin- particulars, which were generally believed he Romans, of Æneas's voyage and settlement Italy.

The reader may find an abridgment of the whole , as collected out of the ancient historians, and it was received among the Romans, in Dionysius licarnassus.

Since none of the critics have considered Virgil's le with relation to this history of Æneas, it may t, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this light, far as regards my present purpose. Whoever oks into the abridgment above mentioned, will d that the character of Æneas is filled with piety the gods, and a superstitious observation of pro- es, oracles, and predictions. Virgil has not ly preserved his character in the person of Æneas, t has given a place in his poem to those particu- prophecies which he found recorded of him in ory and tradition. The poet took the matters fact as they came down to him, and circum- ed them after his own manner, to make them pear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising. believe very many readers have been shocked at at ludicrous prophecy which one of the harpies nounces to the Trojans in the third book; name- that before they had built their intended city y should be reduced by hunger to eat their very les. But, when they hear that this was one of

the circumstances that had been transmitted
Romans in the history of Æneas, they wil
the poet did very well in taking notice of it
historian above mentioned acquaints us, that
phetess had foretold Æneas, he should t
voyage westward, till his companions sho
their tables; and that accordingly, upon h
ing in Italy, as they were eating their flesh
cakes of bread for want of other convenience
afterwards fed on the cakes themselves;
which one of the company said merrily, '
eating our tables.' They immediately to
hint, says the historian, and concluded th
phecy to be fulfilled. As Virgil did not t
proper to omit so material a particular in the
of Æneas, it may be worth while to consid
how much judgment he has qualified it, and
off every thing that might have appeared
for a passage in an heroic poem. The pro
who foretels it is an hungry harpy, as the
who discovers it is young Ascanius.

'Heus etiam mensas consumimus! inquit Iulus.'
ÆN.

'See, we devour the plates on which we fed!'
DRYD

Such an observation, which is beautiful
mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculou
any other of the company. I am apt to thi
the changing of the Trojan fleet into water-n
which is the most violent machine in the
Æneid, and has given offence to several
may be accounted for the same way. Virg
self, before he begins that relation, premise
what he was going to tell appeared incredibl
that it was justified by tradition. What

confirms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumstance in the history of Æneas, is, that Ovid has given a place to the same metamorphosis in his account of the heathen mythology.

None of the critics I have met with have considered the fable of the Æneid in this light, and taken notice how the tradition on which it was founded authorizes those parts in it which appear most exceptionable. I hope the length of this reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The history which was the basis of Milton's poem is still shorter than either that of the Iliad or Æneid. The poet has likewise taken care to insert every circumstance of it in the body of his fable. The ninth book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field; that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit; that she was overcome by this temptation, and that Adam followed her example. From these few particulars Milton has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several circumstances among so many agreeable and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only in epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more story in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole poem. Satan's traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the night, as fearing to

be discovered by the angel of the sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued from it by the tree of life. The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and, after the example of Homer, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy of this infernal agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of man. He is then described as gliding through the garden, under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out the creature in which he designed to tempt our first parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising:

> 'So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
> Like a black mist low creeping, he led on
> His midnight search, where soonest he might find
> The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
> In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
> His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles.'

The author afterwards gives us a description of the morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a divine poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature. He represents the earth, before it was curst, as a great altar breathing out its incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant savour to the nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of Adam and Eve, as offering their morning worship, and filling up the universal concert of praise and adoration:

w when a sacred light began to dawn
oden on the humid flowers, that breath'd
eir morning incense; when all things that breathe
rom th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
o the Creator, and his nostrils fill
/ith grateful smell; forth came the human pair,
nd join'd their vocal worship to the choir
f creatures wanting voice.————'

e dispute which follows between our two first
its is represented with great art. It proceeds
a difference of judgment, not of passion, and
naged with reason, not with heat. It is such
pute as we may suppose might have happened
radise, had man continued happy and inno-

There is a great delicacy in the moralities are interspersed in Adam's discourse, and
i the most ordinary reader cannot but take no-
f. That force of love which the father of
nd so finely describes in the eighth book,
which is inserted in my last Saturday's paper,
s itself here in many fine instances; as in those
regards he casts towards Eve at her parting
him:

Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd
Delighted, but desiring more her stay,
)ft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r.'

impatience and amusement during her ab-

————Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
)f choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd.'

But particularly in that passionate speech, where, seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her, rather than to live without her:

'——————— Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die:
How can I live without thee? how forego
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe!'

The beginning of this speech, and the preparation to it, are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several wiles which are put in practice by the tempter, when he found Eve separated from her husband, the many pleasing images of nature which are intermixed in this part of the story, with its gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my paper on the first book. There is one, however, in this part of the poem which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole poem; I mean that where the serpent is described as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil spirit, and conducting Eve to her destruction, while Adam was at too great a distance from her to give her his assistance. These several particulars are all of them wrought into the following similitude:

'————————Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest; as when a wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends)
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amaz'd night wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.'

The secret intoxication of pleasure, with all those ansient flushings of guilt and joy, which the poet presents in our first parents upon their eating the rbidden fruit, to those flaggings of spirit, damps sorrow, and mutual accusations which succeed it, conceived with a wonderful imagination, and scribed in very natural sentiments.

hen Dido, in the fourth Æneid, yielded to that temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us th trembled, the heavens were filled with of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon untain tops. Milton, in the same poetical has described all nature as disturbed upon ve s the forbidden fruit:

'So saying, her rash hand in evil hour,
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from her seat
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe
That all was lost.————'

Upon Adam's falling into the same guilt, the hole creation appears a second time in convulions,

'————————He scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky low'r'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin.'

As all nature suffered by the guilt of our fi parents, these symptoms of trouble and const nation are wonderfully imagined, not only as pr digies, but as marks of her sympathising in the f of man.

Adam's converse with Eve, after having eat the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that l tween Jupiter and Juno in the fourteenth Ilia Juno there approaches Jupiter with the gir which she had received from Venus; upon whi he tells her, that she appeared more charming a desirable than she had ever done before, ev when their loves were at the highest. The p afterwards describes them as reposing on a sumr of Mount Ida, which produced under them a bed flowers, the lotus, the crocus, and the hyacint and concludes his description with their fa asleep.

Let the reader compare this with the followi passage in Milton, which begins with Adan speech to Eve:

> 'For never did thy beauty since the day
> I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
> With all perfections, so inflame my sense
> With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
> Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.'
>
> 'So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
> Of amorous intent, well understood
> Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
> Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
> Thick over head with verdant roof embower'd,
> He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
> Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
> And hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest lap.
> There they their fill of love and love's disport
> Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
> The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
> Oppress'd them.———'

As no poet seems ever to have studied H

, or to have more resembled him in the great- f genius, than Milton, I think I should have but a very imperfect account of its beauties, ad not observed the most remarkable passages look like parallels in these two great authors. ht, in the course of these criticisms, have taken of many particular lines and expressions are translated from the Greek poet; but as I ht this would have appeared too minute and curious, I have purposely omitted them. The r incidents, however, are not only set off by shown in the same light with several of the ture in Homer, but by that means may be ded against the cavils of the tasteless or

L. L.

352. MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1712.

——Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda t, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua nia. TULL.

e be made for honesty, either it is solely to be sought, or rtainly to be estimated much more highly than all other ings.

, HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yester- hat the conversation of the town is so altered years, that a fine gentleman is at a loss for r to start discourse, as well as unable to fall in the talk he generally meets with. Will takes e, that there is now an evil under the sun which pposes to be entirely new, because not men- d by any satirist, or moralist, in any age. n,' said he, 'grow knaves sooner than they did ince the creation of the world before.' If

you read the tragedies of the last age, you find t artful men, and persons of intrigue, are advanc very far in years, and beyond the pleasures a sallies of youth; but now Will observes, that t young have taken in the vices of the aged, and y shall have a man of five-and-twenty, crafty, f and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, coz and beguile. My friend adds, that till about t latter end of king Charles's reign there was not rascal of any eminence under forty. In the pla of resort for conversation, you now hear nothi but what relates to the improving men's fortun without regard to the methods towards it. Tl so fashionable, that young men form themsel upon a certain neglect of every thing that is cand simple, and worthy of true esteem; and affect bei yet worse than they are, by acknowledging, in th general turn of mind and discourse, that they ha not any remaining value for true honour and h nesty; preferring the capacity of being artful gain their ends, to the merit of despising those e when they come in competition with their hones All this is due to the very silly pride that genera prevails, of being valued for the ability of carry their point; in a word, from the opinion that sh low and unexperienced people entertain of short-lived force of cunning. But I shall, befor enter upon the various faces which folly, cove with artifice, puts on to impose upon the unthinki produce a great authority for asserting, that noth but truth and ingenuity * has any lasting g effect, even upon a man's fortune and interest.

'Truth and reality have all the advantages appearance, and many more. If the show of thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity

* Ingenuity seems to be here used for ingenuousness.

; for why does any man dissemble, or seem
be that which he is not, but because he thinks it
d to have such a quality as he pretends to? for
counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the ap-
ce of some real excellency. Now the best
ay in the world for a man to seem to be any
; is really to be what he would seem to be.
, that it is many times as troublesome to
e good the pretence of a good quality, as to
e it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one
at he is discovered to want it, and then all his
l labour to seem to have it is lost. There
thing unnatural in painting, which a skilful
e will easily discern from native beauty and com-

" It is hard to personate and act a part long; for
here truth is not at the bottom, nature will always
e endeavouring to return, and will peep out and
ray herself one time or other. Therefore if any
think it convenient to seem good, let him be
o leed, and then his goodness will appear to
very body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts
incerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the af-
airs of this world, integrity hath many advantages
ver all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation
nd deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much
he safer and more secure way of dealing in the
orld: it has less of trouble and difficulty, of in-
ement and perplexity, of danger and hazard
; it is the shortest and nearest way to our
nd, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will
old out and last longest. The arts of deceit and
unning do continually grow weaker and less effec-
ual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas
ntegrity gains strength by use, and the more and
onger any man practiseth it, the greater service it
oes him, by confirming his reputation, and en-

couraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

'Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which constantly stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and, because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

'Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to issue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not

ed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps
he means honestly. When a man has once
or ed the reputation of his integrity, he is set
:; and nothing will then serve his turn, neither
truth nor falsehood.

'And I have often thought, that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs: these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it,
ugh by ways never so indirect; they cannot see
as to the remote consequence of a steady in-
, and the vast benefit and advantages which
t will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

'Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for

nothing but this will last and hold out to the end all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.'

T.

N° 353. TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1712.

In tenui labor———— VIRG. Georg. iv. 6.

Though low the subject, it deserves our pains.

THE gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular, with his thoughts upon education, has just sent me the following letter:

'SIR,

'I TAKE the liberty to send you a fourth letter upon the education of youth. In my last I gave you my thoughts upon some particular tasks, which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual exercises, in order to give the an early seasoning of virtue: I shall in this propose some others, which I fancy might contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

'The design of learning is, as I take it, either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself, and teach him to support solitude with pleasure; or, if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to learning with the first of these views may be said to study for ornament; as he who proposes to himself the second, properly studies for use. The one does it to

a fortune; the other, to set off that
[illegible] already possessed of. But as far the
[illegible]rt of mankind are included in the latter
I shall only propose some methods at present
or service of such who expect to advance
ives in the world by their learning. In order
[illegible]ch I shall premise, that many more estates
ave been acquired by little accomplishments than
y extraordinary ones; those qualities which make
e greatest figure in the eye of the world, not be-
always the most useful in themselves, or the most
rantageous to their owners.

'The posts which require men of shining and
ommon parts to discharge them are so very few,
ny a great genius goes out of the world
mout ever having an opportunity to exert itself;
hereas persons of ordinary endowments meet with
ocasions fitted to their parts and capacities every
in the common occurrences of life.

'I am acquainted with two persons who were
rly school-fellows *, and have been good
ever since. One of them was not only
[illegible] an impenetrable blockhead at school, but
[illegible]intained his reputation at the university; the
was the pride of his master, and the most ce-
[illegible] person in the college of which he was a
er. The man of genius is at present buried
country parsonage of eight-score pounds a year;
the other, with the bare abilities of a common
[illegible]ener, has got an estate of above an hundred
and pounds.

'I fancy, from what I have said, it will almost

* Swift, and Mr. Stratford a merchant. 'Stratford is worth
plumb, and is now lending the government 40,000l. yet we
were educated together at the same school and university.'
Swift's Works, vol. xxii. p. 10. cr. 8vo.—Stratford was after-
wards a bankrupt.

appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy citizen, whether or no he ought to wish his son should be a great genius: but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the education of , whom nature has not favoured with any partic marks of distinction.

'The fault therefore of our grammar-schools is, that every boy is pushed on to works of genius: whereas it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a man's life.

'Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I have known a man contract a friendship with a minister of state, upon cutting a dial in his window; and remember a clergyman who got one of the best benefices in the west of England, by setting a country gentleman's affairs in some method, and giving him an exact survey of his estate.

'While I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in e station of life, and which, methinks, every should teach scholars; I mean the writing of l letters. To this end, instead of perplexing with Latin epistles, themes and verses, there n be a punctual correspondence established two boys, who might act in any imaginary s or business, or be allowed sometimes to give a o their own fancies, and communicate to each o whatever trifles they thought fit, provided ner of them ever failed at the appointed time to his correspondent's letter.

'I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they come to be men,

han by all the Greek and Latin their masters can each in seven or eight years.

'] want of it is very visible in many learned ns, who, while they are admiring the styles of benes or Cicero, want phrases to express elves on the most common occasions. I have a letter from one of these Latin orators which n I have been deservedly laughed at by a common ttorney.

'Under this head of writing, I cannot omit accounts and short-hand, which are learned with little ains, and very properly come into the number of ach arts as I have been here recommending.

'You must doubtless, Sir, observe, that I have itherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such oys as do not appear to have any thing extraordiy in their natural talents, and consequently are t qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I ieve I might carry this matter still further, and ure to assert, that a lad of genius has sometimes ccasion for these little acquirements, to be as it ere the fore-runners of his parts, and to introduce im into the world.

'History is full of examples of persons who, hough they have had the largest abilities, have been ed to insinuate themselves into the favour of men by these trivial accomplishments; as the lete gentleman, in some of our modern comemakes his first advances to his mistress under ne disguise of a painter or a dancing-master.

'The difference is, that in a lad of genius these only so many accomplishments, which in anr are essentials; the one diverts himself with , the other works at them. In short, I look pon a great genius, with these little additions, in he same light as I regard the Grand Seignior, who obliged, by an express command in the Alcoran,

to learn and practise some handicraft trade: though I need not to have gone for my instance farther than Germany, where several emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. Leopold the last worked in wood: and I have heard there are several handicraft works of his making to be seen at Vienna, so neatly turned, that the best joiner in Europe might safely own them without any disgrace to his profession *.

'I would not be thought, by any thing I said, to be against improving a boy's genius to utmost pitch it can be carried. What I would deavour to show in this essay is, that there may methods taken to make learning advantageous e to the meanest capacities.

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c.'

X.

N° 354. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1712.

——Cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium——.

JUV. Sat. vi. 168.

Their signal virtues hardly can be borne,
Dash'd as they are with supercilious scorn.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You have in some of your discourses described most sort of women in their distinct and proper classes, as the ape, the coquette, and many others; but I think you have never yet said any

* The instance of czar Peter is still more recent, and more remarkable.

of a devotee. A devotee is one of those who
on by their indiscreet and unsea-
ction of the mention of virtue on all
ns. She professes she is what nobody ought
is; and betrays the labour she is put
to what she ought to be with cheerfulness
ity. She lives in the world, and denies
none of the diversions of it, with a constant
ion how insipid all things in it are to her.
ver herself but at church; there she dis-
r virtue, and is so fervent in her devotions,
e frequently seen her pray herself out of
. While other young ladies in the house are
or playing at questions and commands, she
nd in her closet. She says, all love is ridi-
, except it be celestial; but she speaks of the
n of one mortal to another with too much bit-
for one that had no jealousy mixed with her
ntempt of it. If at any time she sees a man warm
his addresses to his mistress, she will lift up her
yes to heaven, and cry, "What nonsense is that
ool talking! Will the bell never ring for prayers?"
We have an eminent lady of this stamp in our coun-
ry, who pretends to amusements very much above
he rest of her sex. She never carries a white shock-
log with bells under her arm, nor a squirrel or dor-
nouse in her pocket, but always an abridged piece
of morality, to steal out when she is sure of being
bserved. When she went to the famous ass-race
which I must confess was but an odd diversion to
e encouraged by people of rank and figure), it
as not, like other ladies, to hear those poor
nimals bray, nor to see fellows run naked, or to
ear country squires in bob wigs and white
irdles make love at the side of a coach, and
ry, "Madam, this is dainty weather." Thus she
ribes the diversion; for she went only to pray

heartily that nobody might be hurt in the crowd, and to see if the poor fellow's face, which was distorted with grinning, might any way be brought to itself again. She never chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is supposed in an ejaculation before she tastes a sup. This ostentatious behaviour is such an offence to true sanctity, that it disparages it, and makes virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous. The sacred writings are full of reflections which abhor this kind of conduct; and a devotee is so far from promoting goodness, that she deters others by her example. Folly and vanity in one of these ladies is like vice in a clergyman; it does not only debase him, but makes the inconsiderate part of the world think the worse of religion.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,
HOTSPUR.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'XENOPHON, in his short account of the Spartan commonwealth, speaking of the behaviour of their young men in the streets, says, "There was so much modesty in their looks, that you might as soon have turned the eyes of a marble statue upon you as theirs; and that in all their behaviour they were more modest than a bride when put to bed upon her wedding-night." This virtue, which is always subjoined to magnanimity, had such an influence upon their courage, that in battle an enemy could not look them in the face, and they durst not but die for their country.

'Whenever I walk into the streets of London and Westminster, the countenances of all the young fellows that pass by me make me wish myself in Sparta: I meet with such blustering airs, big looks, and bold fronts, that, to a superficial observer, would

bespeak a courage above those Grecians. I am arrived to that perfection in speculation, that I understand the language of the eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me had I not corrected the testiness of old age by philosophy. There is scarce a man in a red coat who does not tell me, with a full stare, he is a bold man: I see several swear inwardly at me, without any offence of mine, but the oddness of my person: I meet contempt in every street, expressed in different manners by the scornful look, the elevated eye-brow, and the swelling nostrils of the proud and prosperous. The 'prentice speaks his disrespect by an extended finger, and the porter by stealing out his tongue. If a country gentleman appears a little curious in observing the edifices, signs, clocks, coaches, and dials, it is not to be imagined how the polite rabble of this town, who are acquainted with these objects, ridicule his rusticity. I have known a fellow with a burden on his head steal a hand down from his load, and slily twirl the cock of a squire's hat behind him; while the offended person is swearing, or out of countenance, all the wag-wits in the highway are grinning in applause of the ingenious rogue that gave him the tip, and the folly of him who had not eyes all round his head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a general affectation of smartness, wit, and courage. Wycherly somewhere rallies the pretensions this way, by making a fellow say, "Red breeches are a certain sign of valour;" and Otway makes a man, to boast his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From such hints I beg a speculation on this subject: in the mean time I shall do all in the power of a weak old fellow in my own defence; for as Diogenes, being in quest of an honest man, sought for him when it was in broad daylight with a lantern and candle, so I intend for the future

to walk the streets with a dark lantern, which has a convex crystal in it; and if any man stares at me, I give fair warning that I will direct the light full into his eyes. Thus despairing to find men modest, I hope by this means to evade their impudence.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,
T. SOPHROSUNIUS.'

N° 355. THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1712

Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quenquam.
OVID. TRIST. ii. 563.

I ne'er in gall dipp'd my envenom'd pen,
Nor branded the bold front of shameless men.

I HAVE been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my works, or spoken in derogation of my person; but I look upon it as a particular happiness, that I have always hindered my resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half a satire, but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little epigrams and lampoons; and, after having admired them a day or two, have likewise committed them to the flames. These I look upon as so many sacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater satisfaction from the suppressing such performances, than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in case I had made them public. If a

has any talent in writing, it shows a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches spirit of bitterness with which they are But when a man has been at some pains table returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in Epictetus, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows: 'Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true. If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious, ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable, and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease. His reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches *.'

I often apply this rule to myself; and when I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I cu-

* Epict. Ench. cap. 48 and 64, ed. Berk. 1670, 8vo.

deavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach, who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself, in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous Monsieur Balzac, in a letter to the chancellor of France, who had prevented the publication of a book against him, has the following words, which are a lively picture of the greatness of mind so visible in the works of that author: 'If it was a new thing, it may be I should not be displeased with the suppression of the first libel that should abuse me; but since there are enough of them to make a small library, I am secretly pleased to see the number increased, and take delight in raising a heap of stones that envy has cast at me without doing me any harm.'

The author here alludes to those monuments* of the eastern nations, which were mountains of stones raised upon the dead bodies by travellers, that used to cast every one his stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the hands of envy. For my part I admire an author for such a temper of

* There are abundant monuments of the same kind in North Britain, where they are called 'cairns.'

is enables him to bear an undeserved reproach
it resentment, more than for all the wit of any
est satirical reply.

is far I thought necessary to explain myself in
n to those who have animadverted on this
and to show the reasons why I have not
it fit to return them any formal answer. I
urther add, that the work would have been
y little use to the public had it been filled
ersonal reflections and debates; for which
I have never once turned out of my way to
e those little cavils which have been made
t it by envy or ignorance. The common fry
bblers, who have no other way of being taken
of but by attacking what has gained some re-
on in the world, would have furnished me
ness enough, had they found me disposed
me lists with them.

ll conclude with the fable of Boccalini's tra-
who was so pestered with the noise of grass-
rs in his ears, that he alighted from his horse
at wrath to kill them all. 'This,' says the
, 'was troubling himself to no manner of
se. Had he pursued his journey without tak-
e of them, the troublesome insects would
d of themselves in a very few weeks, and
e suffered nothing from them.'

L.

N° 356. FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1712.

——Aptissima quæque dabunt dii.
Charior est illis homo quam sibi.——
JUV. Sat. x. 349.

——The gods will grant
What their unerring wisdom sees they want:
In goodness, as in greatness, they excel;
Ah! that we lov'd ourselves but half as well!
DRYDEN.

It is owing to pride, and a secret affectation of a certain self-existence, that the noblest motive for action that ever was proposed to man is not acknowledged the glory and happiness of their being. The heart is treacherous to itself, and we do not let our reflections go deep enough to receive religion as the most honourable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakness to flatter ourselves into a belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find ourselves wholly disinterested, and divested of any views arising from self-love and vain-glory. But however spirits of superficial greatness may disdain at first sight to do any thing, but from a noble impulse in themselves, without any future regards in this or any other being; upon stricter inquiry they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenor of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing in the eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity and depressed in adversity. But the Christian world has a Leader, the contem-

plation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidding and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, t the word Christian does not carry with it at st view all that is great, worthy, friendly, ge- us, and heroic. The man who suspends his s of the reward of worthy actions till after who can bestow unseen, who can overlook do good to his slanderer, who can never be friend, never revengeful to his enemy, r formed for the benefit of society. Yet far from heroic virtues, that they are duties of a Christian.

a with a steady faith looks back on great ca ophe of this day *, with what g emotions of heart must he contemplate the and sufferings of his Deliverer! When his occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that ne as often forgot them for the glance of a wanton, for the applause of a vain world, for a heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aching sorrows!

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting as to his heavenly mansions! In plain and apt parable, similitude and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation; but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they. They could not raise their

* This paper was published on Good Friday, 1712.

little ideas above the consideration of him, in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he, who appeared not more terrible or pompous should have any thing more exalted than themselves; he in that place therefore would no longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepossession of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the sick, and maimed; whom when their Creator had touched, with a second life they saw, spoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the crowd could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for succour. He had compassion on them, and by a miracle supplied their necessities. Oh, the ecstatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately increase to the distributor's hand, and see their God in person feeding and refreshing his creatures! Oh envied happiness! But why do I say envied? as if our God did not still preside over our temperate meals, cheerful hours, and innocent conversations.

But though the sacred story is every where full of miracles not inferior to this, and though in the midst of those acts of divinity he never gave the least hint of a design to become a secular prince, yet had not hitherto the apostles themselves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches and pomp; for Peter, upon an accident of ambition among the apostles, hearing his Master explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was so scandalized that he whom he had so long followed should suffer the ignominy, shame, and death which he foretold, that he took him aside and said, 'Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto

or which he suffered a severe reprehension
Master, as having in his view the glory of
ier than that of God.

reat change of things began to draw near,
Lord of Nature thought fit, as a saviour
erer, to make his public entry into Jeru-
th more than the power and joy, but none
ostentation and pomp, of a triumph; he
mble, meek, and lowly: with an unfelt
tacy, multitudes strewed his way with gar-
nd olive-branches, crying, with loud glad-
l acclamation, 'Hosannah to the Son of
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the
At this great King's accession to his throne,
re not ennobled, but saved: crimes were not
, but sins forgiven. He did not bestow
honours, favours; but health, joy, sight,
The first object the blind ever saw was
nor of sight; while the lame ran before, and
b repeated the hosannah. Thus attended,
ed into his own house, the sacred temple,
his divine authority expelled traders and
gs that profaned it; and thus did he for a
a great and despotic power, to let unbe-
nderstand that it was not want of, but su-
to, all worldly dominion, that made him
t it. But is this then the Saviour? Is this
verer? Shall this obscure Nazarene com-
rael, and sit on the throne of David? Their
nd disdainful hearts, which were petrified
e love and pride of this world, were im-
le to the reception of so mean a benefactor;
e now enough exasperated with benefits to
his death. Our Lord was sensible of their
nd prepared his disciples for it, by recount-
nem now more distinctly what should befal
it Peter with an ungrounded resolution, and

in a flush of temper, made a sanguine protestation, that though all men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's business in the world to bring us to a sense of our inability, without God's assistance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told Peter, who thought so well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him thrice that very night.

'But what heart can conceive, what tongue utter the sequel? Who is that yonder, buffeted, mocked, and spurned? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour and my God? And will he die to expiate those very injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and giver of life! How his wounds blacken, his body writhes, and heart moves with pity and with agony! Oh Almighty sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant infamy! Lo, he inclines his head to his sacred bosom! Hark, he groans! See, he expires! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burst, the dead arise. Which are the quick? Which are the dead? Sure nature, all nature is departing with her Creator.' T.

N° 357. SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1712.

——Quis talia fando
Temperet à lachrymis?——

VIRG. Æn. ii. 6.

Who can relate such woes without a tear*?

e tenth book of Paradise Lost has a greater va-
y of persons in it than any other in the whole
m. The author, upon the winding up of his
on, introduces all those who had any concern in
nd shows with great beauty the influence which
upon each of them. It is like the last act of
ell-written tragedy, in which all who had part
it are generally drawn up before the audience,
represented under those circumstances in which
determination of the action places them.
shall therefore consider this book under four
ds, in relation to the celestial, the infernal, the
an, and the imaginary persons, who have their
ive parts allotted in it.
o begin with the celestial persons. The guar-
n angels of Paradise are described as returning
eaven upon the fall of man, in order to approve
r vigilance; their arrival, their manner of re-
tion, with the sorrow which appeared in them-
es, and in those spirits who are said to rejoice at

The motto to this paper in the original publication in folio
e same with that which is now prefixed to No. 279.

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.

HOR. Ars Poet. 316.

To each character he gives what best befits,

the conversion of a sinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines:

'Up into heav'n from Paradise in haste
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For man; for of his state by this they knew:
Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From earth arriv'd at heav'n gate, displeas'd
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages; yet mixt
With pity, violated not their bliss.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befel. They tow'rds the throne supreme
Accountable made haste, to make appear,
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
And easily approved; when the Most High
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.'

The same Divine Person, who in the foregoing parts of this poem interceded for our first parents before their fall, overthrew the rebel angels, and created the world, is now represented as descending to Paradise, and pronouning sentence upon the three offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumstance with which holy writ introduces this great scene, it is poetically described by our author, who has also kept religiously to the form of words in which the three several sentences were passed upon Adam, Eve, and the serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the numerousness of his verse, than to deviate from those speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The guilt and confusion of our first parents, standing naked before their judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of Sin and Death into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his angels that surrounded him.

'See! with what heat these dogs of hell advance,
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, &c.'

The following passage is formed upon that glorious image in holy writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable host of angels uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters:

'He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: "Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,
Who can extenuate thee?——"

Though the author, in the whole course of his poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my remarks of such as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of his fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present book, where, describing Sin as marching through the works of nature, he adds,

'——Behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse——'

Which alludes to that passage in Scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination: 'And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, and with the beasts of the earth.' Under this first head of celestial persons we must likewise take notice of the command which the angels received, to produce the

several changes in nature, and sully the beauty of creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the stars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and storms in several quarters of the sky, storing the clouds with thunder, and, in short, perverting the whole frame of the universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines, in which we see the angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different posture to the sun from what it had before the fall of man, is conceived with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great author:

> 'Some say he bid his angels turn ascance
> The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
> From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd
> Oblique the centric globe——.'

We are in the second place to consider the infernal agents under the view which Milton has given us of them in this book. It is observed, by those who would set forth the greatness of Virgil's plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were discovered in his time. Asia, Africa, and Europe, are the several scenes of his fable. The plan of Milton's poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more astonishing circumstances. Satan, having surrounded the earth seven times, departs at length from Paradise. We then see him steering his course among the constellations; and, after having traversed the whole creation, pursuing his voyage through the chaos, and entering into his own infernal dominions.

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen
a s worked up with circumstances which give
a htful surprise to the reader: but there is no
i it in the whole poem which does this more
n the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of Satan himself is described after Ovid's manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that poet's works. Milton never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches in every incident which is admitted into this poem. The unexpected hiss which arises in this episode, the dimensions and bulk of Satan so much superior to those of the infernal spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole episode, as I have observed in the sixth part of these remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of Adam and Eve, or the human persons, come next under our consideration. Milton's art is no where more shown, than in his conducting the parts of these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though Adam involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for Eve that ruined Adam and his posterity.

I need not add, that the author is justified in this particular by many of the fathers and the most orthodox writers. Milton has by this means filled a great part of his poem with that kind of writing which the French critics call the *tendre*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of readers.

Adam and Eve, in the book we are now c dering, are likewise drawn with such senti as do not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When Adam sees the several changes of nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and his happiness; he is filled with horror, remorse, despair; in the anguish of his heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked existence:

'Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me? or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I receiv'd——'

He immediately after recovers from his presumption, owns his doom to be just, and begs that the death which is threatened him may be inflicted on him:

'——Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I over-live?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthened out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down,

As in my mother's lap! There should I rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse
To me, and to my offspring, would torment me
With cruel expectation———'

This whole speech is full of the like emotion, and aried with all those sentiments which we may suppose natural to a mind so broken and disturbed. I st not omit that generous concern which our first ther shows in it for his posterity, and which is so per to affect the reader:

'———Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserved it, and would bear
My own deservings: but this will not serve;
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, "Increase and multiply;"
Now death to hear!———
———In me all
Posterity stands curst! Fair patrimony,
That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave you none!
So disinherited, how would you bless
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt?———'

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind, extended upon the earth, uttering his midight complaints, bewailing his existence, and wish- for death, without sympathising with him in hi ess!

'Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night; not now (as ere man fell)
Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with black air,
Accompanied with damps and dreadful gloom
Which to his evil conscience represented

All things with double terror. On the ground
Outstretch'd he lay; on the cold ground! and oft
Curs'd his creation; death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution———'

The part of Eve in this book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the reader in her favour. She is represented with great tenderness as approa Adam, but is spurned from him with a spirit upbraiding and indignation, conformable to the nature of man, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him. The following passage, wherein she is described as renewing her addresses to him, with the whole speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic:

'He added not, and from her turn'd: but Eve,
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and embracing them besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
"Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and rev'rence in my breast
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees. Bereave me not
(Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength, and stay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me? where subsist?
While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps)
Between us two let there be peace," &c.

Adam's reconcilement to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. Eve afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that, to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity, they should endeavour to live childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As these sentiments

aturally engage the reader to regard the mother of nkind with more than ordinary commiseration, y likewise contain a very fine moral. The reso- n of dying to end our miseries does not show acn a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to bear , and submit to the dispensations of Providence. r author has, therefore, with great delicacy, re- ed Eve as entertaining this thought, and Adam roving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the imagi- y persons, or Death and Sin, who act a large s book. Such beautiful extended allego- re certainly some of the finest compositions of us; but, as I have before observed, are not eable to the nature of an heroic poem. This of and Death is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a reader, who knows the strength of the English tongue, will be amazed to think how the poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary persons, and particularly in that part where Death is exhibited as forming a bridge over the chaos; a work suitable to the genius of Milton.

Since the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadowy and imaginary persons as may be introduced into heroic poems, I shall beg leave to explain myself in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the critics have treated of. It is certain Homer and Virgil are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in poetry, when they are just shown without being engaged in any series of action. Homer, indeed, represents Sleep as a person, and ascribes a short part to him in his Iliad; but we

must consider, that though we now regard person as entirely shadowy and unsubstant heathens made statues of him, placed him i temples, and looked upon him as a real When Homer makes use of other such alle persons, it is only in short expressions, whic vey an ordinary thought to the mind in th pleasing manner; and may rather be looke as poetical phrases, than allegorical descr Instead of telling us that men naturally fly they are terrified, he introduces the pers Flight and Fear, who, he tells us, are inse companions. Instead of saying that the ti come when Apollo ought to have received compence, he tells us that the Hours broug his reward. Instead of describing the effects Minerva's ægis, produced in battle, he tells the brims of it were encompassed by Terror, Discord, Fury, Pursuit, Massacre, and Dea the same figure of speaking, he represents as following Diomedes; Discord as the mo funerals and mourning; Venus as dressed Graces; Bellona as wearing Terror and con tion like a garment. I might give severa instances out of Homer, as well as a great ma of Virgil. Milton has likewise very often m of the same way of speaking, as where he that Victory sat on the right hand of the M when he marched forth against the rebel that, at the rising of the sun, the Hours unba gates of light; that Discord was the daughter Of the same nature are those expressions, describing the singing of the nightingale, h 'Silence was pleased;' and upon the bidding peace to the chaos, 'Confusion h voice.' I might add innumerable instances poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It i

I have mentioned, in which persons of an
nature are introduced, are such short al-
is are not designed to be taken in the lite-
but only to convey particular circum-
the reader, after an unusual and entertain-
er. But when such persons are introduced
al actors, and engaged in a series of adven-
ey take too much upon them, and are by
proper for an heroic poem, which ought to
redible in its principal parts. I cannot
herefore thinking, that Sin and Death are
per agents in a work of this nature, as
and Necessity in one of the tragedies of
s, who represented those two persons nail-
Prometheus to a rock; for which he has
tly censured by the greatest critics. I do
w any imaginary person made use of in a
lime manner of thinking than that in one
rophets, who, describing God as descend-
heaven, and visiting the sins of mankind,
dreadful circumstance, 'Before him went
lence.' It is certain this imaginary person
ve been described in all her purple spots.
er might have marched before her, Pain
ve stood at her right hand, Phrensy on her
Death in her rear. She might have been
d as gliding down from the tail of a comet,
upon the earth in a flash of lightning. She
ve tainted the atmosphere with her breath.
y glaring of her eyes might have scattered
. But I believe every reader will think,
ich sublime writings the mentioning of her,
lone in Scripture, has something in it more
vell as great, than all that the most fanciful
ld have bestowed upon her in the richness
nagination. L.

N° 358. MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1712.

——Desipere in loco.

HOR. 4 Od. xii. 1. ult.

'Tis joyous folly that unbends the mind.

FRANCIS.

CHARLES LILLY attended me the other day, and made me a present of a large sheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement in Mosaic work, lately discovered at Stunsfield near Woodstock *. A person who has so much the gift of speech as Mr. Lilly, and can carry on a discourse without a reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate upon so fine a piece of antiquity. Among other things, I remember he gave me his opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, that this was the floor of a room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this work, made my fancy run over the many gay expressions I have read in ancient authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves. These hours were usually passed in rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the objects all around the company gladdened their hearts; which, joined to the cheerful looks of well-chosen and agreeable friends, gave new vigour to the airy, produced the latent fire of the modest, and gave grace to the slow humour of the reserved. A judicious

* Engraved by Vertue in 1712. See an account of it in Gough's British Topography, vol. II. p. 88.

of such company, crowned with chaplets of
and the whole apartment glittering with
, cheered with a profusion of roses, artifi-
of water, and intervals of soft notes to songs
nd wine, suspended the cares of human life,
a festival of mutual kindness. Such par-
easure as these, and the reports of the agree-
ages in their jollities, have in all ages awak-
dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth
humour, without capacity for such enter-
; for, if I may be allowed to say so, there are
ed men fit for any employment, to one who
of passing a night in company of the first
thout shocking any member of the society,
ng his own part of the conversation, but
eceiving and contributing to the pleasure of
le company. When one considers such
of companions in past times, and such as
t name in the present age, with how much
ust a man needs reflect upon the awkward
those who affect the frolic with an ill grace!
letter from a correspondent of mine, who
e to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy,
panions, that they are mistaken in what
a frolic. Irregularity in itself is not what
leasure and mirth; but to see a man, who
hat rule and decency are, descend from them
in our company, is what denominates him
it companion. Instead of that, you find
ose mirth consists only in doing things
not become them, with a secret consci-
hat all the world knows they know better:
always added something mischievous to
s or others. I have heard of some very
lows among whom the frolic was started,
d by a great majority, that every man
mediately draw a tooth; after which they

have gone in a body and smoked a cobler. T
same company, at another night, has each
burned his cravat; and one perhaps wl
would bear it, has thrown a long wig and hat
same fire. Thus they have jested themselv sta
naked, and run into the streets and frighted w
very successfully. There is no inhabitant of
standing in Covent Garden, but can tell you an h
dred good humours, where people have come
with a little bloodshed, and yet scoured all the w
hours of the night. I know a gentleman that
several wounds in the head by watch-poles, and
been thrice run through the body, to carry on a g
jest. He is very old for a man of so much good
mour; but to this day he is seldom merry but he
occasion to be valiant at the same time. But,
the favour of these gentlemen, I am humbly of
nion, that a man may be a very witty man, and n
offend one statute of this kingdom, not excep
that of stabbing.

The writers of plays have what they call unit
time and place, to give a justness to their repre
tation; and it would not be amiss if all who p
to be companions would confine their actions to
place of meeting; for a frolic carried farther
better performed by other animals than men.
not to rid much ground, or do much mischief,
should denominate a pleasant fellow; but th
truly frolic which is the play of the mind, and
sists of various and unforced sallies of imagina
Festivity of spirit is a very uncommon talent,
must proceed from an assemblage of agreeable q
ties in the same person. There are some few w
I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a talen
cannot name in a man, especially when one c
ders, that it is never very grateful but where it i
garded by him who possesses it in the second p

best man that I know of for heigthening the gaiety of a company is Estcourt, whose jovia mur diffuses itself from the highest person at an tainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, panied with apt gestures and lively represen- ns of circumstances and persons, beguile the st mind into a consent to be as humorous as lf. Add to this, that when a man is in his graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase erson he represents; but which, taking from ravity of the character, adds to the agreeable- of it. This pleasant fellow gives one some idea ancient pantomime, who is said to have given dience, in dumb-show, an exact idea of any cter or passion, or an intelligible relation of any c occurrence, with no other expression than of his looks and gestures. If all who have been ed to these talents in Estcourt will be at Love ove to-morrow night, they will but pay him they owe him, at so easy a rate as being pre- at a play which nobody would omit seeing, that or had not, ever seen it before. T.

N° 359. TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1712.

Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.
VIRG. Ecl. ii. 63.

Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue,
The kids sweet thyme,—and still I follow you.
WARTON.

As we were at the club last night, I observed that my old friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and, instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and, as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, 'A foolish woman! I can't believe it.' Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and, recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew, that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. 'However, says Sir Roger, 'I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.'

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a janty laugh, 'I thought, knight,' said he, 'thou

liv enough in the world not to pin thy pin upon one that is a woman, and a widow. mink , without vanity, I may pretend to know much of the female world as any man in Great tain; though the chief of my knowledge consists that they are not to be known.' Will im- a y with his usual fluency, rambled into an ıt of his own amours. 'I am now,' says he, n the verge of sixty,' (though by the way we knew he was turned of threescore). 'You may ily guess,' continued Will, 'that I have not lived long in the world without having had some ıo its of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell aly, I have several times tried my fortune that though I cannot much boast of my success. I made my first addresses to a young lady in the ry; I , when I thought things were pretty to a conclusion, her father happening f had formerly boarded with a surgeon, put forbad me his house, and within a fort- married his daughter to a fox-hunter in nourhood.

de my next application to a widow, and her so briskly, that I thought myself within ıor t of her. As I waited upon her one morn- told me, that she intended to keep her y money and jointure in her own hand, and to call upon her attorney in Lyon's-Inn, ıo would adjust with me what it was proper for ıe to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, hat I never inquired either for her or her attorney fterwards.

'A few months after, I addressed myself to a oung lady who was an only daughter, and of a good ily. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed by the hand, said soft things to her, and in short e no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune

was not equal to hers. I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

'I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid indeed told me one day, that her mistress said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

'After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and, being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

'I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frost.'

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold: and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:

'————Oh! why did our
Creator wise! that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last

This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befal, innumerable
Disturbances on earth, through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
He shall never find out fit mate; but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse: or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.'

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention; and, desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over these verses again before he went to bed. X.

No 360. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1712.

———— *De paupertate tacentes,*
Plus poscente ferent.
HOR. 1 Ep. xvii. 48.

The man who all his wants conceals,
Gains more than he who all his wants reveals.
DUNCOMBE.

I HAVE nothing to do with the business of this day, further than affixing the piece of Latin on the head of my paper; which I think a motto not un-

suitable; since, if silence of our poverty is a mendation, still more commendable is his who conceals it by a decent dress.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is an evil under the sun has not yet come within your speculation, a censure, disesteem, and contempt, whi young fellows meet with from particular for the reasonable methods they take to avo in general. This is by appearing in a bett than may seem to a relation regularly co with a small fortune; and therefore may oc judgment of a suitable extravagance in oth ticulars: but the disadvantage with which of narrow circumstances acts and speak feelingly set forth in a little book call Christian Hero, that the appearing to be o is not only pardonable, but necessary. E knows the hurry of conclusions that are i contempt of a person that appears to be cal which makes it very excusable to prepare for the company of those that are of a super lity and fortune, by appearing to be in a bet dition than one is, so far as such appearar not make us really of worse.

'It is a justice due to the character of suffers hard reflections from any particular upon this account, that such persons would into his manner of spending his time; of though no further information can be had th he remains so many hours in his chamber, this is cleared, to imagine that a reasonat ture, wrung with a narrow fortune, does n the best use of this retirement, would be a sion extremely uncharitable. From what will be said, I hope no consequence can be e

lying, that I would have any young fellow spend re time than the common leisure which his adies require, or more money than his fortune or allowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an acquaintance with his betters: for as to his time, the gross of that ought to be sacred to more substantial acquisitions; for each irrecoverable moment of which he ought to believe he stands religiously accountable. As to his dress, I shall engage myself no further than in the modest defence of two plain suits a year: for being perfectly satisfied in Eutrapelus's contrivance of making a Mohock of a man, by presenting him with laced and embroidered suits, I would by no ans be thought to controvert the conceit, by inating the advantages of foppery. It is an assertion which admits of much proof, that a stranger of tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him, than one of much better parts, whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality. A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one that sees him; his parts and learning very few are judges of; and even upon these few they can't at first be well intruded; for policy and good breeding will counsel him to be reserved among strangers, and to support himself only by the common spirit of conversation. Indeed among the injudicious, the words "delicacy, diom, fine images, structure of periods, genius, fire," nd the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely ravity, will maintain the figure of immense reading, nd the depth of criticism.

'All gentlemen of fortune, at least the young and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their dress, and consequently to value others in some measure upon the same consideration. With what confusion is a man of figure obliged to return the civilities of the hat to a person whose air

and attire hardly entitle him to it! for whoi
theless the other has a particular esteem, th
is ashamed to have it challenged in so public
ner. It must be allowed, that any youn
that affects to dress and appear genteelly,
with artificial management, save ten pounds
as instead of fine holland he might mourn
cloth, and in other particulars be propor
shabby: but of what service would this su
avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave
serted by the little good acquaintance he l
prevent his gaining any other? As the app
of an easy fortune is necessary towards mak
I don't know but it might be of advantag
times to throw into one's discourse certain e
tions about bank stock, and to show a mi
surprise upon its fall, as well as the most
triumph upon its rise. The veneration and
which the practice of all ages has preserved
pearances, without doubt suggested to our
men that wise and politic custom, to apply
commend themselves to the public by all t
corations upon their sign-posts and house
the most eminent hands in the neighbourh
furnish them with. What can be more attr
a man of letters, than that immense eruditi
ages and languages, which a skilful bool
conjunction with a painter, shall image u
column, and the extremities of his shop? T
spirit of maintaining a handsome appearan
among the grave and solid apprentices of
(here I could be particularly dull in pro
word apprentice to be significant of a ba
and you may easily distinguish who has mo
made his pretensions to business, by the wh
most ornamental frame of his window; i
the chamber is a ground-room, and has rai

inery is of necessity more extended, and the
f business better maintained. And what can be
er indication of the dignity of dress, than that
some finery which is the regular habit of our
nobles, and bishops, with which upon certain
e see them incumbered? And though it may
, this is awful, and necessary for the dignity of
e, yet the wisest of them have been remark-
efore they arrived at their present stations,
ıg very well-dressed persons. As to my own
am near thirty; and since I left school have
n idle, which is a modern phrase for having
hard. I brought off a clean system of moral
phy, and a tolerable jargon of metaphysics,
e university; since that, I have been engaged
learing part of the perplexed style and mat-
he law, which so hereditarily descends to all
essors. To all which severe studies I have
in, at proper interims, the pretty learning of
ssics. Notwithstanding which, I am what
eare calls a fellow of no mark or likelihood
makes me understand the more fully, that
ıe regular methods of making friends and a
by the mere force of a profession is so very
d uncertain, a man should take all reasonable
ınities, by enlarging a good acquaintance, to
ıat time and chance which is said to happen
man. T.

N° 361. THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1712.

Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omnis
Contremuit domus———

VIRG. Æn. vii. 514.

The blast Tartarean spreads its notes around;
The house astonish'd trembles at the sound.

I HAVE lately received the following letter from a country gentleman:

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE night before I left London I went to see a play called The Humorous Lieutenant. Upon the rising of the curtain I was very much surprised with the great concert of cat-calls which was exhibited that evening, and began to think with myself that I had made a mistake, and gone to a music meeting instead of the playhouse. It appeared indeed a little odd to me, to see so many persons of quality of both sexes, assembled together at a kind of caterwauling, for I cannot look upon that performance to have been any thing better, whatever the musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the house to ask questions of, and was forced to go out of town early the next morning, could not learn the secret of this matter. What would therefore desire of you, is, to give me some account of this strange instrument, which I found the company called a cat-call; and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of music lately come from Italy. For my own part, to be free with you, I would rather hear an English fiddle though I durst not show my dislike whilst I was in

the playhouse, it being my chance to sit the very next man to one of the performers.

I am, SIR,

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN SHALLOW, ESQ.'

In compliance with Squire Shallow's request, I design this paper as a dissertation upon the cat-call. In order to make myself a master of the subject, I purchased one the beginning of last week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at two or three toy-shops that the players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that particular. A fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes, from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the cat-call is older than any of the inventions of Jubal. He observes very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds, and other melodious animals; 'and what,' says he, 'was more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat, that lived under the same roof with them?' He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind instrument, but for our string-music in general.

Another virtuoso of my acquaintance will not allow the cat-call to be older than Thespis, and is apt to think it appeared in the world soon after the ancient comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our dramatic entertainments. Nor must I here omit what a very curious gentleman, who is

lately returned from his travels, has more than once assured me; namely, that there was lately dug up at Rome the statue of a Momus, who holds an instrument in his right hand very much resembling our modern cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this invention to Orpheus, and look upon the cat-call to be one of those instruments which that famous musi . . use of to draw the beasts about him. It ca that the roasting of a cat does not call t a greater audience of that species than this . ment, if dexterously played upon in proper place.

But, notwithstanding these various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the cat-call is originally a piece of English music. Its resemblance to the voice of some of our British songsters, as well as the use of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at least received great improvements among us, whether we consider the instrument itself, or those several quavers and graces which are thrown into playing of it. Every one might be sensible of t who heard that remarkable overgrown cat-cau which was placed in the centre of the pit, presided over all the rest at the celebrated performance lately exhibited at Drury-lane.

Having said thus much concerning the origin the cat-call, we are in the next place to consider use of it. The cat-call exerts itself to most advantage in the British theatre. It very much improves the sound of nonsense, and often goes along with the voice of the actor who pronounces it, as the violin or harpsichord accompanies the Italian recitativo.

It has often supplied the place of the chorus, in the words of Mr. ***. In short,

poet has as great an antipathy to a cat-call as many people have to a real cat.

Mr. Collier, in his ingenious essay upon music, has the following passage:

'I believe it is possible to invent an instrument that shall have a quite contrary effect to those martial ones now in use; an instrument that shall sink the spirits and shake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inspire despair and cowardice and consternation, at a surprising rate. 'Tis probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and screech-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether such anti-music as this might not be of service in a camp, I shall leave to the military men to consider.'

What this learned gentleman supposes in speculation, I have known actually verified in practice. The cat-call has struck a damp into generals, and frighted heroes of the stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a crowned head tremble, and a princess fall into fits. The humorous lieutenant himself could not stand it; nay I am told that even Almanzor looked like a mouse, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying instrument.

As it is of a dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the stage, I can by no means approve the thought of that angry lover, who, after an unsuccessful pursuit of some years, took leave of his mistress in a serenade of cat-calls.

I must conclude this paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artist, who has long studied this instrument, and is very well versed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to express by it the whole art of criticism. He has his bass and his treble cat-call; the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in

tragi-comedies they may both play together in c
cert. He has a particular squeak, to denote t
violation of each of the unities, and has d
sounds to show whether he aims at the poet or
player. In short, he teaches the smut-note, the
tian note, the stupid-note, and has composed a l
of air that may serve as an act-tune to an incorr-
gible play, and which takes in the whole compass of
the cat-call. L.

N° 362. FRIDAY APRIL, 25, 1712.

Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus——

HOR. 1 Ep. xix. 6.

He praises wine; and we conclude from thence,
He lik'd his glass, on his own evidence.

'MR. SPECTATOR, Temple, April 24.

'SEVERAL of my friends were this morn-
ing got over a dish of tea in very good health, though
we had celebrated yesterday with more glasses
than we could have dispensed with, had we not
been beholden to Brooke and Hellier. In gratitude
therefore to those citizens, I am, in the name of the
company, to accuse you of great negligence
overlooking their merit who have imported true
and generous wine, and taken care that it should
not be adulterated by the retailers before it comes
to the tables of private families, or the clubs of hon-
nest fellows. I cannot imagine how a Spectator
be supposed to do his duty, without frequent re
sumption of such subjects as concern our health
the first thing to be regarded, if we have a mind

any thing else. It would therefore very become your spectatorial vigilance, to give it ers to your officer for inspecting signs, that march he would look into the itinerants who provisions, and inquire where they buy their wares. Ever since the decease of Cully-Puff, of agreeable and noisy memory, I cannot I have observed any thing sold in carts, or ried by horse or ass, or, in fine, in any moving et, which is not perished or putrified; witness wheel-barrows of rotten raisins, almonds, figs, and currants, which you see vended by a merchant dressed in a second hand suit of a foot soldier. You should consider that a child may be poisoned for worth of a farthing; but except his poor parents id him to one certain doctor in town, they can have no advice for him under a guinea. When poisons are thus cheap, and medicines thus dear, how can you be negligent in inspecting what we eat and drink, or take no notice of such as the above-mentioned citizens who have been so serviceable to us of late in that particular? It was a custom among the old Romans, to do him particular honours who had saved the life of a citizen. How much more does the world owe to those who prevent the death of multitudes! As these men deserve well of your office, so such as act to the detriment of our health you ought to represent to themselves and their fellow subjects in the colours which they deserve to wear. I think it would be for the public good, that all who vend wines should be under oath in that behalf. The chairman at the quarter-sessions should inform the country, that the vintner who mixes wine to his customers shall (upon proof that the drinker thereof died within a year and a day after taking it) be deemed guilty of wilful murder, and the jury shall be instructed to inquire and present

such delinquents accordingly. It is no mitigation of the crime, nor will it be conceived that it can be brought in chance-medley or man-slaughter, upon proof that it shall appear wine joined to wine, or right Herefordshire poured into Port O Port: but his selling it for one thing, knowing it to be another, must justly bear the foresaid guilt of wilful murder: for that he, the said vintner, did an unlawful act willingly in the false mixture, and is therefore with equity liable to all the pains to which a man would be, if it were proved that he designed only to run a man through the arm whom he whipped through the lungs. This is my third year at the Temple, and this is, or should be law. An ill intention well proved should meet with no alleviation, because it outran itself. There cannot be too great severity used against the injustice as well as cruelty of those who play with men's lives, by preparing liquors whose nature, for aught they know, may be noxious when mixed, though innocent when apart: and Brooke and Hellier, who have insured our safety at our meals, and driven jealousy from our cups in conversation, deserve the custom and thanks of the whole town; and it is your duty to remind them of the obligation.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,
TOM POTTLE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a person who was long immured in a college, read much, saw little; so that I knew no more of the world than what a lecture or view of the map taught me. By this means I improved in my study, but became unpleasant in conversation. By conversing generally with the dead, I grew almost unfit for the society of the living; so by a long

I contracted an ungainly aversion to
ion, and ever discoursed with pain to my-
, and little entertainment to others. At last I was
measure made sensible of my failing, and
mortification of never being spoke* to, or
aking, unless the discourse ran upon books put
upon forcing myself amongst men. I immediately
politest company, by the frequent use of
when I d to wear off the rust I had contracted:
but, by an uncouth imitation of men used to act in
public, I got no further than to discover I had a mind
to appear a finer thing than I really was.

'Such I was, and such was my condition, when I became an ardent lover, and passionate admirer of the beauteous Belinda. Then it was that I really began to improve. This passion changed all my fears and diffidences in my general behaviour to the sole concern of pleasing her. I had not now to study the action of a gentleman; but love possessing all my thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a mind to appear. My thoughts grew free and generous; and the ambition to be agreeable to her I mired, produced in my carriage a faint similitude of that disengaged manner of my Belinda. The way we are in at present is, that she sees my passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking of it through prudential regards. This respect to her she returns with much civility, and makes my value for her as little misfortune to me as is consistent with discretion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier to do so at my request, because she knows I love her. She will dance with me rather than another for the same reason. My fortune must alter from what it is, before I can speak my heart to her: and her circumstances are not considerable enough

* The præterite for the participle.

to make up for the narrowness of mine. But I wri to you now, only to give you the character of B linda, as a woman that has address enough to d monstrate a gratitude to her lover, without gi him hopes of success in his passion. Belinda from a great wit, governed by as great prudenc and both adorned with innocence, the happiness always being ready to discover her real thought She has many of us, who now are her admirer but her treatment of us, is so just and proportione to our merit towards her, and what we are in ou selves, that I protest to you I have neither j nor hatred towards my rivals. Such is her gooc ness, and the acknowledgment of every man wh admires her, that he thinks he ought to believe will take him who best deserves her. I will not that this peace among us is not owing to self-love which prompts each to think himself the best de server. I think there is something uncommon an worthy of imitation in this lady's character. If yo will please to print my letter, you will oblige th little fraternity of happy rivals, and in a more parti cular manner,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

T. WILL CYMON.'

N° 363. SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1712.

——Crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.
VIRG. Æn. ii. 368.

All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
DRYDEN.

LTON has shown a wonderful art in describing
t variety of passions which arise in our first
s upon the breach of the commandment that
been given them. We see them gradually pass
from the triumph of their guilt, through remorse,
ame, despair, contrition, prayer and hope, to a
rfect and complete repentance. At the end of the
nth book they are represented as prostrating them-
lves upon the ground, and watering the earth with
ir tears: to which the poet joins this beautiful
rcumstance, that they offered up their penitential
ayers on the very place where their judge appeared
them when he pronounced their sentence:

'——They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him rev'rent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground.——'

There * is a beauty of the same kind in a tragedy
Sophocles, where Œdipus, after having put out
s own eyes, instead of breaking his neck from the

* This paragraph was not in the original paper in folio; it
s added on the republication of the papers in volumes, when
eighteen numbers, of which Addison's critique on Paradise

palace battlements, (which furnishes so elega entertainment for our English audience) desire he may be conducted to Mount Cithæron, in or end his life in that very place where he was ex in his infancy, and where he should then have had the will of his parents been executed.

As the author never fails to give a poetical to his sentiments he describes in the beginni this book the acceptance which these their p met with in a short allegory formed upon beautiful passage in holy writ, 'And another came and stood at the altar, having a golden ce and there was given unto him much incense, t should offer it with the prayers of all saints up golden altar, which was before the throne: an smoke of the incense, which came with the p of the saints, ascended up before God *.

'——To heaven their prayer
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate; in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors, then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne ——'

We have the same thought expressed a s time in the intercession of the Messiah, wh conceived in very emphatical sentiments an pressions.

Among the poetical parts of Scripture, Milton has so finely wrought into this part of hi ration, I must not omit that wherein Ezekiel, s

Lost consists, seem to have been carefully revised by t thor, and to have undergone various and considerable alte in consequence of his revisal.

* Rev. viii. 3, 4.

ing of the angels who appeared to him in a vision, adds, that every one had four faces, and that their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings, were full of eyes round about:

'————The cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim, four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all their shape
Spangled with eyes——'

The assembling of all the angels of heaven, to hear the solemn decree passed upon man, is represented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here described as remembering mercy in the midst of judgment, and commanding Michael to deliver his message in the mildest terms, lest the spirit of man, which was already broken with the sense of his guilt and misery, should fail before him:

'——Yet lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them soft'ned, and with tears
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.'

The conference of Adam and Eve is full of moving sentiments. Upon their going abroad, after the melancholy night which they had passed together, they discover the lion and the eagle, each of them pursuing their prey towards the eastern gates of Paradise. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The poet, to show the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, represents the sun in an eclipse. This particular incident has likewise a fine effect upon the

imagination of the reader, in regard to what fo lows; for at the same time that the sun is under eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the weste quarter of the heavens, filled with an host of ange and more luminous than the sun itself. The whc theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorio machine may appear with all its lustre and ma ficence:

'———Why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course? and morning light
More orient in that western cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends with something heavenly fraught?
He err'd not, for by this the heavenly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition——'

I need not observe how properly this author, wl always suits his parts to the actors whom he intr duces, has employed Michael in the expulsion of o first parents from Paradise. The archangel on th occasion neither appears in his proper shape, nor the familiar manner with which Raphael the sociab spirit entertained the father of mankind before tl fall. His person, his port, and behaviour, are sui able to a spirit of the highest rank, and exquisite described in the following passage:

'———Th' archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial; but as man
Clad to meet man: over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old,
In time of truce: Iris had dipt the woof:
His starry helm, unbuckled, show'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glist'ring zodiac, hung the sword,

Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.'

Eve's complaint, upon hearing that she was to be moved from the garden of Paradise, is wonderfully beautiful. The sentiments are not only proper to the object, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish:

'Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods, where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave you names!
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part? and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this, obscure
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?'

Adam's speech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following passage in it:

'This most afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence divine; and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appeared, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would rear

Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory
Or monuments to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums and flow'rs.
In yonder nether world, where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.'

The angel afterwards leads Adam to the highest mount of Paradise, and lays before him a whole hemisphere, as a proper stage for those visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the plan of Milton's poem is, in many particulars, greater than that of the Iliad, or Æneid. Virgil's hero, in the last of these poems, is entertained with a sight of all those who are to descend from him; but though that episode is justly admired as one of the noblest designs in the whole Æneid, every one must allow that this of Milton is of a much higher nature. Adam's vision is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole species.

In this great review which Adam takes of all his sons and daughters, the first objects he is presented with exhibit to him the story of Cain and Abel, which is drawn together with much closeness and propriety of expression. The curiosity and natural horror which arises in Adam at the sight of the first dying man is touched with great beauty:

'But have I now seen death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror foul, and ugly to behold!
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!'

The second vision sets before him the image of death, in a great variety of appearances. The angel,

to give him a general idea of those effects which his guilt had brought upon his posterity, places before him a large hospital, or lazar-house, filled with persons lying under all kinds of mortal diseases. How finely has the poet told us that the sick persons languished under lingering and incurable distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such imaginary beings those I mentioned in my last Saturday's paper!

'Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick, busy from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.'

The passion which likewise rises in Adam on this occasion is very natural:

'Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Tho' not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears.'

The discourse between the angel and Adam which follows, abounds with noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the author, after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love, and jollity. The secret pleasure that steals into Adam's heart, as he is intent upon this vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of the loose female troop, who seduced the sons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

'For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blythe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour, and chief praise;

Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troule the tongue, and roll the eye.
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of those fair atheists———'

The next vision is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war. Adam at the sight of it melts into tears, and breaks out into that passionate speech,

'———O what are these!
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they, but of their brethren, men of men?'

Milton to keep up an agreeable variety in his visions, after having raised in the mind of his reader the several ideas of terror which are conformable to the description of war, passes on to those softer images of triumphs and festivals, in that vision of lewdness and luxury which ushers in the flood.

As it is visible that the poet had his eye upon Ovid's account of the universal deluge, the reader may observe with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the Latin poet. We do not here see the wolf swimming among the sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations which Seneca found fault with, as unbecoming this great catastrophe of nature. If our poet has imitated that verse in which Ovid tells us that there was nothing but sea, and that this sea had no shore to it, he has not set the thought in such a light

to incur the censure which critics have passed upon
The latter part of that verse in Ovid is idle and
superfluous, but just and beautiful in Milton.

Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant;
Nil nisi pontus erat; deerant quoque littora ponto.'
OVID. Metam. i. 291.

'Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.'
DRYDEN.

'————Sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore————'
MILTON.

In Milton the former part of the description does not forestal the latter. How much more great and solemn on this occasion is that which follows in our English poet,

'————————And in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled————'

than that in Ovid, where we are told that the sea-calf lay in those places where the goats were used to browse! The reader may find several other parallel passages in the Latin and English description of the deluge, wherein our poet has visibly the advantage. The sky's being overcharged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the seas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are such descriptions, as every one must take notice of. The circumstance relating to Paradise is so finely imagined, and table to the opinions of many learned authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper

'————Then shall this mount.
Of Paradise, by might of waves, be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood;
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great river to th' opening gulf,

ties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

'I happened to visit at the house last week, missing the young gentleman at the tea-table, w he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid inquiring after My lady told me he was gone out with his w n, in order to make some preparation for their equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to 'travel.' The oddness of the expression shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this summer to show her son his estate in a distant county, in which he had never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young master's prodigious improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning; concluding, that, it was now high time he should be made acquainted with men and things; that she had resolved he should make the tour of France and Italy, but could not bear to have him out of her sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

'I was going to rally her for so extravagant a resolution, but found myself not in a fit humour to meddle with a subject that demanded the most soft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the son's abilities, or the mother's discretion, being sensible that in both these cases, though supported with all the powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her ladyship over to my opinion, only expose myself to her disesteem: I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the Spectator.

'When I came to reflect at night, as my custom
, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but
ve that this humour of carrying a boy to travel
mother's lap, and that upon pretence of learn-
ng
and things, is a case of an extraordinary na-
ure, and carries on it a peculiar stamp of folly,
did not remember to have met with its parallel
within the compass of my observation, though I could
all to mind some not extremely unlike it. From
e my thoughts took occasion to ramble into the
eneral notion of travelling, as it is now made a part
f education. Nothing is more frequent than to take
from grammar and law, and, under the tui-
n of some poor scholar, who is willing to be ba-
for thirty pounds a year and a little victuals,
nim crying and snivelling into foreign countries.
hus he spends his time as children do at puppet-
hows, and with much the same advantage, in star-
ng and gaping at an amazing variety of strange
hings; strange indeed to one who is not prepared
o comprehend the reasons and meaning of them,
whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of
nowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just
ules to direct his future progress in life under some
kilful master of the art of instruction.

'Can there be a more astonishing thought in na-
ure, than to consider how men should fall into so
alpable a mistake? It is a large field, and may very
ell exercise a sprightly genius; but I do not re-
nember you have yet taken a turn in it. I wish, Sir,
ou would make people understand, that 'travel' is
eally the last step to be taken in the institution of
outh; and that to set out with it, is to begin where
hey should end.

'Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts
s to look into their customs and policies, and ob-
erve in what particulars they excel or come short

of our own; to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such awkward stiffnesses and affectations in our behaviour, as possibly may have been contracted from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation. But how can any of these advantages be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first principles of manners and behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy structure without any foundation; or, if I may be allowed the expression, to work a rich embroidery upon a cobweb.

'Another end of travelling, which deserves to be considered, is the improving our taste of the best authors of antiquity, by seeing the places where they lived, and of which they wrote; to compare the natural face of the country with the descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the picture agrees with the original. This must certainly be a most charming exercise to the mind that is rightly turned for it; besides that it may in a good measure be made subservient to morality, if the person is capable of drawing just conclusions concerning the uncertainty of human things, from the ruinous alterations time and barbarity have brought upon so many palaces, cities and whole countries, which make the most illustrious figures in history. And this hint may be not a little improved by examining every little spot of ground that we find celebrated as the scene of some famous action, or retaining any footsteps of a Cato, Cicero, or Brutus, or some such great virtuous man. A nearer view of any such particular, though really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous mind to an emulation of their virtues, and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their bright examples,

it comes duly tempered and prepared for the im-
on. But this I believe you will hardly think
e to be, who are so far from entering into the
t of the ancients, that they do not yet
guage with any exactness *.
e wi ered from my purpose, which
s only e you to save, if possible, a fond
glish r, and mother's own son, from being
own a culous spectacle through the most polite
of Europe. Pray tell them, that though to be
, or jumbled in an outlandish stage-coach,
perhaps be healthful for the constitution of the
, yet it is apt to cause such dizziness in young
ty heads as too often lasts their life-time.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
PHILIP HOMEBRED.'

* The following paragraph, in the first edition of this paper
folio, whether written orginally by the Earl of Hardwicke, or
erted afterwards by Sir R. Steele, was probably suppressed on
: first re-publication, at the request of Addison. It is reprinted
re from the Spect. in folio, No. 364.
' I cannot quit this head without paying my acknowledgments
one of the most entertaining pieces this age has produced, for
e pleasure it gave me. You will easily guess that the book I
ve in my head is Mr. Addison's Remarks upon Italy. That
genious gentleman has with so much art and judgment applied
exact knowledge of all the parts of classical learning, to il-
trate the several occurrences of his travels, that his work alone
a pregnant proof of what I have said. Nobody that has a
ste this way, can read him going from Rome to Naples, and
aking Horace and Silius Italicus his chart, but he must feel
me uneasiness in himself to reflect that he was not in his reti-
e. I am sure I wished it ten times in every page, and that
t without a secret vanity to think in what state I should have
avelled the Appian road, with Horace for a guide, and in com-
ny with a countryman of my own, who, of all men living,
ows best how to follow his steps.'

'SIR, Birchin-lane.

'I WAS married on Sunday last, and went peaceably to bed; but, to my surprise, was awakened the next morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These warlike sounds (methinks) are very improper in a marriage-concert, and give great offence; they seem to insinuate, that the joys of this state are short, and that jars and discord soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous to many matches, and sometimes proved a prelude to a battle in the honey-moon. A nod from you may hush them; therefore, pray, Sir, let them be silenced, that for the future none but soft airs may usher in the morning of a bridal night; which will be a favour not only to those who come after, but to me, who can still subscribe myself,

Your most humble
and most obedient servant,
ROBIN BRIDEGROOM.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of that sort of women whom the gayer part of our sex are apt to call a prude. But to show them that I have a very little regard to their raillery, I shall be glad to see them all at The Amorous Widow, or The Wanton Wife, which is to be acted for the benefit of Mrs. Porter, on Monday the 28th instant. I assure you I can laugh at an amorous widow, or wanton wife, with as little temptation to imitate them, as I could at any other vicious character. Mrs. Porter obliged me so very much in the exquisite sense she seemed to have of the honourable sentiments and noble passions in the character of Hermione, that I shall appear in her behalf at a comedy, though I have no great relish for any entertainments where the mirth is not sea-

d with a certain severity, which ought to re-mend it to people who pretend to keep reason' authority over all their actions.

I am, SIR,

Your frequent reader,

ALTAMIRA.'

N° 365. TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1712.

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus———
VIRG. Georg. iii. 272.

But most in spring: the kindly spring inspires
Reviving heat, and kindles genial fires.

ADAPTED.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts.
THOMSON's Spring, 160, &c.

e author of the Menagiana acquaints us, that oursing one day with several ladies of quality ut the effects of the month of May, which infuses indly warmth into the earth, and all its inhabi-s, the marchioness of S———, who was one he company, told him, that though she would mise to be chaste in every month besides, could not engage for herself in May. As the inning therefore of this month is now very near, sign this paper for a caveat to the fair sex, and lish it before April is quite out, that if any of n should be caught tripping, they may not pre-l they had not timely notice.

I am induced to this, being persuaded the above-mentioned observation is as well calculated for our climate as that of France, and that some of our British ladies are of the same constitution with the French marchioness.

I shall leave it among physicians to determine what may be the cause of such an anniversary inclination; whether or no it is that the spirits, after having been as it were frozen and congealed by winter, are now turned loose, and set a rambling; or, that the gay prospects of fields and meadows, with the courtship of the birds in every bush, naturally unbend the mind, and soften it to pleasure; or that, as some have imagined, a woman is prompted by a kind of instinct to throw herself on a bed of flowers, and not to let those beautiful couches which nature has provided lie useless. However it be, the effects of this month on the lower part of the sex, who act without disguise, are very visible. It is at this time that we see the young wenches in the country-parish dancing round a May-pole, which one of our learned antiquaries supposes to be a relique of a certain pagan worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first day of this month that we see the ruddy milk-maid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and, like the virgin Tarpeia*, oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactors have heaped upon her.

I need not mention the ceremony of the new-gown, which is also peculiar to this gay season.

The same periodical love-fit spreads through the whole sex, as Mr. Dryden well observes in his description of this merry month.

* T. Livii Hist. Dec. I. lib. i. cap. xi.

'For thee sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.
The sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sleep;
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves,
And fans new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.'

Accord , among the works of the great mas-
s in who have drawn this genial season
, we often observe Cupids confused with
rs, nying up and down promiscuously in seve-
of the picture. I cannot but add from my
experience, that about this time of the year
t s come up to me in great numbers, from
ters of the nation.

eived an epistle in particular by the last post
a Yorkshire gentleman, who makes heavy com-
s of one Zelinda, whom it seems he has courted
ccessfully these three years past. He tells me
he designs to try her this May; and if he
not carry his point, he will never think of her

ing thus fairly admonished the female sex,
d before them the dangers they are exposed
critical month, I shall in the next place lay
s e rules and directions for the better avoid-
ose calentures which are so very frequent in
n.

In the first place, I would advise them never to
ire abroad in the fields, but in the company of
parent, a guardian, or some other sober discreet
rson. I have before shown how apt they are to
ip in the flowery meadow; and shall further observe
them, that Proserpine was out a maying when she
et with that fatal adventure to which Milton allades
hen he mentions—

——— That fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gath'ring flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd——'

Since I am going into quotations, I shall conclude this head with Virgil's advice to young people, while they are gathering wild strawberries and nosegays, that they should have a care of the snake in the grass.

In the second place, I cannot but approve those prescriptions which our astrological physicians give in their almanacks for this month: such as are 'a spare and simple diet, with a moderate use of phlebotomy.'

Under this head of abstinence I shall also advise my fair readers to be in a particular manner careful how they meddle with romances, chocolate, novels, and the like inflamers, which I look upon as very dangerous to be made use of during this great carnival of nature.

As I have often declared that I have nothing more at heart than the honour of my dear country-women, I would beg them to consider, whenever their resolutions begin to fail them, that there are but one and thirty days of this soft season, and that if they can but weather out this one month, the rest of the year will be easy to them. As for that part of the fair sex who stay in town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious how they give themselves up to their most innocent entertainments. If they cannot forbear the playhouse, I would recommend tragedy to them rather than comedy; and should think the puppet-show much safer for them than the opera, all the while the sun is in Gemini.

The reader will observe, that this paper is written for the use of those ladies who think it worth while to war against nature in the cause of honour. As for

that abandoned crew, who do not think virtue worth contending for, but give up their reputation at the first summons, such warnings and premonitions are thrown away upon them. A prostitute is the same easy creature in all months of the year, and makes no difference between May and December. X.

N° 366. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1712.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aura,
Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulcè loquentem.

HOR. 1. Od. xxii. 17.

Set me whereon some pathless plain
The swarthy Africans complain,
To see the chariot of the sun
So near the scorching country run;
The burning zone, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Celia's smiles;
All cold, but in her breast, I will despise,
And dare all heat, but that of Celia's eyes.

ROSCOMMON.

THERE are such wild inconsistencies in the thoughts of a man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more liberty than others possessed with phrensy, but that his distemper has no malevolence in it to any mortal. That devotion to his mistress kindles in his mind a general tenderness, which exerts itself towards every object as well as his fair one. When this passion is represented by writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain quaintnesses and turns of imagination, which are apparently the work of a mind at ease; but the men of true taste can easily distinguish

the exertion of a mind which overflows with tender sentiments, and the labour of one which is only describing distress. In performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every sentiment must grow out of the occasion, and be suitable to the circumstances of the character. Where this rule is transgressed, the humble servant in all the fine things he says, is but showing his mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and drapery is as much a man, as wit and turn is passion.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE following verses are a translation of a Lapland love-song, which I met with in Scheffer's history of that country *. I was agreeably surprised to find a spirit of tenderness and poetry in a region which I never suspected for delicacy. In hotter climates, though altogether uncivilized, I had not wondered if I had found some sweet wild notes among the natives, where they live in groves of oranges, and hear the melody of birds about them. But a Lapland lyric, breathing sentiments of love and poetry, not unworthy old Greece or Rome; a regular ode from a climate pinched with frost, and cursed with darkness so great a part of the year; where it is amazing that the poor natives should get food, or be tempted to propagate their species—this, I confess, seemed a greater miracle to me than the famous stories of their drums, their winds, and enchantments.

'I am the bolder in commending this northern song, because I have faithfully kept to the sentiments, without adding or diminishing; and pretend

* This Lapland love-song is ascribed to Mr. Ambrose Phillips.

no greater praise from my translation, than they
o smooth and clean the furs of that country
ch have suffered by carriage. The numbers in
original are as loose and unequal as those in
ch the British ladies sport their Pindarics; and
haps the fairest of them might not think it a dis-
eeable present from a lover. But I have ven-
ed to bind it in stricter measures, as being more
per for our tongue, though perhaps wilder graces
y better suit the genius of the Laponian lan-
ge.

It will be necessary to imagine that the author this song, not having the liberty of visiting his tress at her father's house, was in hopes of spying at a distance in her fields.

"Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'd tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride the clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise!
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way!

My bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Not storms or night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
Oh! love has fetters stronger far!
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast;
When thoughts torment the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay;
Away to Orra! haste away!"

'MR. SPECTATOR, April the 10th.

'I AM one of those despicable creatures called a chambermaid, and have lived with a mistress for some time, whom I love as my life, which has made my duty and pleasure inseparable. My greatest delight has been in being employed about her person; and indeed she is very seldom out of humour for a woman of her quality. But here lies my complaint, Sir. To bear with me is all the encouragement she is pleased to bestow upon me; for she gives her cast-off clothes from me to others; some she is pleased to bestow in the house to those that neither want nor wear them, and some to hangers-on, that frequent the house daily, who come dressed out in them. This, Sir, is a very mortifying sight to me, who am a little necessitous for clothes, and love to appear what I am; and causes an uneasiness, so that I cannot serve with that cheerfulness as formerly; which my mistress takes notice of, and calls envy and ill-temper at seeing others preferred before me. My mistress has a younger sister lives in the house with her, that is some thousands below her in estate, who is continually heaping her favours on her maid; so that she can appear every Sunday, for the first quarter, in a fresh suit of clothes of her mistress's giving, with all other things suitable. All this I see without envying, but not without

ess would a little consider what a
it is to me to have my perquisites
n fawners and jobbers, which others
to themselves. I have spoken to my
to little purpose: I have desired to
ha (for indeed I fret myself to nothing),
t she answers with silence. I beg, Sir, your
n what to do, for I am fully resolved to fol-
ır counsel; who am

Your admirer
and humble servant,
CONSTANTIA COMB-BRUSH.

that you will put it in a better dress, and
abroad, that my mistress, who is an ad-
your speculations, may see it.'

T.

367. THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1712.

—Peritura parcite chartæ.
JUV. Sat. i. 14.

y spare us, when we do our best
make as much waste paper as the rest.

: often pleased myself with considering the
ıds of benefits which accrue to the public
ese my speculations, and which, were I to
fter the manner of logicians, I would distin-
to the material and the formal. By the latter
stand those advantages which my readers
as their minds are either improved or de-
by these my daily labours; but having al-

ready several times descanted on my endeavours in this light, I shall at present wholly confine myself to the consideration of the former. By the word material, I mean those benefits which arise to the public from these my speculations, as they consume a considerable quantity of our paper-manufacture, employ our artisans in printing, and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.

Our paper-manufacture takes into it several mean materials which could be put to no other use, and affords work for several hands in the collection of them which are incapable of any other employment. Those poor retailers, whom we see so busy in every street, deliver in their respective gleanings to the merchant. The merchant carries them in loads to the paper-mill, where they pass through a fresh set of hands, and give life to another trade. Those who have mills on their estates, by this means considerably raise their rents, and the whole nation is in a great measure supplied with a manufacture for which formerly she was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no sooner wrought into paper, but they are distributed among the presses, where they again set innumerable artists at work, and furnish business to another mystery. From hence, accordingly as they are stained with news and politics, they fly through the town in Post-men, Post-boys, Daily Courants, Reviews, Medleys, and Examiners. Men, women, and children, contend who shall be the first bearers of them, and get their daily sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of Spectators, I find so many hands employed in every step they take through their whole progress, that while I am writing a Spectator, I fancy myself providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty

, y will be apt to tell me, that my paper, a ıt thus printed and published, is still bene- ı the public on several occasions. I must con- ı e ited my pipe with my own works for ıv ıch past. My landlady often sends up ı daughter to desire some of my old Specta- tors, and has frequently told me, that the paper they printed on is the best in the world to wrap spices. They likewise make a good foundation for a tton-pye, as I have more than once experienced, w very much sought for last Christmas by the wnole hbourhood.

It p nt ugh to consider the changes that ı r un oes, by passing through the e ha above ioned. The finest pieces ıland, wl w to tatters, assume a new ı more ı ural than the first, and often n the shape of letters to their native country. ıady's shift may be metamorphosed into billets- ux, and come into her possession a second time. A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, th greater pleasure and advantage than ever he ıd in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after aving officiated for some years as a towel or a nap- a, may by this means be raised from a dunghill, ınd become the most valuable piece of furniture in ı prince's cabinet.

The politest nations of Europe have endeavoured o vie with one another for the reputation of the inest printing. Absolute governments as well as re- ıublics, have encouraged an art which seems to be he noblest and most beneficial that ever was in- ented among the sons of men. The present king of France, in his pursuits after glory, has particu- arly distinguished himself by the promoting of this useful art, insomuch that several books have been printed in the Louvre at his own expense, upon

which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest presents he can make to foreign princes and ambassadors. If we look into the commonwealths of Holland and Venice, we shall find that in this particular they have made themselves the envy of the greatest monarchies. Elzevir and Aldus are more frequently mentioned than any pensioner of the one, or doge of the other.

The several presses which are now in England, and the great encouragement which has been given to learning for some years last past, has made our own nation as glorious upon this account, as for its late triumphs and conquests. The new edition which is given us of Cæsar's Commentaries * has already been taken notice of in foreign gazettes, and is a work that does honour to the English press. It is no wonder that an edition should be very correct which has passed through the hands of one of the most accurate, learned, and judicious writers this age has produced. The beauty of the paper, of the character, and of the several cuts with which this noble work is illustrated, makes it the finest book that I have ever seen; and is a true instance of the English genius, which, though it does not come the first into any art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad that this author comes from a British printing-house in so great a magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any such there are, will be surprised to hear me talk of learning as the glory of a nation, and of printing as an art that gains a reputation to a people among whom it flourishes.

* A most beautiful edition of Cæsar's Memoirs, published about this time in folio, by Dr. Samuel Clarke.

en men's thoughts are taken up with avarice ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as t or valuable which does not bring with it extraordinary power or interest to the person is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink paper so far as to engage with Goths and Van-, I shall only regard such kind of reasoners with pity which is due to so deplorable a degree of idity and ignorance. L.

N° 368. FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1712.

Nos decebat
Lugere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,
Humanæ vitæ vario reputantes mala:
At qui labores morte finisset graves,
Omnes amicos laude et lætitiâ exequi.

EURIP. apud TULL.

When first an infant draws the vital air,
Officious grief should welcome him to care:
But joy should life's concluding scene attend,
And mirth be kept to grace a dying friend.

the Spectator is in a kind a paper of news n the natural world, as others are from the busy politic part of mankind, I shall translate the owing letter, written to an eminent French gen-an in this town from Paris, which gives us the of an heroine who is a pattern of patience and rosity.

SIR, Paris, April 18, 1712.

'IT is so many years since you left your ve country, that I am to tell you the characters

of your nearest relations as much as if you were
utter stranger to them. The occasion of this i
give you an account of the death of Madam de V
cerfe, whose departure out of this life I know not w
ther a man of your philosophy will call unfortu
or not, since it was attended with some circumsta
as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was
whole life happy in an uninterrupted health,
was always honoured for an evenness of temper
greatness of mind. On the 10th instant that l
was taken with an indisposition which confined
to her chamber, but was such as was too sligh
make her take a sick-bed, and yet too grievou
admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. l
notoriously known that some years ago Mons
Festeau, one of the most considerable surgeo
Paris, was desperately in love with this lady.
quality placed her above any application to her
the account of his passion: but as a woman alv
has some regard to the person whom she believe
be her real admirer, she now took it in her l
(upon advice of her physicians to lose some of
blood) to send for Monsieur Festeau on that o
sion. I happened to be there at that time, and
near relation gave me the privilege to be pre
As soon as her arm was stripped bare, and he b
to press it in order to raise the vein, his co
changed, and I observed him seized with a suc
tremor, which made me take the liberty to s
of it to my cousin with some apprehension.
smiled, and said, she knew M. Festeau hac
inclination to do her injury. He seemed to rec
himself, and, smiling also, proceeded in his w
Immediately after the operation, he cried out
he was the most unfortunate of all men, for tha
had opened an artery instead of a vein. It is as
possible to express the artist's distraction as

patient's composure. I will not dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three days' time it was thought necessary to take off her arm. She was so far from using Festeau as it would be natural for one of a lower spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any consultation about her present condition; and, after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bid the surgeons, of whom poor Festeau was one, go on in their work. I know not how to give you the terms of art, but there appeared such symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty hours. Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout the whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking notice of what passed as her fate approached nearer and nearer, and took notes of what she said to all about her, particularly word for word what she spoke to M. Festeau, which was as follows:

"Sir, you give me inexpressible sorrow for the anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all intents and purposes from the interests of human life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; no, you are my benefactor, as you have hastened my entrance into a happy immortality. This is my sense of this accident: but the world in which you live may have thoughts of it to your disadvantage: I have therefore taken care to provide for you in my will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their ill-nature."

'While this excellent woman spoke these words, Festeau looked as if he received a condemnation to die, instead of a pension for his life. Madame de Villacerfe lived till eight of the clock the next night; and though she must have laboured under the most

exquisite torments, she possessed her mind with so wonderful a patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe, than she died at that hour. You, who had not the happiness to be personally known to this lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the honour you had of being related to so great merit; but we, who have lost her conversation, cannot so easily resign our own happiness by reflection upon hers.

I am, SIR,
Your affectionate kinsman,
and most obedient, humble servant,
PAUL REGNAUD.'

There hardly can be a greater instance of an heroic mind than the unprejudiced manner in which this lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, whose more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of singular use to human society to have an exact account of this lady's ordinary conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in the last article; nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant practice of all that is praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding death, not as the dissolution, but consummation of her life. T.

N° 369. SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1712.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus——
Hor. Ars Poet. 180.

What we hear moves less than what we see.
ROSCOMMON.

ILTON, after having represented in vision the tory of mankind to the first great period of na-e, dispatches the remaining part of it in narration. has devised a very handsome reason for the an-'s proceeding with Adam after this manner; ugh doubtless the true reason was the difficulty ich the poet would have found to have shadowed t so mixed and complicated a story in visible ob-ts. I could wish, however, that the author had ne it, whatever pains it might have cost him. To e my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting rt of the history of mankind in vision, and part in rrative, is as if an history-painter should put in ours one half of his subject, and write down the naining part of it. If Milton's poem flags any ere, it is in this narration, where in some places author has been so attentive to his divinity that has neglected his poetry. The narration, how-r, rises very happily on several occasions, where subject is capable of poetical ornaments, as par-ilarly in the confusion which he describes among builders of Babel, and in his short sketch of the gues of Egypt. The storm of hail and fire, with darkness that overspread the land for three days, described with great strength. The beautiful sage which follows is raised upon noble hints in ipture:

' ——— Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart; and oft
Humbled his stubborn heart; but still, as ice,
More harden'd after thaw: till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host; but them let pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls;
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided ———— '

The river-dragon is an allusion to the cr which inhabits the Nile, from whence Egypt her plenty. This allusion is taken from that passage in Ezekiel: 'Thus saith the Lord G hold I am against thee, Pharaoh king of Eg great dragon that lieth in the midst of his which hath said, My river is mine own, an made it for myself.' Milton has given us very noble and poetical image in the same tion, which is copied almost word for word o history of Moses:

' All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot wheels: when by comm
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea: the sea his rod obeys:
On their embattell'd ranks the waves return
And overwhelm their war—— —— '

As the principal design of this episode wa Adam an idea of the holy person who was to human nature in that happiness and perfecti which it had fallen, the poet confines himse line of Abraham, from whence the Messiah descend. The angel is described as seeing triarch actually travelling towards the land mise, which gives a particular liveliness to of the narration:

'I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, his native soil,
Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds, and flocks, and num'rous servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land;
From Hamath northward to the desert south;
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd.)'

As Virgil's vision in the sixth Æneid probably ave Milton the hint of this whole episode, the last ne is a translation of that verse where Anchises entions the names of places, which they were to ar hereafter:

'*Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.*'

The poet has very finely represented the joy and adness of heart which arises in Adam upon his disovery of the Messiah. As he sees his day at a disance through types and shadows, he rejoices in it; ut when he finds the redemption of man comleted, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth a rapture and transport:

'O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,' &c.

I have hinted in my sixth paper on Milton, that n heroic poem, according to the opinion of the best ritics, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of he reader, after having conducted it through many oubts and fears, sorrows and disquietudes, in a state f tranquillity and satisfaction. Milton's fable, which ad so many other qualifications to recommend it, vas deficient in this particular. It is here therefore hat the poet has shown a most exquisite judgment, s well as the finest invention, by finding out a method

to supply this natural defect in his subject. Accordingly he leaves the adversary of mankind, in the last view which he gives of him, under the lowest state of mortification and disappointment. We see him chewing ashes, groveling in the dust, and loaden with supernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two first parents are comforted by dreams and visions, cheered with promises of salvation, and in a manner raised to a greater happiness than that which they had forfeited. In short, Satan is represented miserable in the height of his triumphs, and Adam triumphant in the height of misery.

Milton's poem ends very nobly. The last speeches of Adam and the archangel are full of moral and instructive sentiments. The sleep that fell upon Eve, and the effects it had in quieting the disorders of her mind, produces the same kind of consolation in the reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful speech, which is ascribed to the mother of mankind, without a secret pleasure and satisfaction:

'Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep; but now lead on;
In me is no delay: with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence,
This farther consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.'

The following lines, which conclude the poem, rise in a most glorious blaze of poetical images and expressions.

Heliodorus in the Æthiopics acquaints us, that the
n of the gods differs from that of mortals, as
rormer do not stir their feet, nor proceed step by
, but slide over the surface of the earth by an
rm swimming of the whole body. The reader
erve with how poetical a description Milton
a buted the same kind of motion to the angels
vere to take possession of Paradise:

'So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' archangel stood; and from the other hill
To their fixed station, all in bright array
The cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
n from a river, o'er the marish glides,
and gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet———'

The author helped his invention in the follow-
passage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the
gel who in holy writ has the conduct of Lot and
s family. The circumstances drawn from that re-
tion are very gracefully made use of on this occa-
on:

'In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct; and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd,
They looking back,' &c.

The scene which our first parents are surprised
ith, upon their looking back on Paradise, wonder-
lly strikes the reader's imagination, as nothing can
e more natural than the tears they shed on that oc-
ion:

'They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,

Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd but wip'd them soon
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.'

If I might presume to offer at the smallest alteration in this divine work, I should think the poem would end better with the passage here quoted, than with the two verses which follow:

'They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.'

These two verses, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing passage, and renew in the mind of the reader that anguish which was pretty well laid by that consideration:

'The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.'

The number of books in Paradise Lost is equal to those of the Æneid. Our Author in his first edition had divided his poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the seventh and the eleventh each of them into two different books, by the help of some small additions. This second division was made with great judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a chimerical beauty as that of resembling Virgil in this particular, but for the more just and regular disposition of this great work.

Those who have read Bossu, and many of the critics who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in Paradise Lost. Though I can by no means think, with the last-mentioned French author, that an epic writer first of all pitches upon a certain moral, as the ground-work and foundation

of his poem, and afterwards finds out a story to it; I am however of opinion, that no just heroic poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in Milton is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined. It is in short this, that obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that disobedience makes them miserable. This is visibly the moral of the principal fable, which turns upon Adam and Eve, who continued in Paradise while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the moral of the principal episode, which shows us how an innumerable multitude of angels fell from their disobedience. Besides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the soul of the fable, there are infinity of under-morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the poem, and which make this work more useful and instructive than any other poem in any language.

Those who have criticised on the Odyssey, the Iliad, and Æneid, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months and days contained in the action of each of those poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in Milton, he will find, that from Adam's first appearance in the fourth book, to his expulsion from Paradise in the twelfth, the author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is described in the three first books, as it does not pass within the regions of nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any calculations of time.

I have now finished my observations on a work which does an honour to the English nation. I have taken a general view of it under these four heads—the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language, and made each of them the subject of a

particular paper. I have in the next place spoke of the criticisms which our author may incur under each of these heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a subject. I believe, however, that the severest reader will not find any little fault in heroic poetry, which this author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those heads among which I have distributed his several blemishes. After having thus treated at large of Paradise Lost, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this poem in the whole without descending to particulars. I have therefore bestowed a paper upon each book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties; and, to determine wherein they consist, I have endeavoured to show how some passages are beautiful by being sublime, others by being soft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the passion, which by the moral, which by the sentiment, and which by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured to show how the genius of the poet shines by a happy invention, a distant allusion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved Homer or Virgil, and raises his own imaginations by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several passages in Tasso, which our author has imitated: but, as I do not look upon Tasso to be a sufficient voucher, I would not perplex my reader with such quotations as might do more honour to the Italian than to the English poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularise those innumerable kinds of beauty which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to poetry, and which may be met with in the works of this great author. Had I thought, at my first engaging

in this design, that it would have led me to so great length, I believe I should never have entered upon it; but the kind reception which it has met with among those whose judgment I have a value for, as well as the uncommon demands which my bookseller tells me have been made for these particular discourses, give me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them. L.

N° 370. MONDAY, MAY 5, 1712.

Totus mundus agit histrionem.

———All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
SHAKSPEARE.

MANY of my fair readers, as well as very gay and well-received persons of the other sex, are extremely perplexed at the Latin sentences at the head of my speculations. I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with translations of each of them: however, I have to-day taken down from the top of the stage in Drury-lane a bit of Latin which often stands in their view, and signifies, that 'The whole world acts the player.' It is certain that if we look all round us, and behold the different employments of mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the player is, in an assumed character. The lawyer who is vehement and loud in a cause wherein he know he has not the truth of the question on his side, is a player as to the personated part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the prostitution of himself for hire; because the pleader's falsehood introduces injustice; the player feigns for no other end but to divert or instruct you. The

divine, whose passions transport him to say any thing with any view but promoting the interests of true piety and religion, is a player with a still greater imputation of guilt, in proportion to his depreciating a character more sacred. Consider all the different pursuits and employments of men, and you will find half their actions tend to nothing else but disguise and imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a man's very self, is the action of a player. For this reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the stage. It is with me a matter of the highest consideration, what parts are well or ill performed, what passions or sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what manners and customs are transfused from the stage to the world, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the writers of epic poems introduce shadowy persons, and represent vices and virtues under the character of men and women; so I, who am a Spectator in the world, may perhaps sometimes make use of the names of the actors of the stage, to represent or admonish those who transact affairs in the world. When I am commending Wilks for representing the tenderness of a husband and a father in Macbeth, the contrition of a reformed prodigal in Harry the Fourth, the winning emptiness of a young man of good-nature and wealth in The Trip to the Jubilee, the officiousness of an artful servant in the Fox; when thus I celebrate Wilks, I talk to all the world who are engaged in any of those circumstances. If I were to speak of merit neglected, misapplied, or misunderstood, might I not say Eastcourt has a great capacity? But it is not the interest of others who bear a figure on the stage, that his talents were understood; it is their business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands any thing in which he would shine. Were one to raise

a suspicion of himself in a man who passes upon the world for a fine thing, in order to alarm him, one might say, If Lord Foppington was not on the stage (Cibber acts the false pretensions to a genteel behaviour so very justly), he would have in the generality of mankind more that would admire than deride him. When we come to characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what effect a well-regulated stage would have upon men's manners. The craft of an usurer, the absurdity of a rich fool, the awkward roughness of a fellow of half courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of half wit, might for ever be put out of countenance by proper parts for Dogget. Johnson, by acting Corbacchio the other night, must have given all who saw him a thorough detestation of aged avarice. The petulancy of a peevish old fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman in the Fop's Fortune; where, in the character of Don Choleric Snap Shorto de Testy, he answers no questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. Penkethman is also master of as many faces in the dumb scene as can be expected from a man in the circumstances of being ready to perish out of fear and hunger. He wonders through the whole scene very masterly, without neglecting his victuals. If it be as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great qualification of the world to follow business and pleasure too, what is it in the ingenious Mr. Penkethman to represent a sense of pleasure and pain at the same time—as you may see him do this evening?

As it is certain that a stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the nation, men turned for regular pleasure cannot employ their thoughts more usefully,

for the diversion of mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this entertainment to the greatest height. It would be a great improvement, as well as embellishment to the theatre, if dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the actors. One who has the advantage of such an agreeable girlish person as Mrs. Bicknell, joined with her capacity of imitation, could in proper gesture and motion represent all the decent characters of female life. An amiable modesty in one aspect of a dancer, and assumed confidence in another, a sudden joy in another, a falling-off with an impatience of being beheld, a return towards the audience with an unsteady resolution to approach them, and well-acted solicitude to please, would revive in the company all the fine touches of mind raised in observing all the objects of affection and passion they had before beheld. Such elegant entertainments as these would polish the town into judgment in their gratifications; and delicacy in pleasure is the first step people of condition take in reformation from vice. Mrs. Bicknell has the only capacity for this sort of dancing of any on the stage; and I dare say all who see her performance to-morrow night, when sure the romp will do her best for her own benefit, will be of my mind.

T.

N° 371. TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1712.

Jamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus unus
Ridebat?
JUV. Sat. x. 28.

And shall the sage * your approbation win,
Whose laughing features wore a constant grin?

I SHALL communicate to my readers the following letter for the entertainment of this day.

'SIR,

'You know very well that our nation is more famous for that sort of men who are called "whims" and "humourists," than any other country in the world: for which reason it is observed, that our English comedy excels that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of its characters.

'Among those innumerable sets of whims which our country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of diversion for the entertainment of themselves and their friends. My letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a company that has something of burlesque and ridicule in its appearance. I shall make myself understood by the following example. One of the wits of the last age, who was a man of a good estate †, thought he never laid out his money better than in a jest. As he was one year at the Bath, ob-

* Democritus.

† Villars, the last Duke of Buckingham, and father of the late Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

serving that, in the great confluence of fine people, there were several among them with long chins, a part of the visage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to dinner half a score of these remarkable persons who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the table but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our English proverb says,

'Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all.'

It proved so in the assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking, and discourse, and observing all the chins that were present meeting together very often over the centre of the table, every one grew sensible of the jest, and gave into it with so much good humour, that they lived in strict friendship and alliance from that day forward.

'The same gentleman some time after packed together a set of oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross bows, mistaken signs, and wrong connivances, that passed amidst so many broken and refracted rays of sight.

'The third feast which this merry gentleman exhibited was to the stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient body to fill his table. He had ordered one of his servants, who was placed behind a screen, to write down their table-talk, which was very easy to be done without the help of short hand. It appears by the notes which were taken, that though their conversation never

fell, there were not above twenty words spoken during the first course; that upon serving up the second, one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them that the ducklings and asparagus were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same opinion. This jest did not, however, go off so well as the former; for one of the guests being a brave man, and fuller of resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the room, and sent the facetious inviter a challenge in writing, which, though it was afterwards dropped by the interposition of friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertainments.

'Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no moral in these jests they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unluckiness than wit. However as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another; and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent an art, and bring it to its utmost perfection; I shall here give you an account of an honest gentleman of my acquaintance, who upon hearing the character of the wit above mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant phrases in their discourse, as "D'ye hear me?—D'ye see—That is,—And so, Sir." Each of his guests making use of his particular elegance, appeared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the company. By this means, before they had sat long together, every one, talking with the greatest circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite

expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense, though less of sound in it.

'The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion, at another time, to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual custom of swearing. In order to show them the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention above mentioned, having placed an amanuensis in a private part of the room. After the second bottle, when men open their minds without reserve, my honest friend began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary words that had passed in his house since their sitting down at table, and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous phrases. "What a tax," says he, "would they have raised for the poor, had we put the laws in execution upon one another!" Every one of them took this gentle reproof in good part; upon which he told them, that, knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and, for the humour-sake would read it to them, if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it, which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he had pronounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of discourse.

'I shall only mention another occasion wherein he made use of the same invention to cure a different kind of men, who are the pests of all polite conversation, and murder time as much as either of the two former, though they do it more innocently—I mean, that dull generation of story-tellers. My

friend got together about half a dozen of his acquaintance, who were infected with this strange malady. The first day one of them sitting down entered upon the siege of Namur, which lasted till four o'clock, their time of parting. The second day a North Briton took possession of the discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his hands so long as the company stayed together. The third day was engrossed after the same manner by a story of the same length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating one another, and by this means awakened out of that lethargy with which each of them had been seized for several years.

'As you have somewhere declared, that extraordinary and uncommon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest sportsman, or, if you please, the Nimrod among this species of writers, I thought this discovery would not be unacceptable to you.

I am, Sir, &c.'

I.

N° 372. WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1712.

——Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.
OVID. Met. 1. 758.

To hear an open slander, is a curse;
But not to find an answer, is a worse*.
DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR, May 6, 1712.

'I AM sexton of the parish of Covent-garden, and complained to you some time ago, that as I was tolling into prayers at eleven in the morning, crowds of people of quality hastened to assemble at a puppet-show on the other side of the garden. I had at the same time a very great disesteem for Mr. Powell and his little thoughtless commonwealth, as if they had enticed the gentry into those wanderings: but let that be as it will, I am convinced of the honest intentions of the said Mr. Powell and company, and send this to acquaint you, that he has given all the profits which shall arise to-morrow night by his play to the use of the poor charity-children of this parish. I have been informed, Sir, that in Holland all persons who set up any show, or act any stage-play, be the actors either of wood and wire, or flesh and blood, are obliged to pay out of their gains such a proportion to the honest and industrious poor in the neighbourhood: by this means they make diversion and pleasure pay a tax to labour and industry. I have been told also, that all the time of Lent, in Roman-catholic countries, the persons of condition administer to the necessities of the poor, and attend the beds

* In the original publication in folio, the motto is wanting.

of lazars and diseased persons. Our protestant ladies and gentlemen are so much to seek for proper ways of passing time, that they are obliged to punchinello for knowing what to do with themselves. Since the case is so, I desire only you would intreat our people of quality, who are not to be interrupted in their pleasure, to think of the practice of any moral duty, that they would at least fine for their sins, and give something to these poor children: a little out of their luxury and superfluity would atone, in some measure, for the wanton use of the rest of their fortunes. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if the ladies who haunt the cloisters and passages of the play-house were, upon every offence, obliged to pay to this excellent institution of schools of charity. This method would make offenders themselves do service to the public. But in the mean time I desire you would publish this voluntary reparation which Mr. Powell does our parish, for the noise he has made in it by the constant rattling of coaches, drums, trumpets, triumphs, and battles. The destruction of Troy, adorned with Highland dances, are to make up the entertainment of all who are so well disposed as not to forbear a light entertainment, for no other reason but that it is to do a good action.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

RALPH BELLFRY.

'I am credibly informed, that all the insinuations which a certain writer made against Mr. Powell at the Bath, are false and groundless.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'MY employment, which is that of a broker, leading me often into taverns about the

Exchange, has given me occasion to observe a certain enormity, which I shall here submit to your animadversion. In three or four of these taverns, I have, at different times, taken notice of a precise set of people, with grave countenances, short wigs, black clothes, or dark camlet trimmed with black, and mourning gloves and hat-bands, who meet on certain days at each tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving club. Having often met with their faces, and observed a certain slinking way in their dropping in one after another, I had the curiosity to inquire into their characters, being the rather moved to it by their agreeing in the singularity of their dress; and I find, upon due examination, they are a knot of parish clerks, who have taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the bills of mortality over their half-pints. I have so great a value and veneration for any who have but even an assenting amen in the service of religion, that I am afraid lest these persons should incur some scandal by this practice; and would therefore have them, without raillery, advised to send the Florence and pullets home to their own houses, and not pretend to live as well as the overseers of the poor.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
HUMPHRY TRANSFER.'

'MR SPECTATOR, May 6th.

'I was last Wednesday night at a tavern in the city, among a set of men who call themselves "the lawyers' club." You must know, Sir, this club consists only of attorneys; and at this meeting every one proposes the cause he has then in hand to the board, upon which each member gives his judgment according to the experience he has had

If it happens that any one puts a case of
h they have had no precedent, it is noted
ı by their clerk Will Goosequill (who registers
proceedings), that one of them may go the
nay with it to a counsel. This indeed is com-
ble, and ought to be the principal end of
meeting; but had you been there, to have
them relate their methods of managing a
, their manner of drawing out their bills,
in short, their arguments upon the several
of abusing their clients, with the applause
o him who has done it most artfully,
ı before now have given your remarks on
hey are so conscious that their discourses
: to be kept a secret, that they are very cau-
of admitting any person who is not of their
on. When any who are not of the law
ıt in, the person who introduces him says he
very honest gentleman, and he is taken in, as
:ant is, to pay costs. I am admitted, upon
ecommendation of one of their principals, as
r honest good-natured fellow, that will never
a plot, and only desires to drink his bottle
oke his pipe. You have formerly remarked
several sorts of clubs; and as the tendency of
ı only to increase fraud and deceit, I hope you
lease to take notice of it.

I am, with respect,
Your humble servant,
H. R.

N° 373. THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1712.

Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbrâ.
JUV. Sat. xiv. 108.

Vice oft is hid in Virtue's fair disguise,
And in her borrow'd form escapes inquiring eyes.

Mr. Locke, in his treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two chapters upon the abuse of words. The first and most palpable abuse of words, he says, is when they are used without clear and distinct ideas; the second, when we are so unconstant and unsteady in the application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the result of our contemplations and reasonings, while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same word should be constantly used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions. 'A definition,' says he, 'is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known.' He therefore accuses those of great negligence who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of; since, upon the fore-mentioned ground, he does not scruple to say that he thinks 'morality is capable of demonstration as well as the mathematics.'

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than those two, modesty and assurance. To say such a one is a modest

man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for assurance.

If I was put to define modesty, I would call it the reflection of an ingenious * mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased as that celebrated one of the young prince whose father being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of

* *Ingenious* seems to be here used for *ingenuous*.

modesty and ingenuity * than they could by the most pathetic oration, and, in short the guilty father for this early promise o the son.

I take 'assurance to be the faculty of a man's self, or of saying and doing things without any uneasiness or emot mind.' That which generally gives a ma is a moderate knowledge of the world, all, a mind fixed and determined in it nothing against the rules of honour a An open and assured behaviour is the n sequence of such a resolution. A man i if his words or actions are at any ti sented, retires within himself, and, fr ness of his own integrity, assumes force despise the little censures of ignorance an

Every one ought to cherish and en himself the modesty and assurance I hav tioned.

A man without assurance is liable t uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every verses with. A man without modesty sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable that the p mentioned possessed both these qualifica very eminent degree. Without assurance never have undertaken to speak befor august assembly in the world: without m would have pleaded the cause he had t him, though it had appeared ever so scan

From what has been said, it is plai desty and assurance are both amiable, an well meet in the same person. When th

* *Ingenuity* seems here to be used in the se ousness.

mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say 'a modest assurance;' by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education, who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, that the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both. X.

N° 374. FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1712.

Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.
LUCAN. ii. 27.

He reckon'd not the past, while aught remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd.
ROWE.

THERE is a fault, which, though common, wan
name. It is the very contrary to procrastinati
As we lose the present hour by delaying from
to day to execute what we ought to do immediat
so most of us take occasion to sit still and th
away the time in our possession, by retrospect
what is past, imagining we have already acqui
ourselves, and established our characters in
sight of mankind. But when we thus put a vi
upon ourselves for what we have already done,
farther than to explain ourselves in order to a
our future conduct, that will give us an over-we
ing opinion of our merit, to the prejudice of
present industry. The great rule, methinks, sho
be, to manage the instant in which we stand, v
fortitude, equanimity, and moderation, accordin
men's respective circumstances. If our past acti
reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our c
severe reflections so effectually as by a contrary be
viour. If they are praise-worthy, the memory of th
is of no use but to act suitably to them. Thus a g
present behaviour is an implicit repentance for
miscarriage in what is past; but present slacki
will not make up for past activity. Time has sw
lowed up all that we contemporaries did yester
as irrevocably as it has the actions of the an

avians. But we are again awake, and what shall we do to-day—to-day which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the folly of last night, or resolve upon the exercise of virtue to-morrow? Last night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never arrive. This instant make use of. Can you oblige any man of honour and virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick friend? Will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own ease and pleasure to comfort his weakness, and bear the impertinences of a wretch in pain? Do not stay to take coach, but be gone. Your mistress will bring sorrow, and your bottle madness. Go to neither———Such virtues and diversions as these are mentioned because they occur to all men. But every man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable folly. What I attempted to consider, was the mischief of setting such a value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the highest dignity till yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-day, he must expect he will, in the effects upon his reputation, be considered as the man who died yesterday. The man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a press of people: those before him intercept his progress; and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. Cæsar, of whom it was said that he thought nothing done while there was left any thing for him to do, went on in performing the greatest exploits, without assuming to himself a privilege of taking rest upon the foundation of the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious captain to write down what acenes he had passed through; but it was rather to

keep his affairs in method, and capable of a review, in case they should be examined by others than that he built a renown upon any thing that was past. I shall produce two fragments of his, to demonstrate that it was his rule of life to support himself rather by what he should perform, than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the same year in which he obtained the battle of Pharsalia, there were found these loose notes of his own conduct. It is supposed, by the circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the evening of the same night.

'My part is now but begun, and my glory must be sustained by the use I make of this victory otherwise my loss will be greater than that of Pompey. Our personal reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective fortunes. All my private enemies among the prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this, in order to obtain such another day. Trebutius is ashamed to see me: I will go to his tent, and be reconciled in private. Give all the men of honour, who take part with me, the terms I offered before the battle. Let them owe this to their friends who have been long in my interests. Power is weakened by the full use of it, but extended by moderation. Galbinius is proud, and will be servile in his present fortune: let him wait. Send for Stertinius: he is modest, and his virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my heart with reflection, and am fit to rejoice with the army to-morrow. He is a popular general, who can expose himself like a private man during a battle; but he more popular who can rejoice but like a private man after a victory.'

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to industry in the pursuit of ho-

and virtue, is, that this hero was more than
arily solicitous about his reputation, when a
on mind would have thought itself in security,
iven itself a loose to joy and triumph. But
h this is a very great instance of his temper,
t confess I am more taken with his reflections
he retired to his closet in some disturbance
the repeated ill omens of Calphurnia's dream,
ight before his death. The literal translation
at fragment shall conclude this paper.

e it so then. If I am to die to-morrow, that
at I am to do to-morrow. It will not be then,
se I am willing it should be then; nor shall I
e it, because I am unwilling. It is in the gods
, but in myself how, I shall die. If Calphurnia's
is are fumes of indigestion, how shall I behold
y after to-morrow? If they are from the gods,
admonition is not to prepare me to escape from
decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a ful-
f days and of glory: what is there that Cæsar
ot done with as much honour as ancient heroes?
r has not yet died! Cæsar is prepared to die.'

T.

N° 375. SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1712.

Non possidentem multa, vocaveris
Rectè beatum: rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque letho flagitium timet.
HOR. 4 Od. ix. 45.

We barbarously call them blest
Who are of largest tenements possest,
While swelling coffers break their owner's rest.
More truly happy those who can
Govern that little empire man;
Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n
By the large bounty of indulgent heav'n;
Who, in a fix'd, unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate;
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loth to purchase life so dear.
STEPNEY.

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of Seneca the philosopher, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight. I shall therefore set before my reader a scene of this kind of distress in private life, for the speculation of this day.

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was, by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circum-

stances, than solicit his friends in order to support the show of an estate when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expense, their eldest daughter (whom I shall call Amanda) was sent into the country, to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty; when the lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but from a loose education, had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon Amanda's virtue, which

present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and, having observed his growing passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a match she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day, as he called to see her, he found her in

tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express Amanda's confusion when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak, but, rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father with the following letter.

'SIR,

'I HAVE heard of your misfortunes, and have offered your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down the sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you that I do not intend marriage; but if you are wise, you will use your authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy.

I am, &c.'

This letter came to the hands of Amanda's mother. She opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger, but, desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows:

'DEAREST CHILD,

'YOUR father and I have just received a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous

i think that the tenderest of parents would be pted to supply their wants by giving up the best children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and artifice to make this proposal at a time when e ı ks our necessities must compel us to any but we will not eat the bread of shame; and ıore we charge thee not to think of us, but to ı snare which is laid for thy virtue. Be- e or ı ing us: it is not so bad as you perhaps ave be told. All things will yet be well, and I hall write my child better news.

'I have been interrupted; I know not how I moved to say things would mend. As I was g on, I was startled by the noise of one that cked at the door, and hath brought us an unex- c supply of a debt which has long been owing. ı will now tell thee all. It is some days I have almost without support, having conveyed what ittue money I could raise to your poor father.—Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will be soon at liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at present besides little Fanny, who stands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister. She says she is sure you are t well, having discovered that my present trouble about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows to grieve thee. No; it is to intreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction which we have not brought on ourselves, and remember there is a Power who can better deliver us out of it than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child!

Thy affectionate mother,

——.'

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to

deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress; but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain till she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that she would read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention. Her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and, when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

'MADAM,

'I AM full of shame, and will never forgive myself if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could any thing but my being a stranger to you have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a son. You cannot be unhappy while Amanda is your daughter; nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it which is in the power of,

MADAM,

Your most obedient humble servant,

——.'

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

№ 376. MONDAY, MAY 12, 1712.

——Pavone ex Pythagoreo. PERS. Sat. vi. 11.

From the Pythagorean peacock.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE observed that the officer you some time ago appointed as inspector of signs, has not done his duty so well as to give you an account of very many strange occurrences in the public streets, which are worthy of, but have escaped your notice. Among all the oldnesses which I have ever met with, that which I am now telling you gave me most delight. You must have observed that all the criers in the street attract the attention of the passengers, and of the inhabitants in the several parts, by something very particular in their tone itself, in the dwelling upon a note, or else making themselves wholly unintelligible by a scream. The person I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very gravely receives the bounty of the people, for no other merit but the homage they pay to his manner

of signifying to them that he wants a subsidy. You must sure have heard speak of an old man who walks about the city, and that part of the suburbs which lies beyond the Tower, performing the office of a day-watchman, followed by a goose, which bears the bob of his ditty, and confirms what he says with a Quack, quack. I gave little heed to the mention of this known circumstance till, being the other day in those quarters, I passed by a decrepit old fellow with a pole in his hand, who just then was bawling out, 'Half an hour after one o'clock!' and immediately a dirty goose behind made her response, 'Quack, quack.' I could not forbear attending this grave procession for the length of half a street, with no small amazement to find the whole place so familiarly acquainted with a melancholy midnight voice at noon-day, giving them the hour, and exhorting them of the departure of time, with a bounce at their doors. While I was full of this novelty, I went into a friend's house, and told him how I was diverted with their whimsical monitor and his equipage. My friend gave me the history; and interrupted my commendation of the man, by telling me the livelihood of these two animals is purchased rather by the good parts of the goose than of the leader; for it seems the peripatetic who walked before her was a watchman in that neighbourhood; and the goose of herself, by frequent hearing this tone, out of her natural vigilance, not only observed, but answered it very regularly from time to time. The watchman was so affected with it, that he bought her, and has taken her in partner, only altering their hours of duty from night to day. The town has come into it, and they live very comfortably. This is the matter of fact. Now I desire you, who are a profound philosopher, to consider this alliance of instinct and reason. Your specula-

y turn very naturally upon the force the su-
r part of mankind may have upon the spirits of
n ass, like this watchman, may be very near the
ndard of geese. And you may add to this prac-
cal observation, how, in all ages and times, the
vorld has been carried away by odd unaccountable
hi which one would think would pass upon no
nature which had reason; and, under the symbol of
goose, you may enter into the manner and me-
nod of leading creatures with their eyes open
ough thick and thin, for they know not what, they
know not why.

'All which is humbly submitted to your specta-
orial wisdom, by,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

MICHAEL GANDER.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE for several years had under my
are the government and education of young ladies,
which trust I have endeavoured to discharge with
due regard to their several capacities and fortunes.
I have left nothing undone to imprint in every one
of them an humble courteous mind, accompanied
with a graceful becoming mien, and have made them
pretty much acquainted with the household part of
family affairs; but still I find there is something
very much wanting in the air of my ladies, diffe-
rent from what I have observed in those who are
esteemed your fine-bred women. Now, Sir, I must
own to you, I never suffered my girls to learn to
dance; but since I have read your discourse of danc-
ing, where you have described the beauty and spirit
there is in regular motion, I own myself your con-
vert, and resolve for the future to give my young
adies that accomplishment. But upon imparting

my design to their parents, I have been made very uneasy for some time, because several of them have declared, that if I did not make use of the master they recommended, they would take away their children. There was colonel Jumper's lady, a colonel of the train-bands, that has a great interest in her parish; she recommends Mr. Trott for the prettiest master in town; that no man teaches a jig like him; that she has seen him rise six or seven capers together with the greatest ease imaginable; and that his scholars twist themselves more ways than the scholars of any master in town; besides, there is Madam Prim, an alderman's lady, recommends a master of their own name, but she declares he is not of their family, yet a very extraordinary man in his way; for, besides a very soft air he has in dancing, he gives them a particular behaviour at a tea-table, and in presenting their snuff-box; teaches to twirl, slip, or flirt a fan, and how to place patches to the best advantage, either for fat or lean, long or oval faces; for my lady says there is more in these things than the world imagines. But I must confess, the major part of those I am concerned with leave it to me. I desire therefore, according to the inclosed direction, you would send your correspondent who has writ to you on that subject to my house. If proper application this way can give innocence new charms, and make virtue legible in the countenance, I shall spare no charge to make my scholars, in their very features and limbs, bear witness how careful I have been in the other parts of their education.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
T. RACHAEL WATCHFUL.

N° 377. TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1712.

Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.

HOR. 3 Od. xiii. 12.

What each should fly, is seldom known;
We unprovided, are undone.

CREECH.

OVE was the mother of poetry, and still produces, nong the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand aginary distresses and poetical complaints. It akes a footman talk like Oroondates, and converts brutal rustic into a gentle swain. The most ordiary plebeian or mechanic in love bleeds and pines ly with a certain elegance and tenderness of senments which this passion naturally inspires.

These inward languishings of a mind infected ith this softness have given birth to a phrase hich is made use of by all the melting tribe, from e highest to the lowest—I mean that of 'dying r love.'

Romances, which owe their very being to this assion, are full of these metaphorical deaths. roes and heroines, knights, squires, and dams, are all of them in a dying condition. There the same kind of mortality in our modern tra- i where every one gasps, faints, bleeds and Many of the poets, to describe the execuon which is done by this passion, represent the air sex as basilisks, that destroy with their eyes; but think Mr. Cowley has, with great justness of hought, compared a beautiful woman to a porcuine, that sends an arrow from every part.

I have often thought that there is no way so ffectual for the cure of this general infirmity, as

a man's reflecting upon the motives that produce it. When the passion proceeds from the sense of any virtue or perfection in the person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a man considers that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths rise from some little affectations of coquetry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himself the cause of his distemper may be sufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several bundles of letters which I have received from dying people, and composed out of them the following bill of mortality, which I shall lay before my reader without any farther preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several places where there is most danger, and those fatal arts which are made use of to destroy the heedless and unwary.

Lysander, slain at a puppet-show on the third of September.

Thrysis shot from a casement in Piccadilly.

T. S. wounded by Zelinda's scarlet stocking, as she was stepping out of a coach.

Will Simple, smitten at the opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

Tho. Vainlove, lost his life at a ball.

Tim. Tattle, killed by the tap of a fan on his left shoulder by Coquetilla, as he was talking carelessly with her in a bow-window.

Sir Simon Softly, murdered at the play-house in Drury-lane by a frown.

Philander, mortally wounded by Cleora, as she was adjusting her tucker.

Ralph Gapley, esq. hit by a random-shot at the ring.

F. R. caught his death upon the water, April the 1st.

W. W. killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off upon the side of the front box in Drury-lane.

Sir Christopher Crazy, bart. hurt by the brush of a whale-bone petticoat.

Sylvius, shot through the sticks of a fan at St. James's church.

Damon struck through the heart by a diamond necklace.

Thomas Trusty, Francis Goosequill, William Meanwell, Edward Callow, esqrs. standing in a row, fell all four at the same time, by an ogle of the widow Trapland.

Tom Rattle, chancing to tread upon a lady's tail as he came out of the playhouse, she turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the spot.

Dick Tastewell, slain by a blush from the queen's box in the third act of the Trip to the Jubilee.

Samuel Felt, haberdasher, wounded in his walks to Islington, by Mrs. Susanna Cross-stich, as she was clambering over a stile.

R. F. T. W. S. I. M. P. &c. put to death in the last birth-day massacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off in the twenty-first year of his age by a white-wash.

Musidorus, slain by an arrow that flew out of a limple in Belinda's left cheek.

Ned Courtly, presenting Flavia with her glove which she had dropped on purpose), she received t, and took away his life with a courtesy.

John Gosselin, having received a slight hurt rom a pair of blue eyes, as he was making his scape, was dispatched by a smile.

Strephon killed by Clarinda as she looked down nto the pit.

Charles Careless shot flying by a girl of fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her head upon him out of a coach.

Josiah Wither, aged threescore and three, sent to his long home by Elizabeth Jetwell, spinster.

Jack Freelove murdered by Melissa in her hair.

William Wiseacre, gent. drowned in a flood of tears by Moll Common.

John Pleadwell, esq. of the Middle Temple, barrister at law, assassinated in his chambers the 6th instant by Kitty Sly, who pretended to come to him for his advice. I.

N° 378. WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1712.

Aggredere, O magnos! aderit jam tempus honores.
VIRG. Ecl. iv. 49.

Mature in years, to ready honours move.
DRYDEN.

I WILL make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which is written by a great genius, a friend of mine * in the country, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker.

MESSIAH:

A SACRED ECLOGUE,

Composed of several passages of Isaiah the Prophet:

Written in Imitation of Virgil's Pollio.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,

* Pope. See No. 534.

Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard began,
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise, Isa. xl. 4.
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ætherial Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour, xlv. 8.
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, xxv. 4.
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale; lx. 7.
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born! xxxv. 2.
See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers; xl. 3, 4.
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending skies! lx
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold! xlii. 18.
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray, xxxv. 5, 6.
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe;
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear, xxv. 8.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound. xl. 11.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lamb he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Mankind shall thus his guardian care engage,
Isa. ix. 6. The promis'd father of the future age.
ii. 4. No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
lxv. 21, 22. Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what the short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
xxxv. 1. 7. The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear:
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
xli. 19, and lv. 13. Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fur and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
xi. 6, 7, 8 The lambs with wolves shall grace the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tyger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet:
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake—
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue, and pointless sting shall play.
lx. 1. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
lx. 4. See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend, Isa. lx. 3.
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs! lx. 6.
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, lx.
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee with a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn, lx. 19, 20.
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn, li. 6.
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the LIGHT HIMSELF shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, li. 6. and
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away; liv. 10.
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

T.

N° 379. THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1712.

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.
PERS. Sat. i. 27.

——Science is not science till reveal'd.
DRYDEN.

I HAVE often wondered at that ill-natured position which has been sometimes maintained in the schools, and is comprised in an old Latin verse, namely, that 'A man's knowledge is worth nothing if he communicates what he knows to any one besides.' There is certainly no more sensible pleasure to a good-natured man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the mind of another. I might add, that this virtue naturally carries its

own reward along with it, since it is almost i
sible it should be exercised without the imp
ment of the person who practises it. The r
of books and the daily occurrences of life
continually furnishing us with matter for th
and reflection. It is extremely natural for
desire to see such our thoughts put in the dr
words, without which, indeed, we can scarce
a clear and distinct idea of them ourselves.
they are thus clothed in expressions, nothi
truly shows us whether they are just or fal
those effects which they produce in the min
others.

I am apt to flatter myself, that, in the cou
these my speculations, I have treated of s
subjects, and laid down many such rules f
conduct of a man's life, which my readers
either wholly ignorant of before, or which a
those few who were acquainted with them l
upon as so many secrets they have found out f
conduct of themselves, but were resolved ne
have made public.

I am the more confirmed in this opinion
my having received several letters, wherein
censured for having prostituted Learning t
embraces of the vulgar, and made her, as o
my correspondents phrases it, a common s
pet. I am charged by another with laying
the arcana or secrets of prudence to the e
every reader.

The narrow spirit which appears in the let
these my correspondents is the less surprising
has shown itself in all ages: there is still exta
epistle written by Alexander the Great to hi
Aristotle, upon that philosopher's publishing
part of his writings; in which the prince con
of his having made known to all the world the

crets in learning which he had before communicated to him in private lectures; concluding, that he had rather excel the rest of mankind in knowledge than in power.

Louisa de Padilla, a lady of great learning, and countess of Aranda, was in like manner angry with the famous Gratian, upon his publishing his treatise of the Discreto, wherein she fancied that he had laid open those maxims to common readers which ought only to have been reserved for the knowledge of the great.

These objections are thought by many of so much weight, that they often defend the above-mentioned authors by affirming they have affected such an obscurity in their style and manner of writing, that, though every one may read their works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their meaning.

Persius, the Latin satirist, affected obscurity for another reason; with which, however, Mr. Cowley is so offended, that, writing to one of his friends, 'You,' says he, 'tell me, that you do not know whether Persius be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him; for which very reason I affirm that he is not so.'

However, this art of writing unintelligibly has been very much improved, and followed by several of the moderns, who, observing the general inclination of mankind to dive into a secret, and the reputation many have acquired by concealing their meaning under obscure terms and phrases, resolve, that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any meaning at all. This art, as it is at present practised by many eminent authors, consists in throwing so many words at a venture into different periods, and leaving the curious reader to find the meaning of them.

The Egyptians, who made use of hieroglyphics to signify several things, expressed a man who confined his knowledge and discoveries altogether within himself by the figure of a dark lantern closed on all sides; which, though it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of light or advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the public whatever discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary lamp, which consumes and wastes itself for the benefit of every passenger.

I shall conclude this paper with the story of Rosicrusius's sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my readers that this man was the author of the Rosicrusian sect, and that his disciples still pretend to new discoveries, which they are never to communicate to the rest of mankind*.

'A certain person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground, where this philosopher lay interred, met with a small door, having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault. At the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour, sitting by a table, and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue erected itself from its leaning posture, stood bolt up-right, and, upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the trun-

* See Comte de Gabalis, par l'Abbe Villars. 1742. vols. in 12mo. and Pope's Works, ed. of Warb. vol. 1. p. 109 12mo. 1770. 6 vols.

heon in his right hand. The man still ventured a hird step, when the statue, with a furious blow, oke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his u in a sudden darkness.

Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and liscovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work; that he floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened.'

Rosicrusius, say his disciples, made use of this od to show the world that he had re-invented me ever burning lamps of the ancients though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery. X.

N° 380. FRIDAY MAY, 16, 1712.

Rivalem patienter habe.

OVID. Ars Am. ii. 199.

With patience bear a rival in thy love.

SIR, Thursday, May 8, 1712.

'THE character you have in the world of being the ladies' philosopher, and the pretty advice I have seen you give to others in your papers, make me address myself to you in this abrupt manner, and to desire your opinion of what in this age a woman may call a lover. I have lately had a gentleman that I thought made pretensions to me,

insomuch that most of my friends took notice of it, and thought we were really married. I did not take much pains to undeceive them, and especially a young gentlewoman of my particular acquaintance, who was then in the country. She coming to town, and seeing our intimacy so great, she gave herself the liberty of taking me to task concerning it: I ingenuously told her we were not married, but I did not know what might be the event. She soon got acquainted with the gentleman, and was pleased to take upon her to examine him about it. Now, whether a new face had made a greater conquest than the old I will leave you to judge. I am informed that he utterly denied all pretensions to courtship, but withal professed a sincere friendship for me; but, whether marriages are proposed by way of friendship or not, is what I desire to know, and what I may really call a lover? There are so many who talk in a language fit only for that character, and yet guard themselves against speaking in direct terms to the point, that it is impossible to distinguish between courtship and conversation. I hope you will do me justice both upon my lover and my friend, if they provoke me further. In the mean time I carry it with so equal a behaviour, that the nymph and the swain too are mightily at a loss: each believes I, who know them both well, think myself revenged in their love to one another, which creates an irreconcileable jealousy. If all comes right again, you shall hear further from, SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

MYRTILLA.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, April 28, 1712.

'YOUR observations on persons that have behaved themselves irreverently at church, I doubt not have had a good effect on some that have read

them; but there is another fault which has hitherto escaped your notice, I mean of such persons as are there very zealous and punctual to perform an ejaculation that is only preparatory to the service of the church, and yet neglect to join in the service itself. There is an instance of this in a friend of Will Honeycomb's, who sits opposite to me. He seldom comes in till the prayers are about half over; and when he has entered his seat (instead of joining with the congregation) he devoutly holds his hat before his face for three or four moments, then bows to all his acquaintance, sits down, takes a pinch of snuff (if it be the evening service perhaps takes a nap) and spends the remaining time in surveying the congregation. Now, Sir, what I would desire is, that you would animadvert a little on this gentleman's practice. In my opinion, this gentleman's devotion, cap in hand, is only a compliance to the custom of the place, and goes no farther than a little ecclesiastical good-breeding. If you will not pretend to tell us the motives that bring such triflers to solemn assemblies, yet let me desire that you will give this letter a place in your paper, and I shall remain,

SIR,

Your obliged humble servant,

J. S.*

'MR. SPECTATOR, May the 5th.

'THE conversation at a club of which I am a member last night falling upon vanity and the desire of being admired, put me in mind of relating how agreeably I was entertained at my own door last Thursday, by a clean fresh-coloured girl, under the most elegant and the best furnished

* Perhaps the initials of Swift's name, in whose works there is a sermon on sleeping at church.

milk-pail I had ever observed. I was glad of such an opportunity of seeing the behaviour of a coquette in low life, and how she received the extraordinary notice that was taken of her; which I found had affected every muscle of her face in the same manner as it does the features of a first rate toast at a play or in an assembly. This hint of mine made the discourse turn upon the sense of pleasure; which ended in a general resolution, that the milk-maid enjoys her vanity as exquisitely as the woman of quality. I think it would not be an improper subject for you to examine this frailty, and trace it to all conditions of life; which is recommended to you as an occasion of obliging many of your readers, among the rest,

Your most humble servant,
T. B.'

'SIR, May 12, 1712.

'COMING last week into a coffee-house not far from the Exchange, with my basket under my arm, a Jew of considerable note, as I am informed, takes half a dozen oranges of me, and at the same time slides a guinea into my hand; I made him a courtesy, and went my way. He followed me, and, finding I was going about my business, he came up with me, and told me plainly that he gave me the guinea with no other intent but to purchase my person for an hour. "Did you so, Sir?" says I; "you gave it me then to make me wicked; I will keep it to make me honest. However, not to be in the least ungrateful, I promise you I will lay it out in a couple of rings, and wear them for your sake." I am so just, Sir, besides, as to give every body that asks how I came by my rings this account of my benefactor; but to save me the trouble

of telling my tale over and over again, I humbly beg the favour of you to tell it once for all, and you will extremely oblige,

Your humble servant,

BETTY LEMON.'

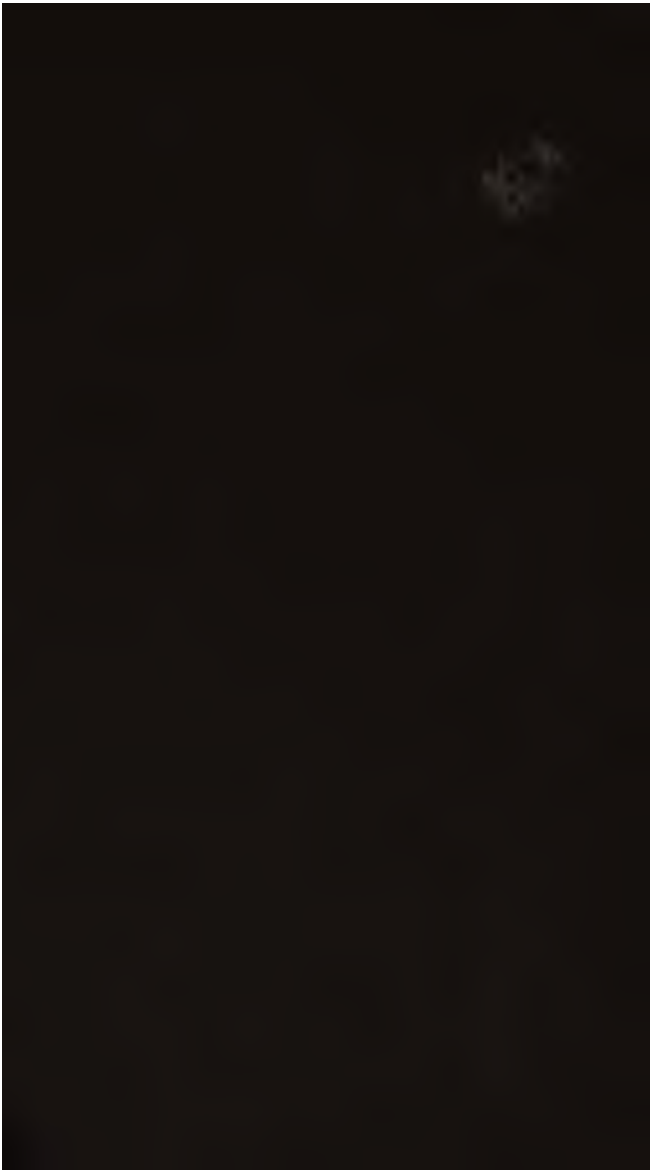
'SIR St. Bride's, May 15, 1712.

'Tis a great deal of pleasure to me, and I dare say will be no less satisfactory to you, that I have an opportunity of informing you, that the gentlemen and others of the parish of St. Bride's have raised a charity-school of fifty girls, as before of fifty boys. You were so kind to recommend the boys to the charitable world; and the other sex hope you will do them the same favour in Friday's Spectator for Sunday next, when they are to appear with their humble airs at the parish church of St. Bride's. Sir, the mention of this may possibly be serviceable to the children; and sure no one will omit a good action attended with no expense.'

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

T. THE SEXTON.'

END OF VOL. XI.

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